

ATOMIC RABBIT

No 4

AL FAO'S

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

10¢

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION



I-LOOK AT ALL
THOSE CATS.
THERE MUST BE
TRILLIONS OF
THEM.

I'M AFRAID
THEY'RE TOO
MANY, EVEN
FOR ATOMIC
RABBIT!

AL FAO



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

"LI'L
FOXES"

I'M DISGUSTED WITH YOU TWO!
MY OWN LI'L FOXES... AND YOU
HAVEN'T PLAYED A CLEVER TRICK
ON ANYBODY FOR DAYS!

S 892

BEING CLEVER
TAKES WORK! YOU
HAVE TO GIVE IT
THOUGHT AND
KEEP
PRACTISING!

G-GOSH--
POPS SURE
IS SORE
AT US!

HE'S RIGHT... WE
HAVEN'T BEEN
PRACTISIN'
LATELY!

NOW I'LL
SEE IF MY
TWO LI'L
FOXES DID
AS I TOLD
THEM TO-
DAY!

THAT
NIGHT

HEY!

SPLASH!

BANG!

HOW WAS THAT FOR
A BRIGHT TRICK,
POPS! IT TOOK
A LOT OF
THOUGHT!

DO WE HAVE
TO PRACTISE IT
ANYMORE,
POPS?

END

ATOMIC RABBIT

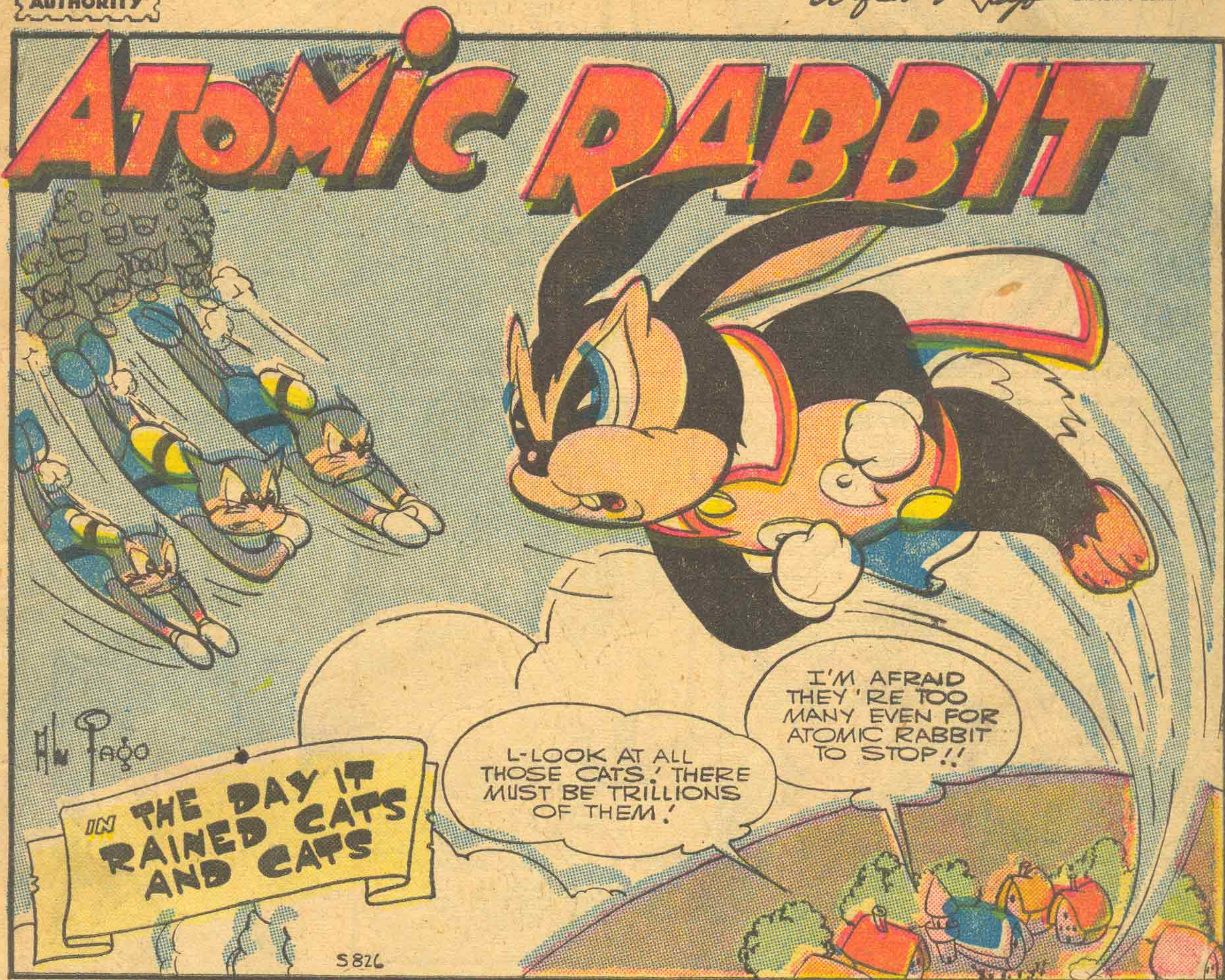
APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

THIS SEAL OF APPROVAL APPEARS ONLY ON COMIC MAGAZINES WHICH HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY REVIEWED, PRIOR TO PUBLICATION, BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY, AND FOUND TO HAVE MET THE HIGH STANDARDS OF MORALITY AND GOOD TASTE REQUIRED BY THE CODE. THE CODE AUTHORITY OPERATES APART FROM ANY INDIVIDUAL PUBLISHER AND EXERCISES INDEPENDENT JUDGMENT WITH RESPECT TO CODE-COMPLIANCE. A COMIC MAGAZINE BEARING ITS SEAL IS YOUR ASSURANCE OF GOOD READING AND PICTORIAL MATTER.

Alfred V. Fago Executive Editor



LATE
ONE
NIGHT,
INSIDE
THE
RABBIT-
VILLE
NATION-
AL
BANK--

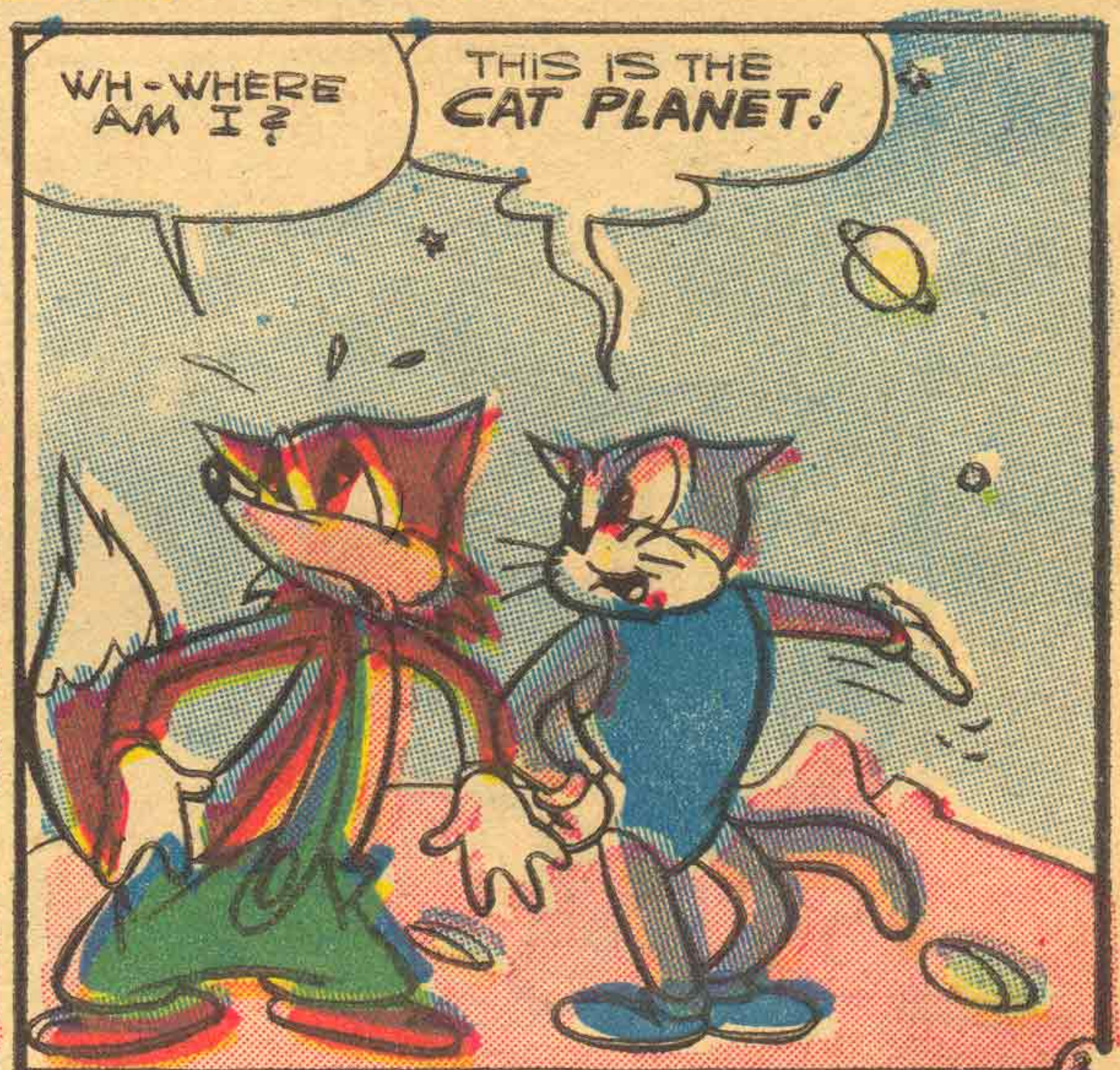
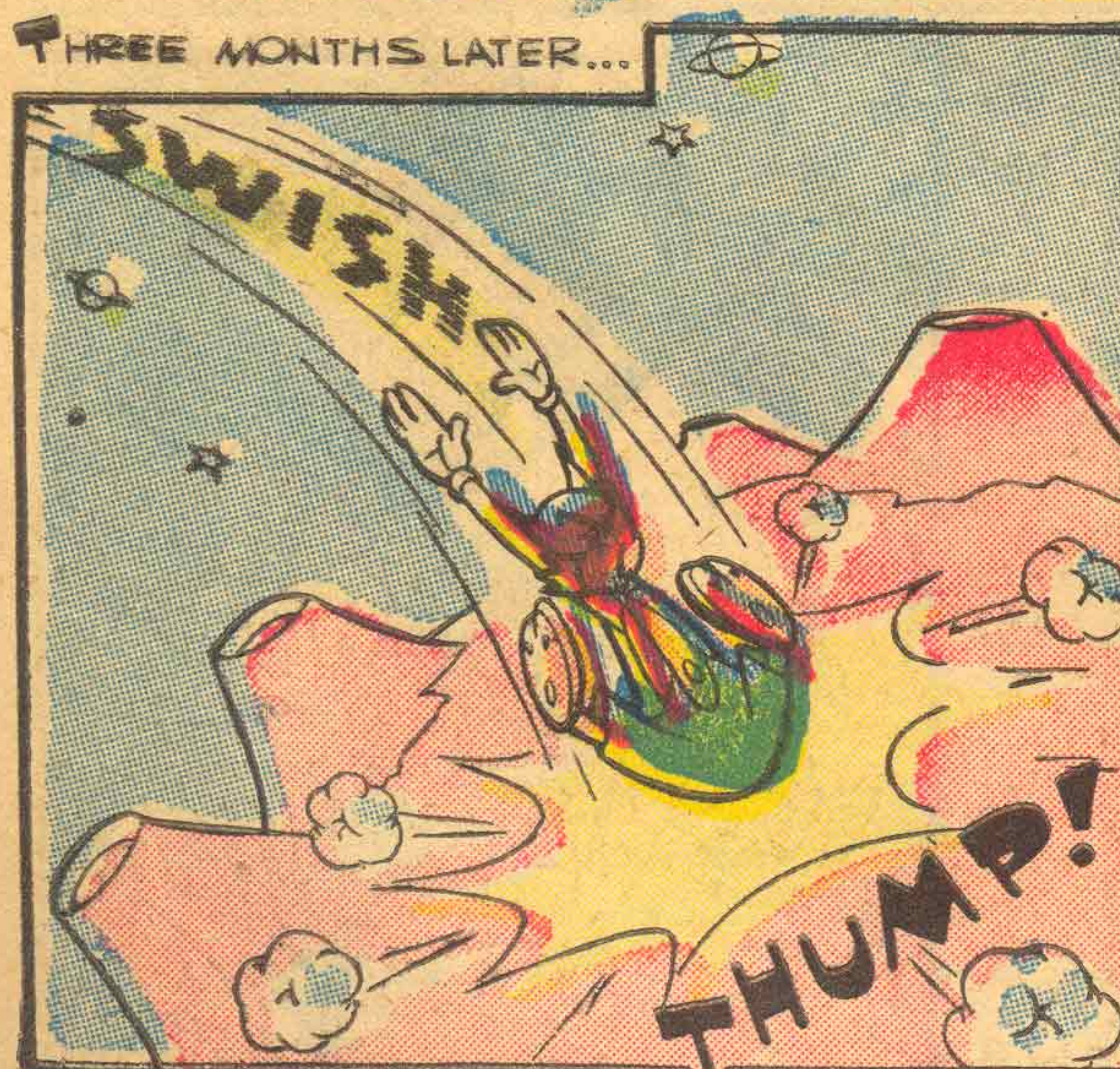
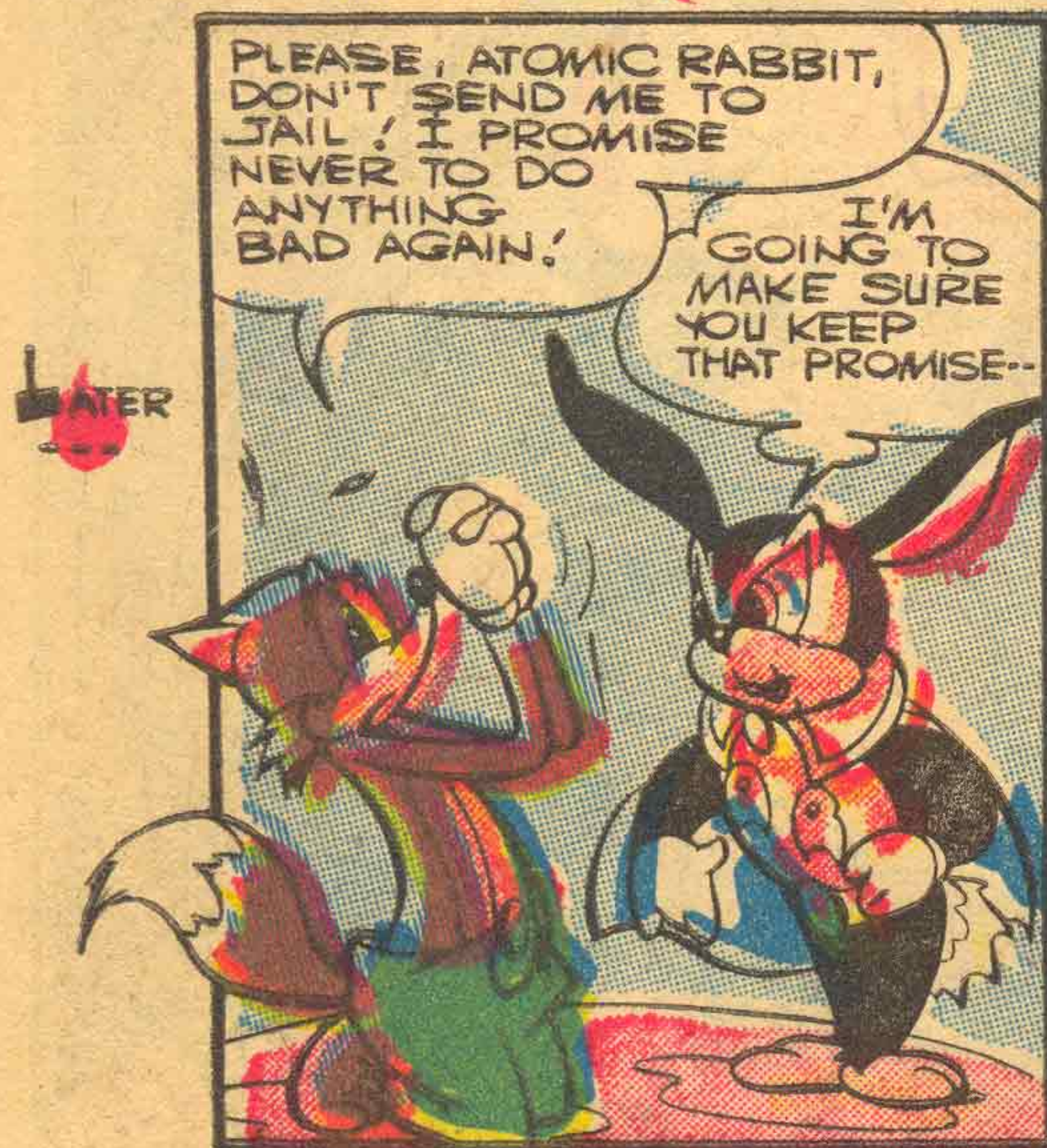
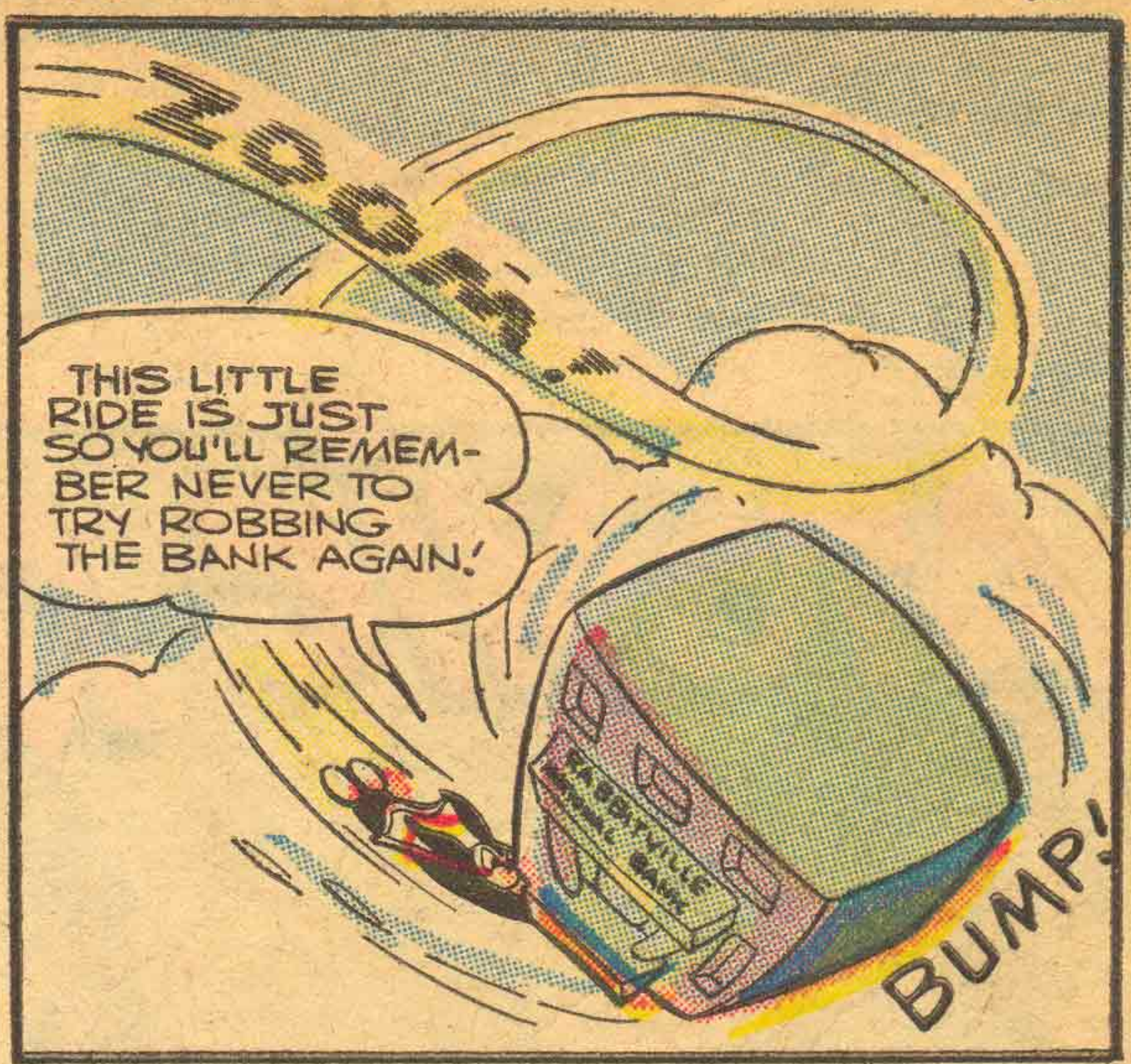
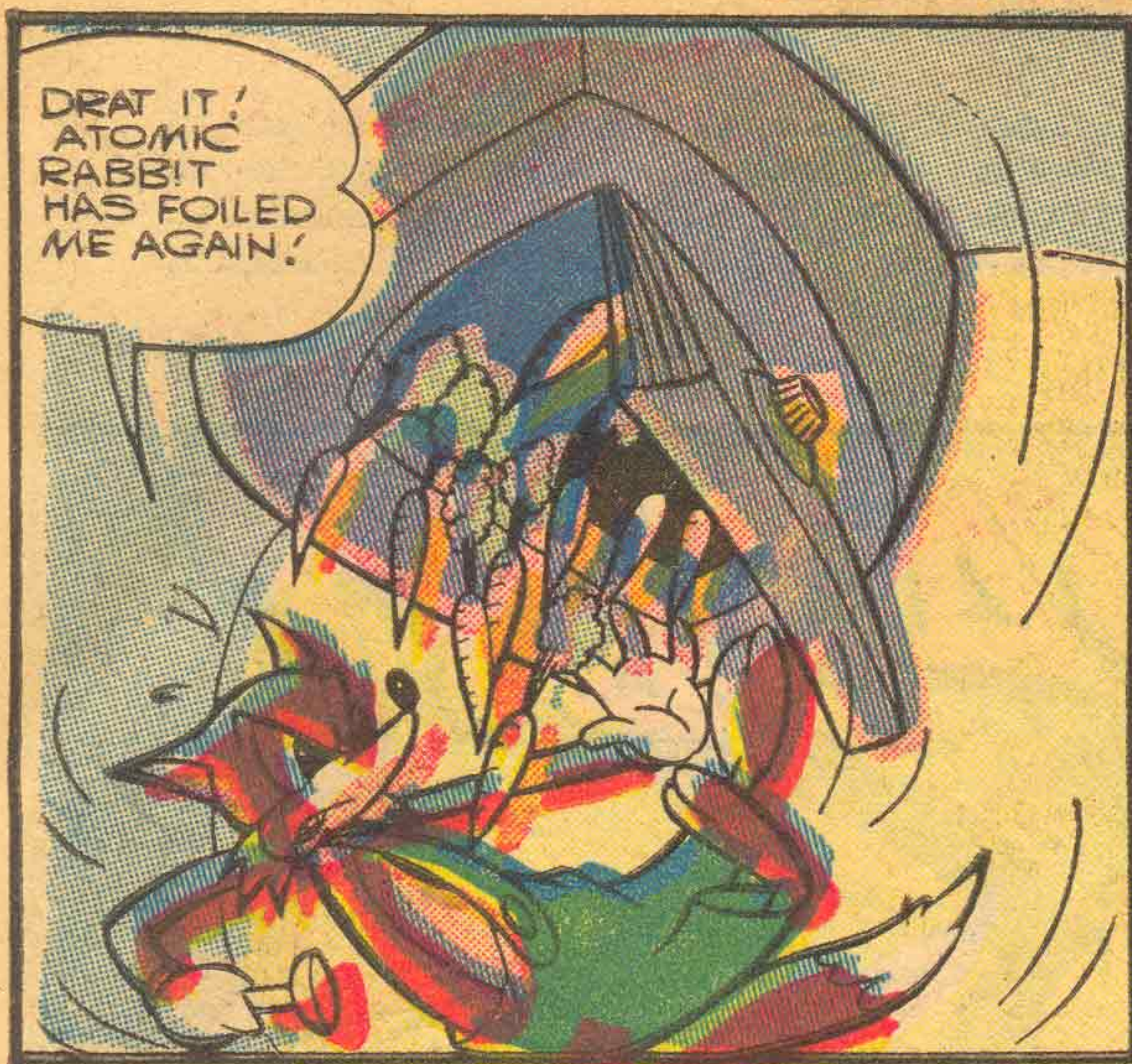
HEH-HEH-HEH--
EVERYBODY IN
TOWN IS ASLEEP!
HERE'S WHERE
I CLEAN OUT
THE VAULT!

BUT
SUDDEN-
LY---

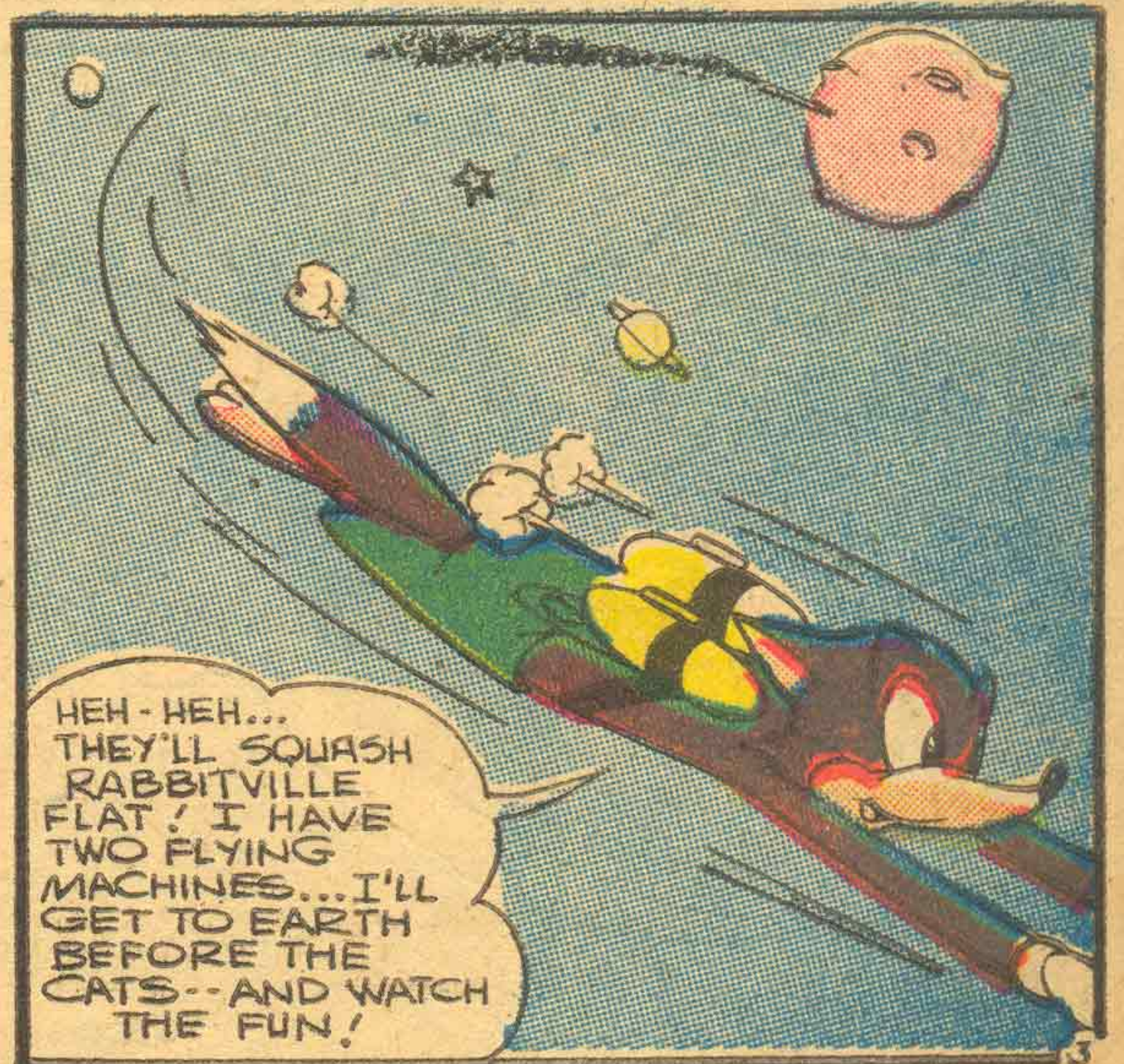
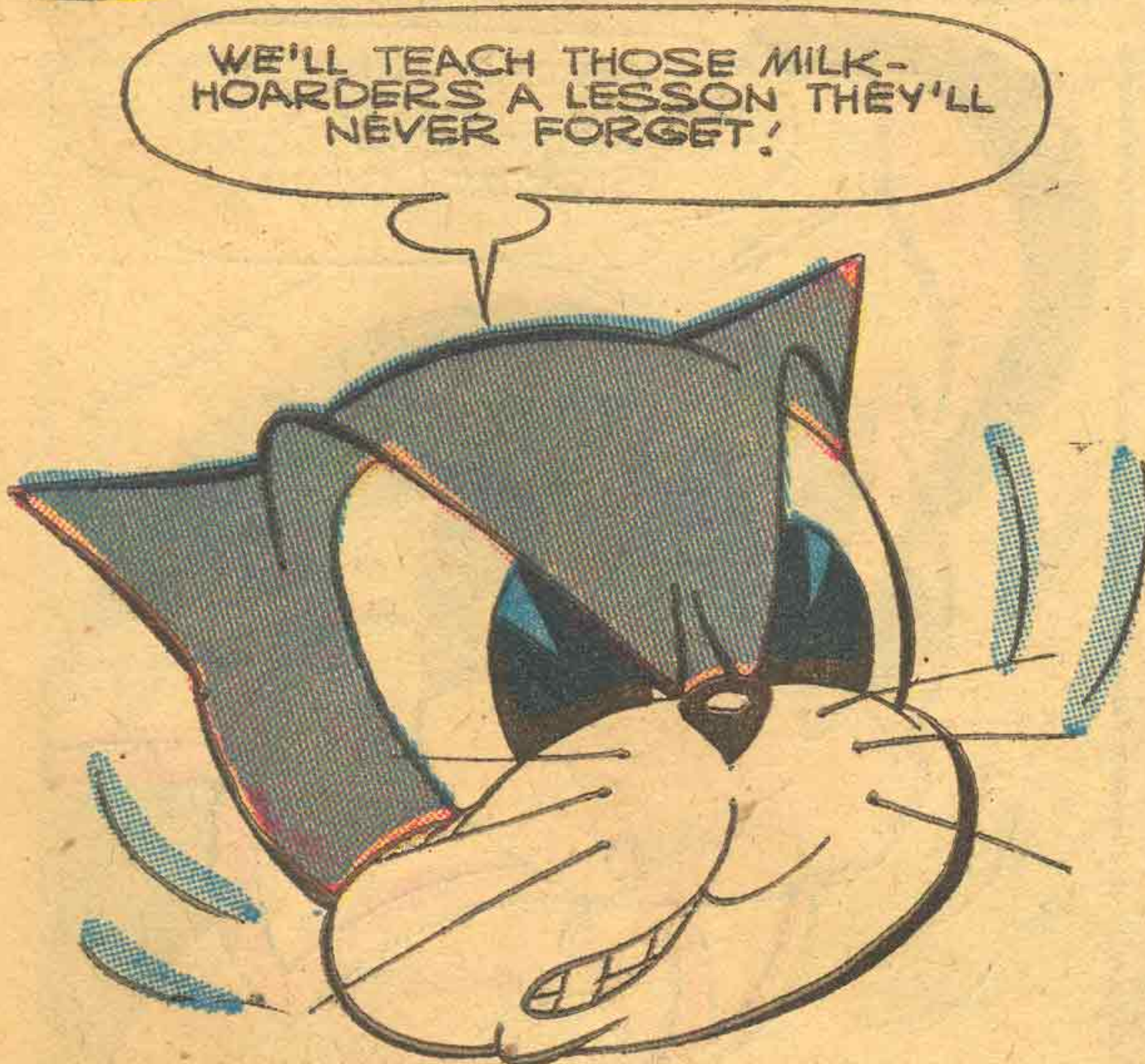
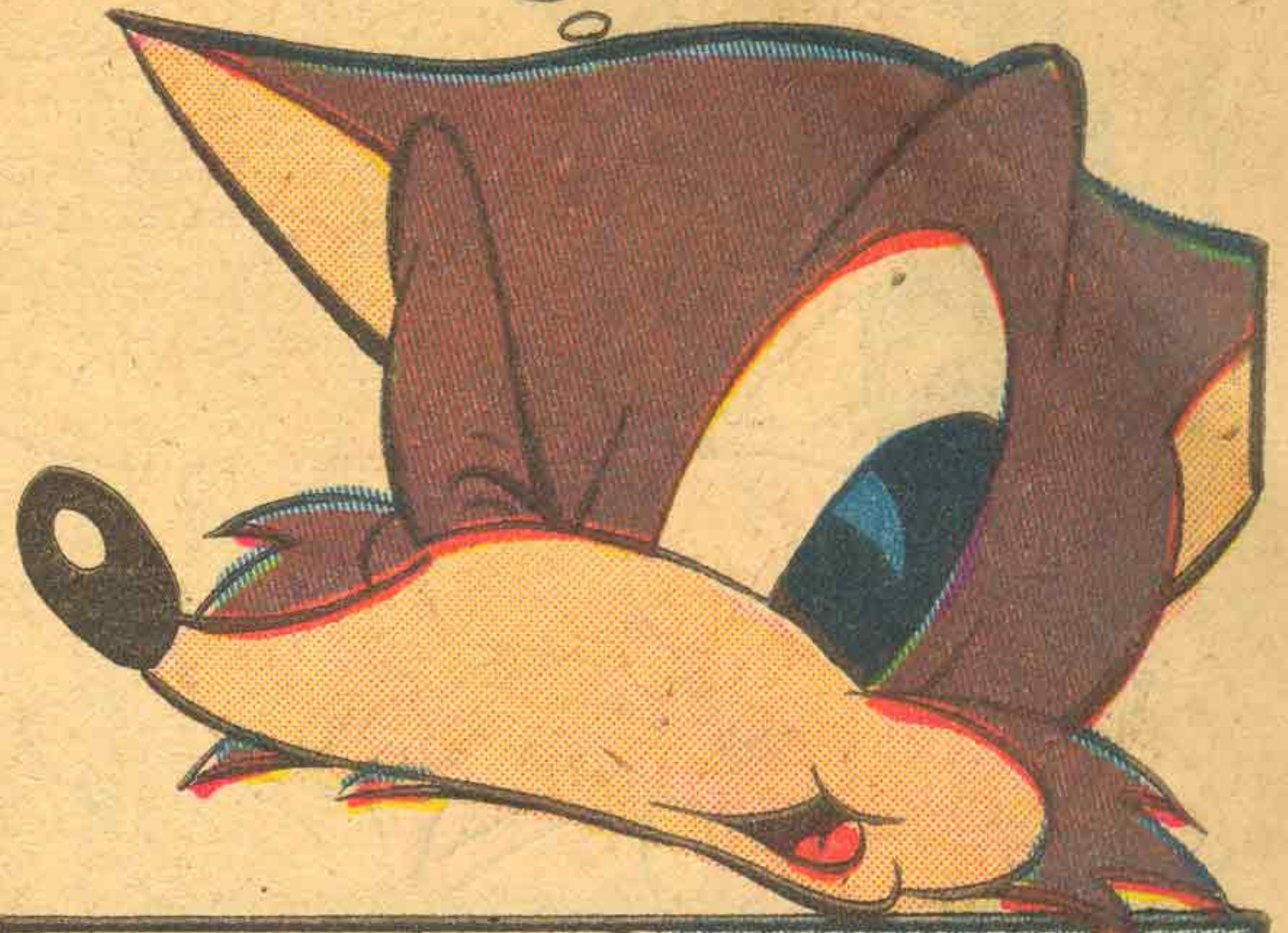
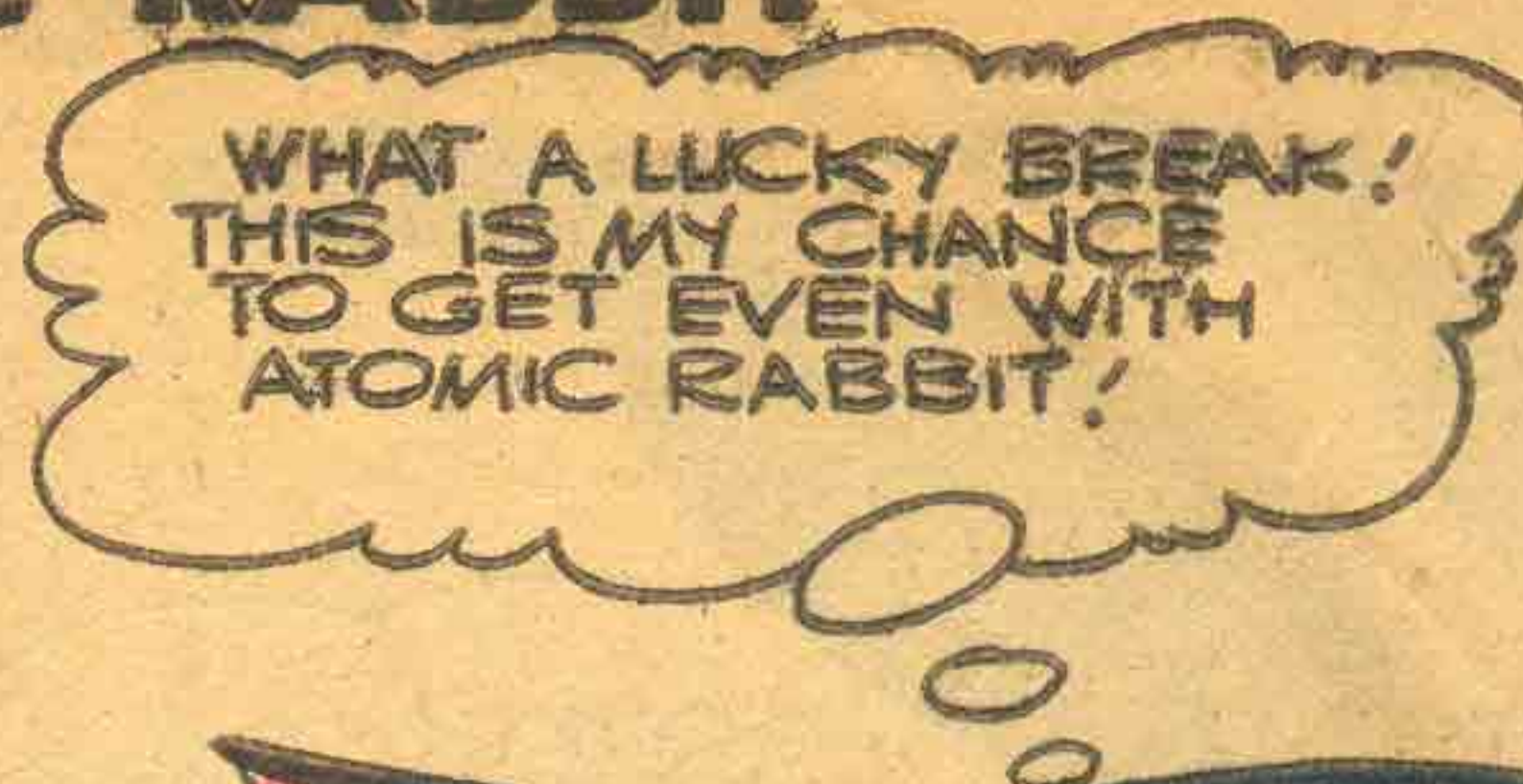
I WASN'T
ASLEEP,
FOX!

HEY...
THE BANK
JUST TURNED
UPSIDE
DOWN!

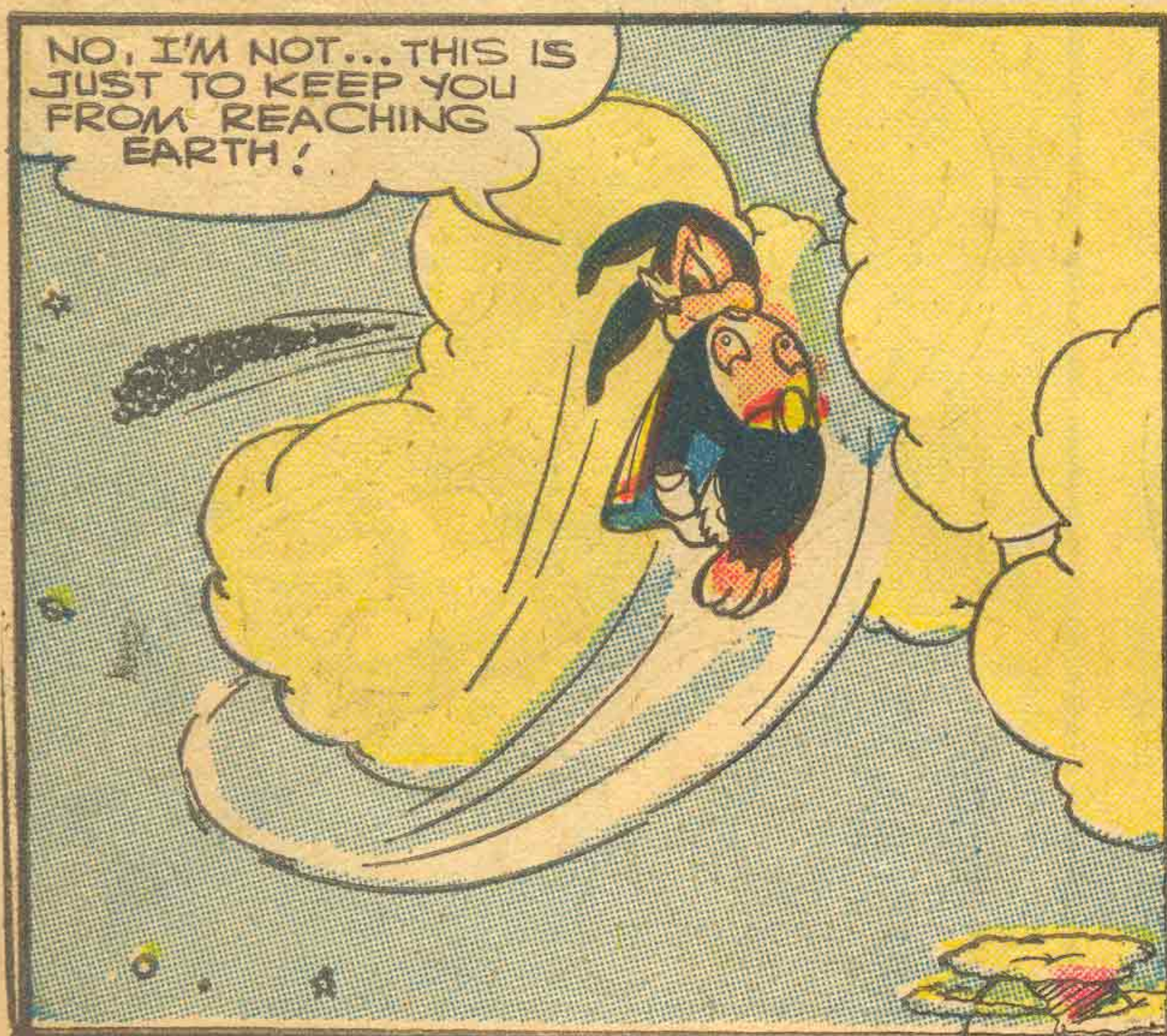
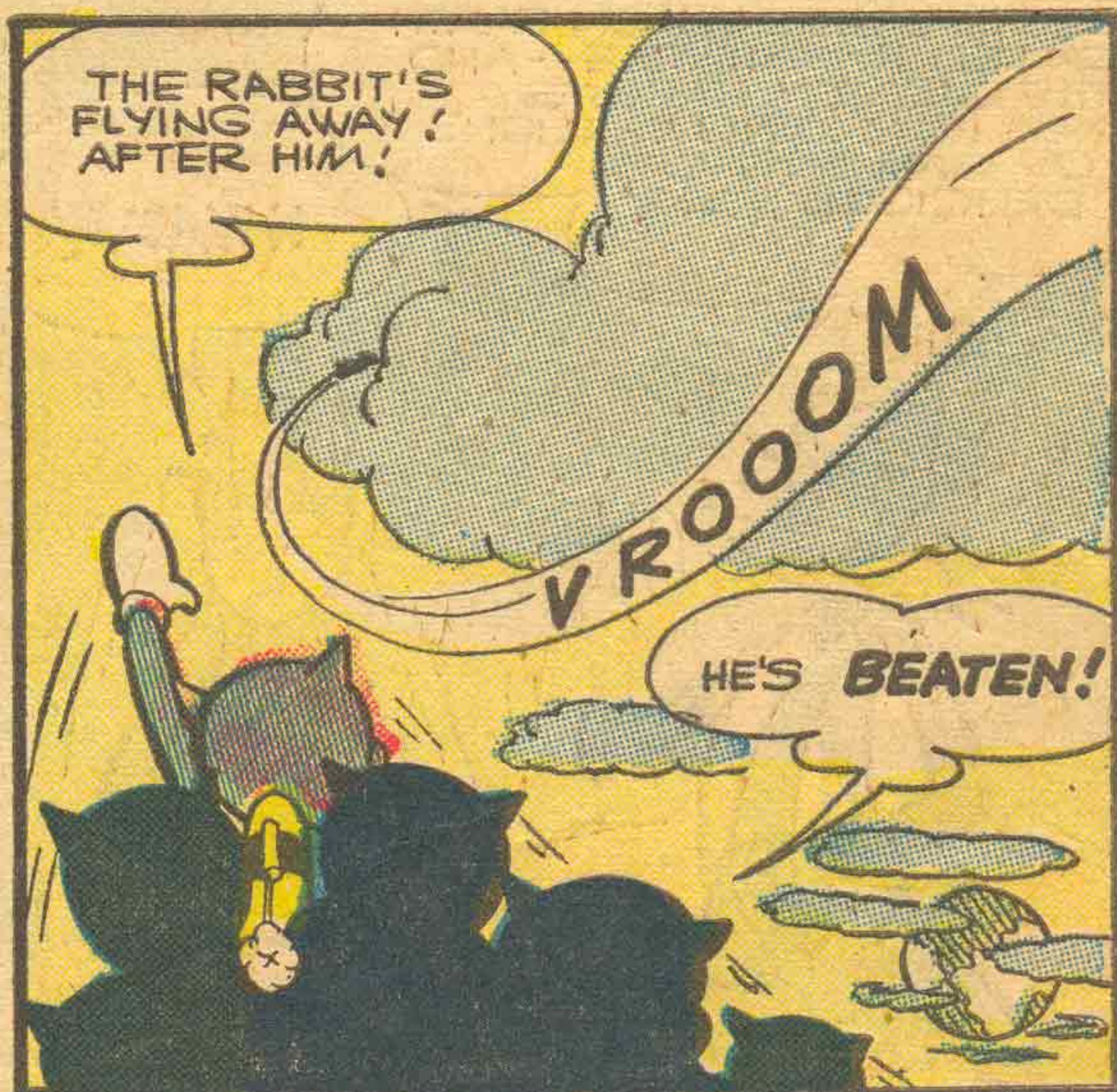
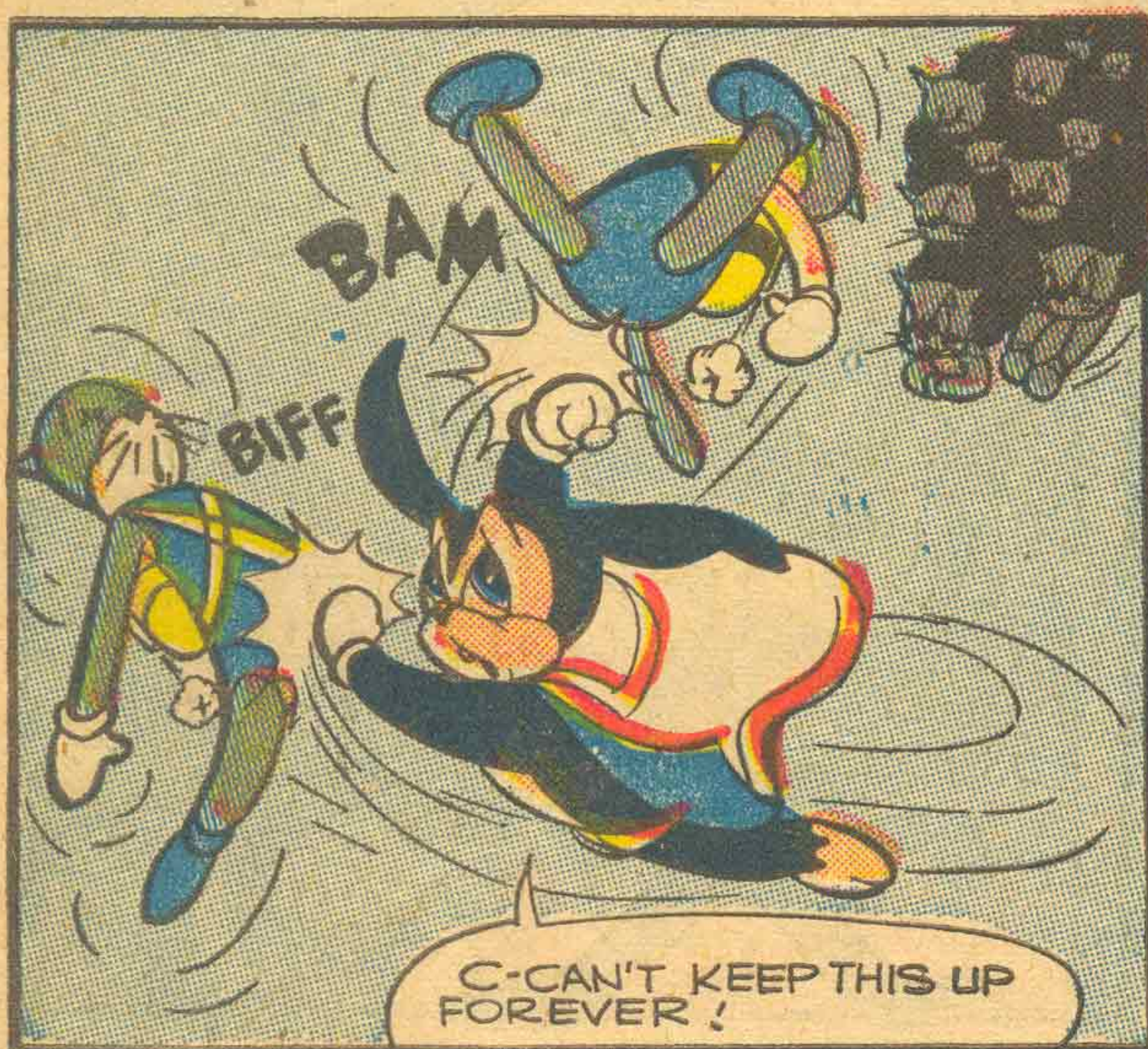
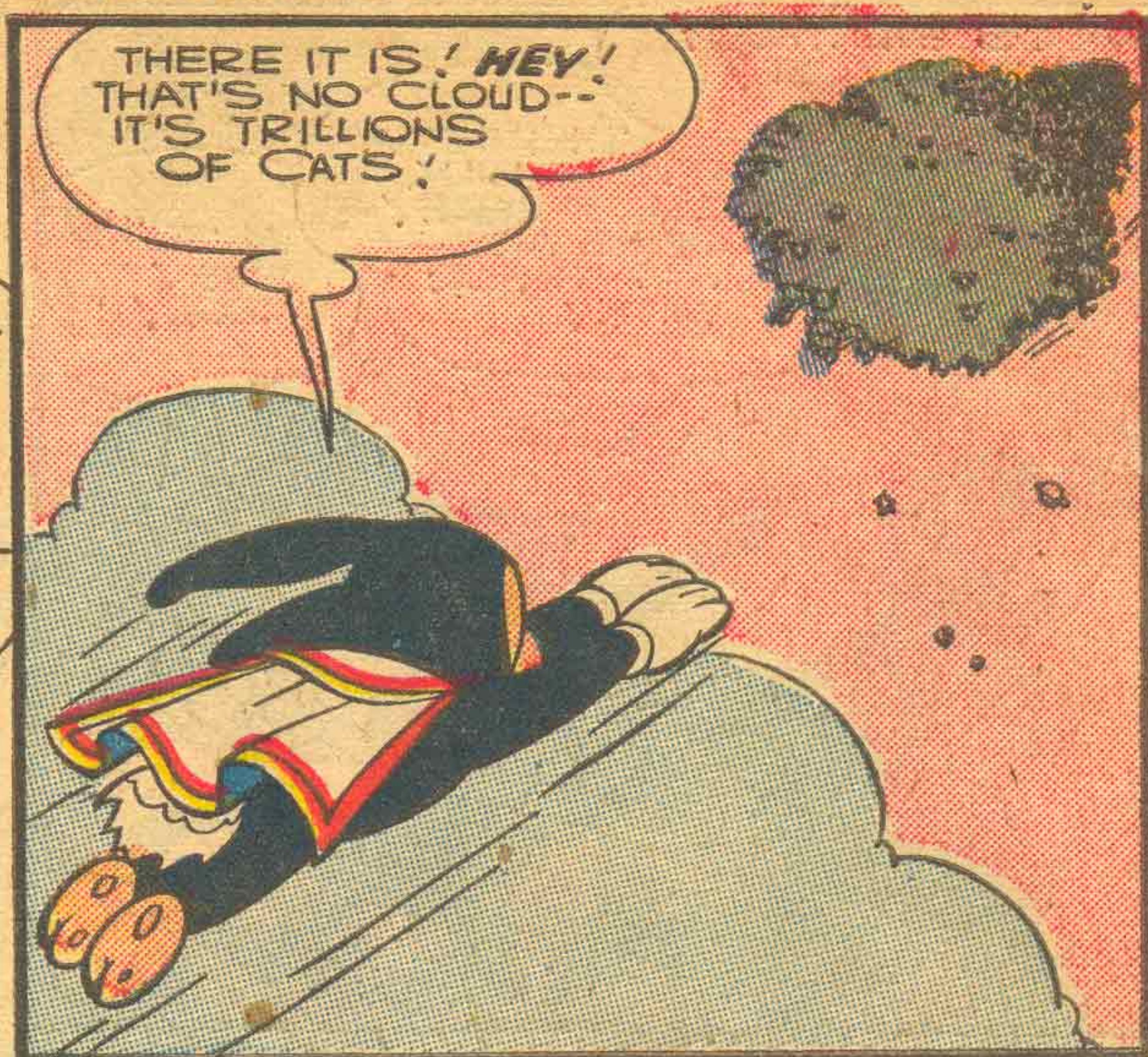
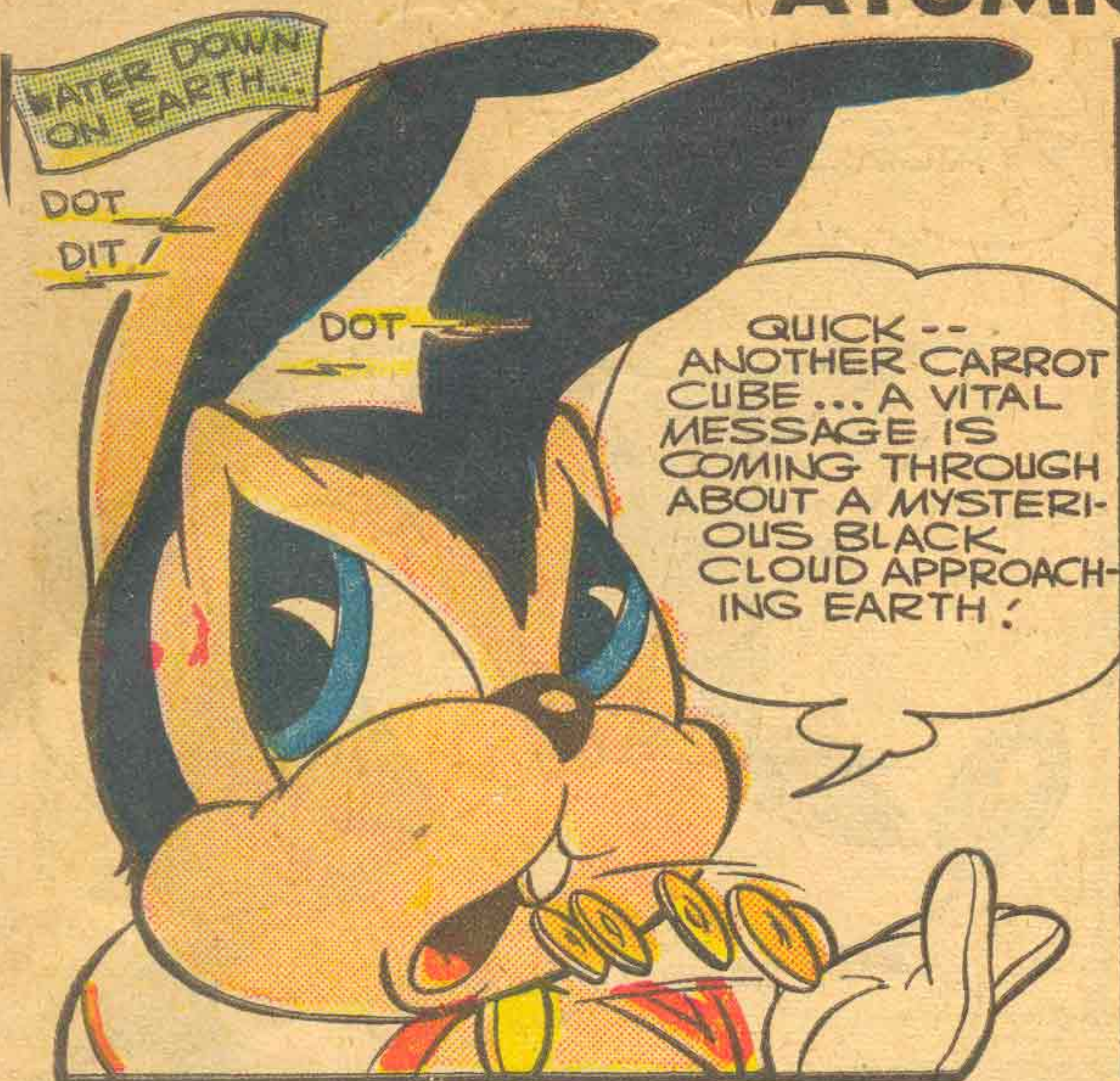
ATOMIC RABBIT



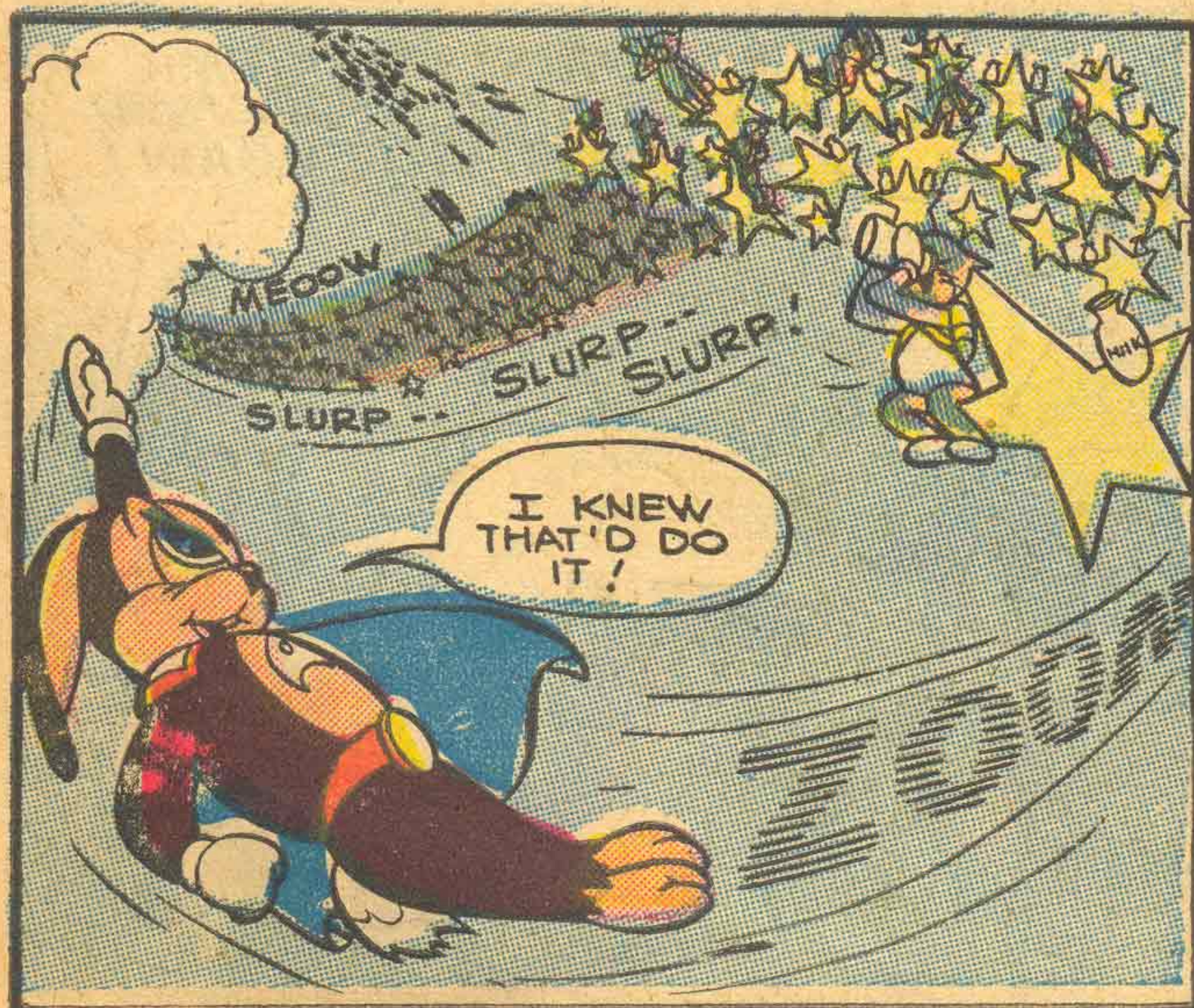
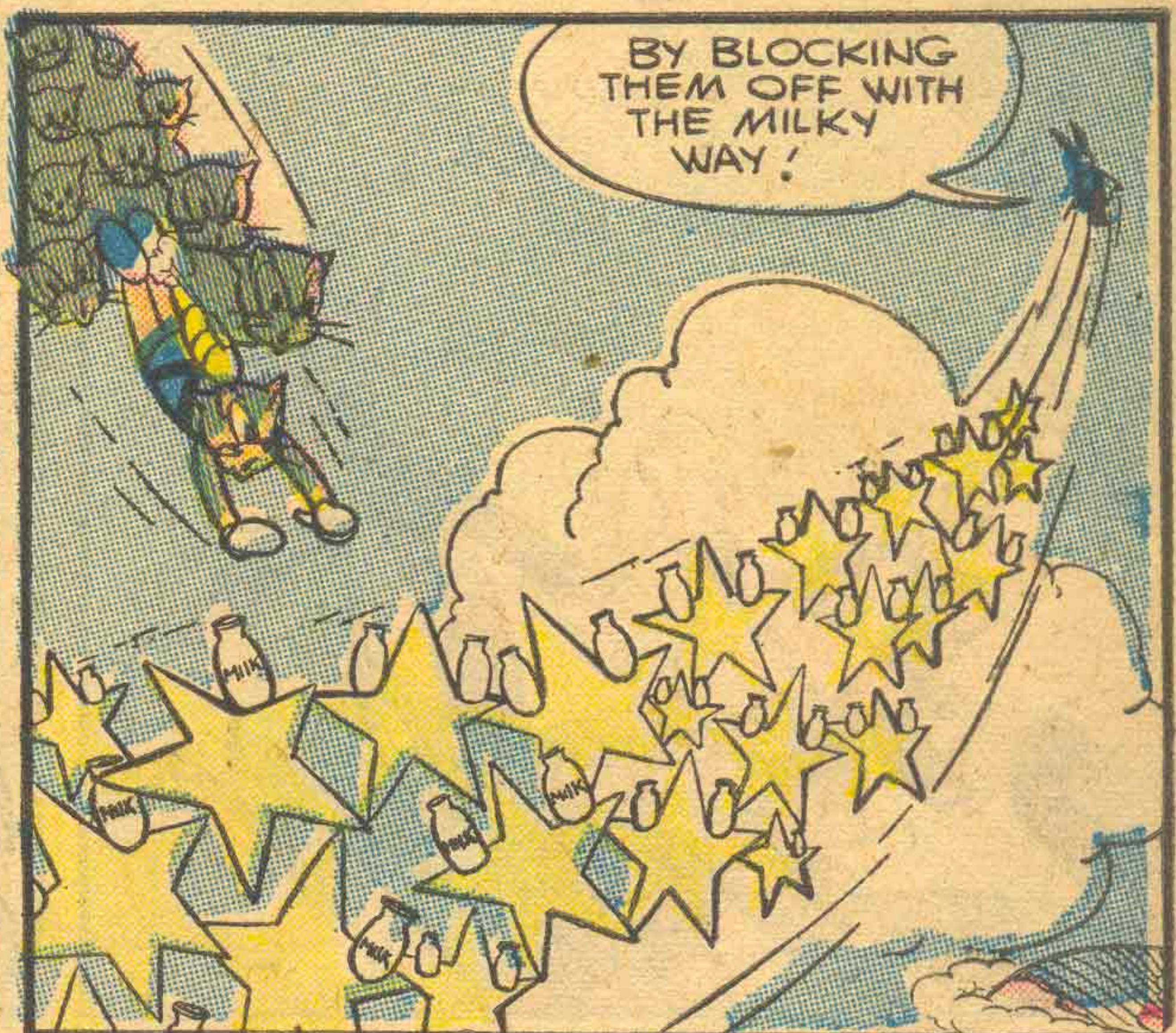
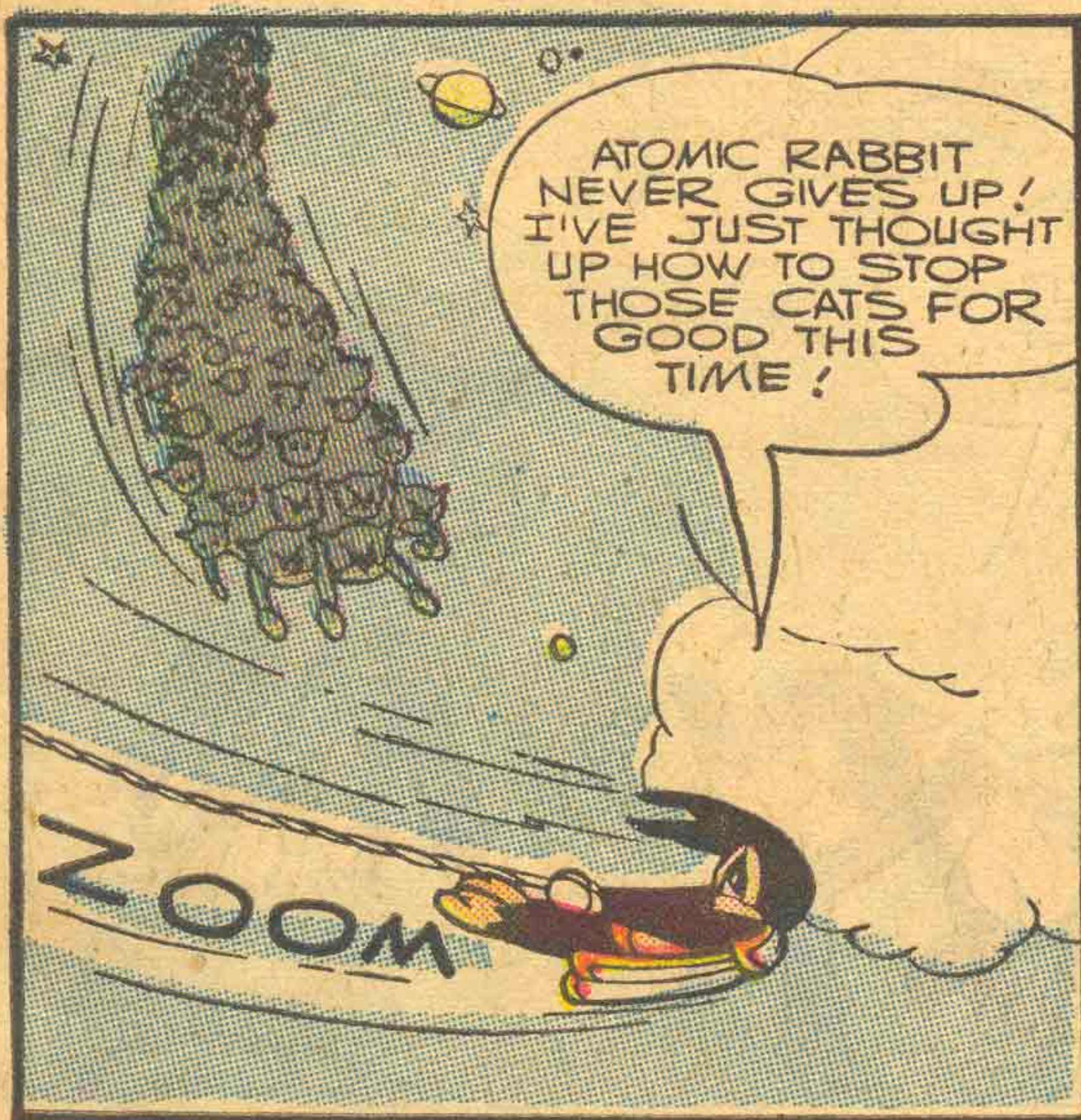
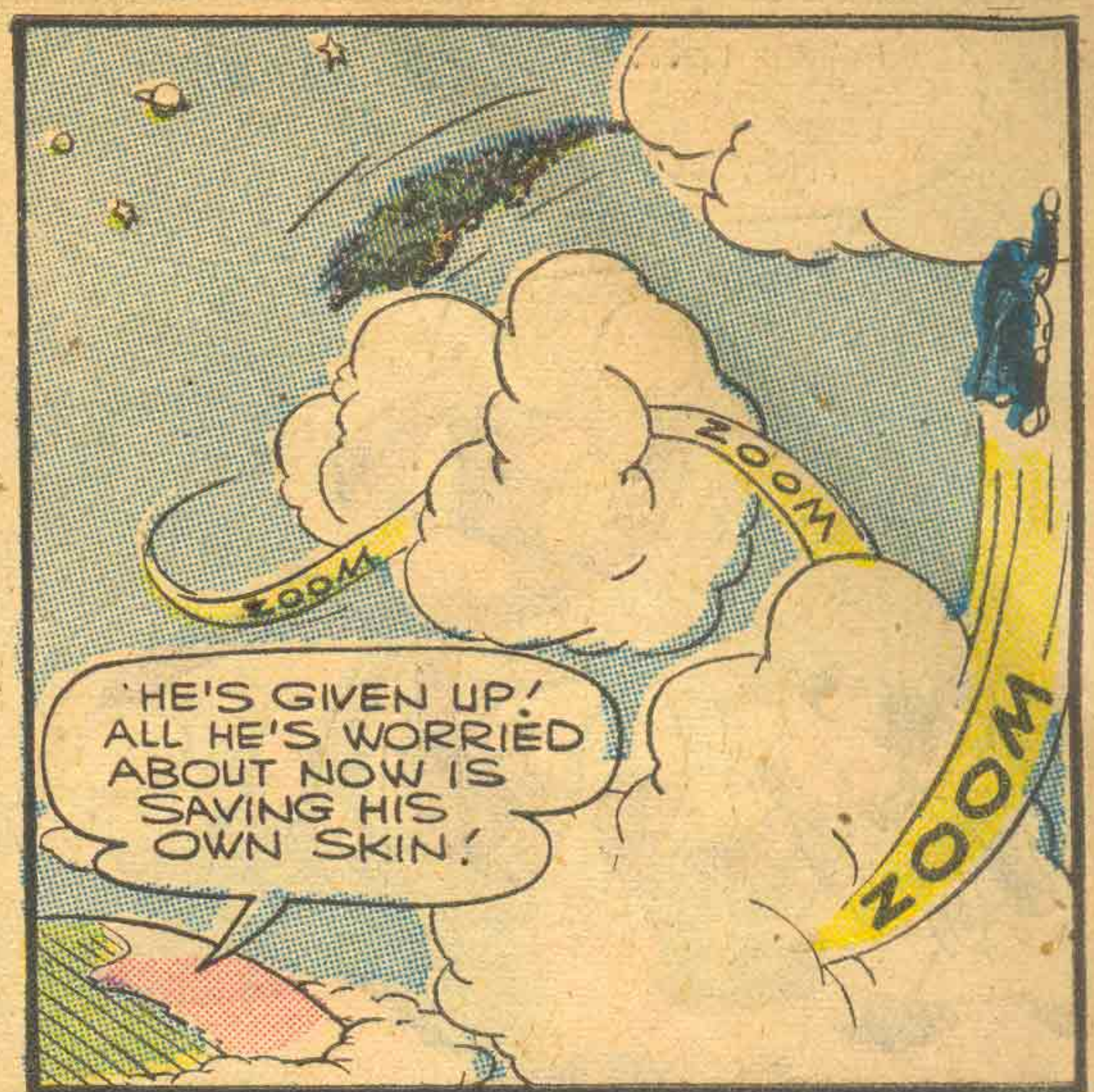
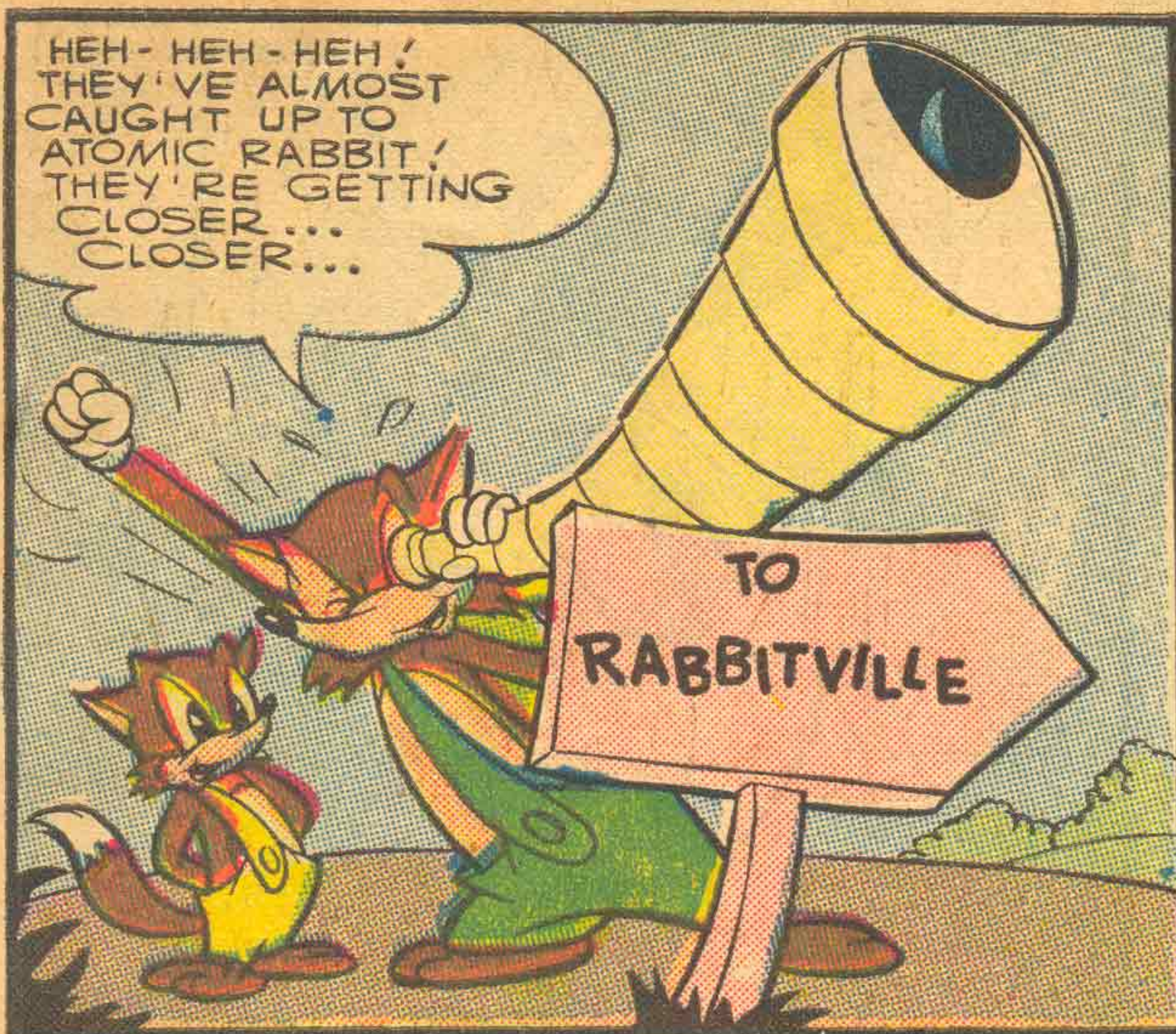
ATOMIC RABBIT



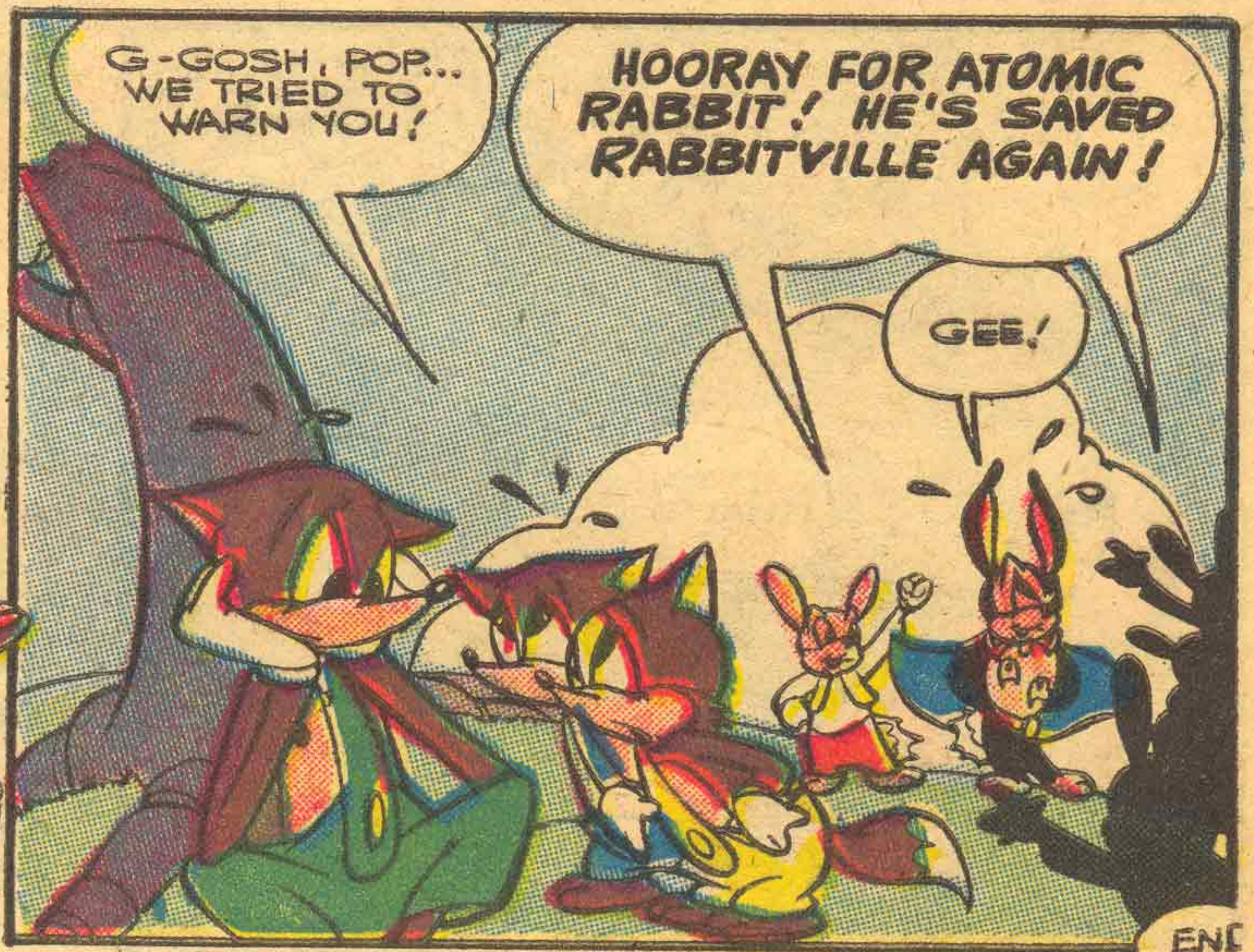
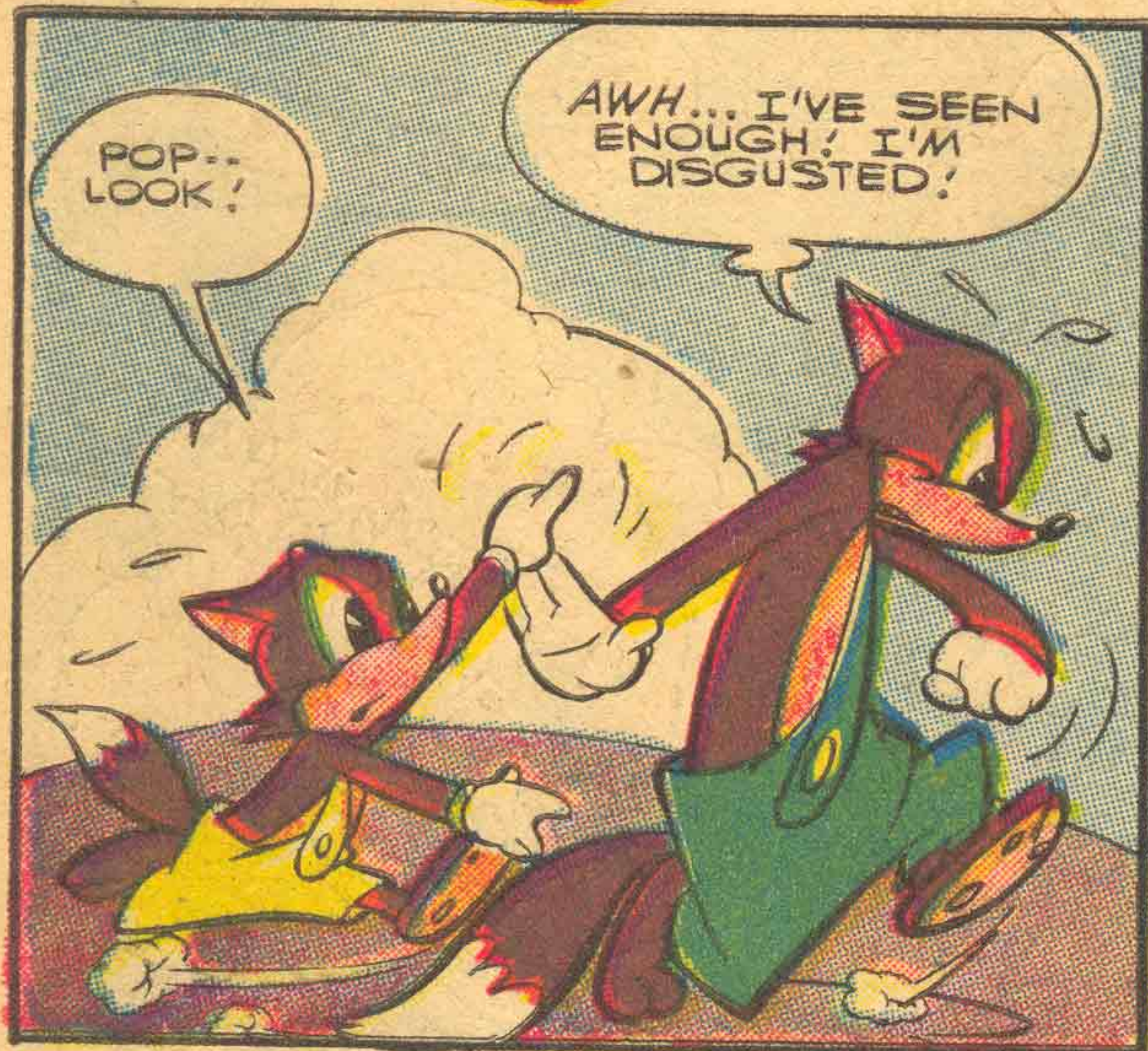
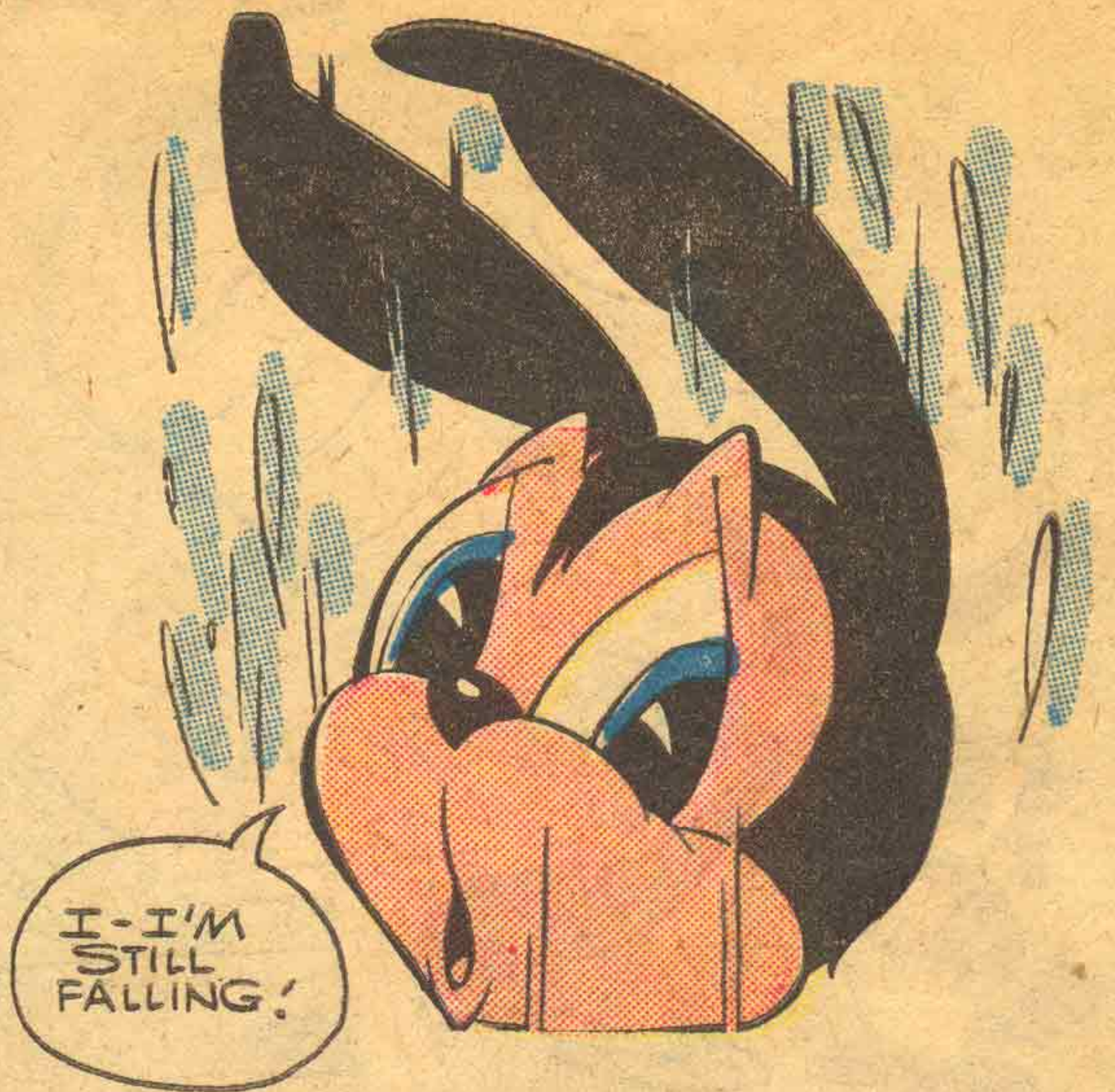
ATOMIC RABBIT



ATOMIC RABBIT



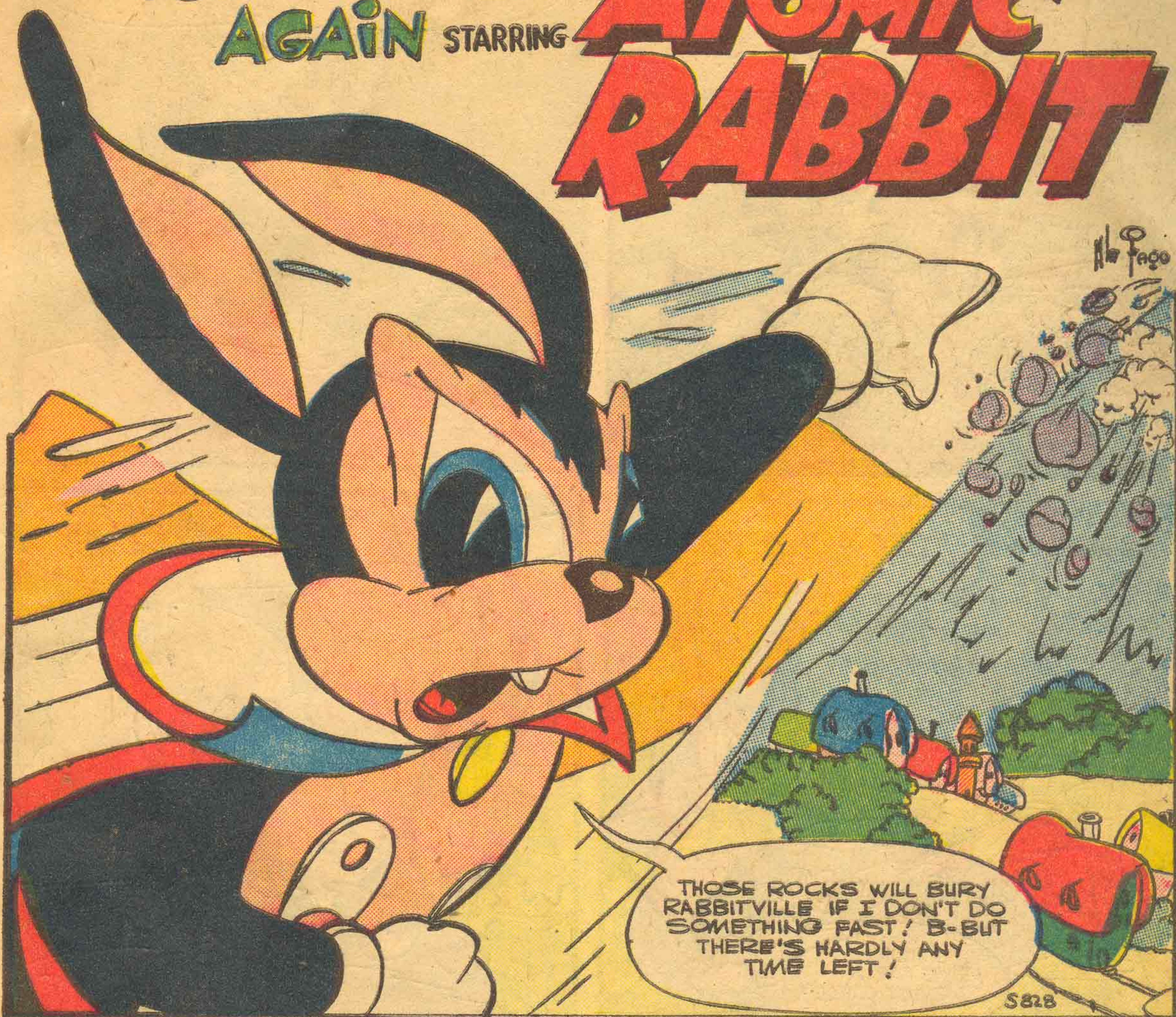
ATOMIC RABBIT



ATOMIC RABBIT

The **FOX STRIKES**
AGAIN STARRING

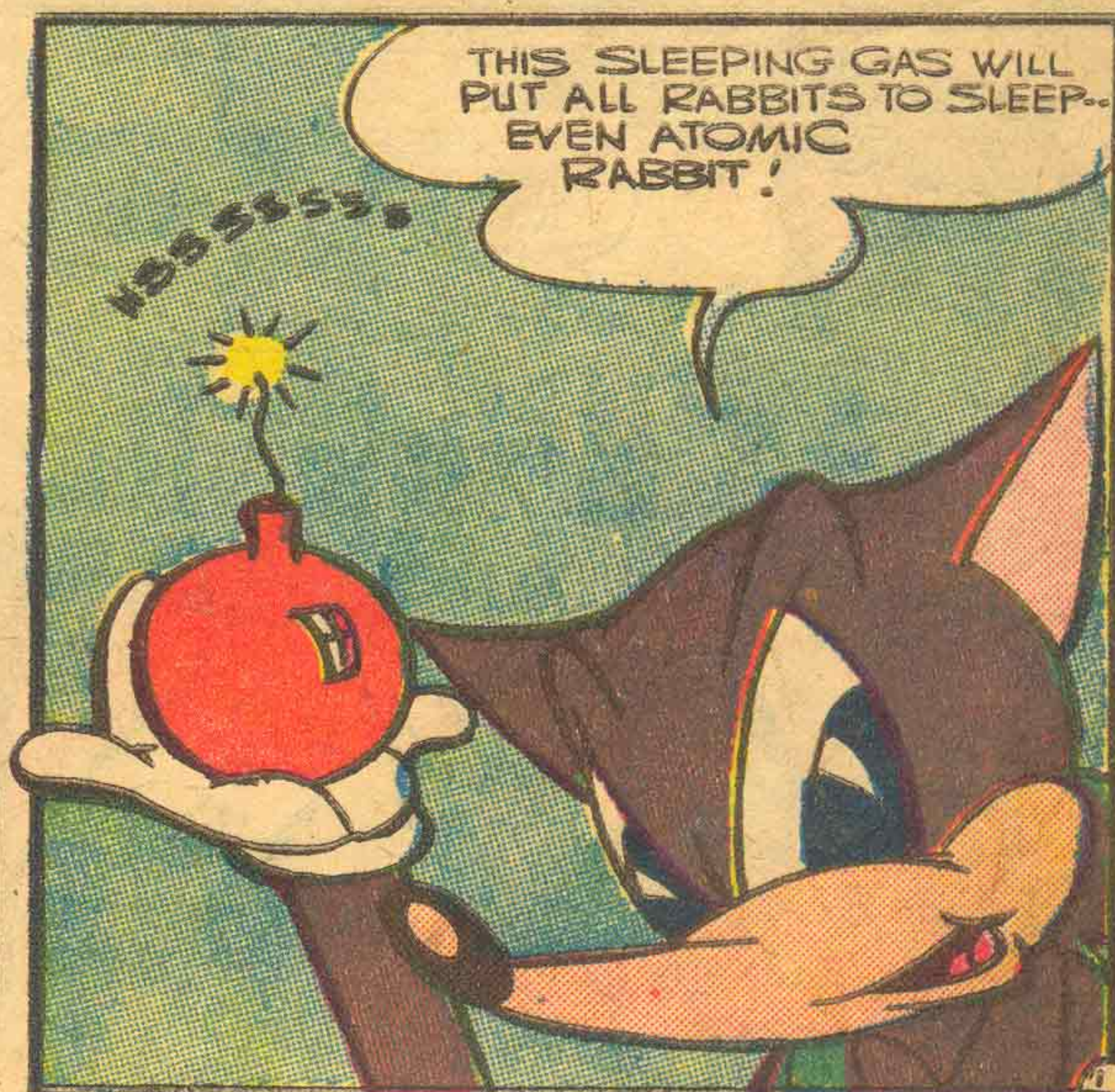
ATOMIC RABBIT



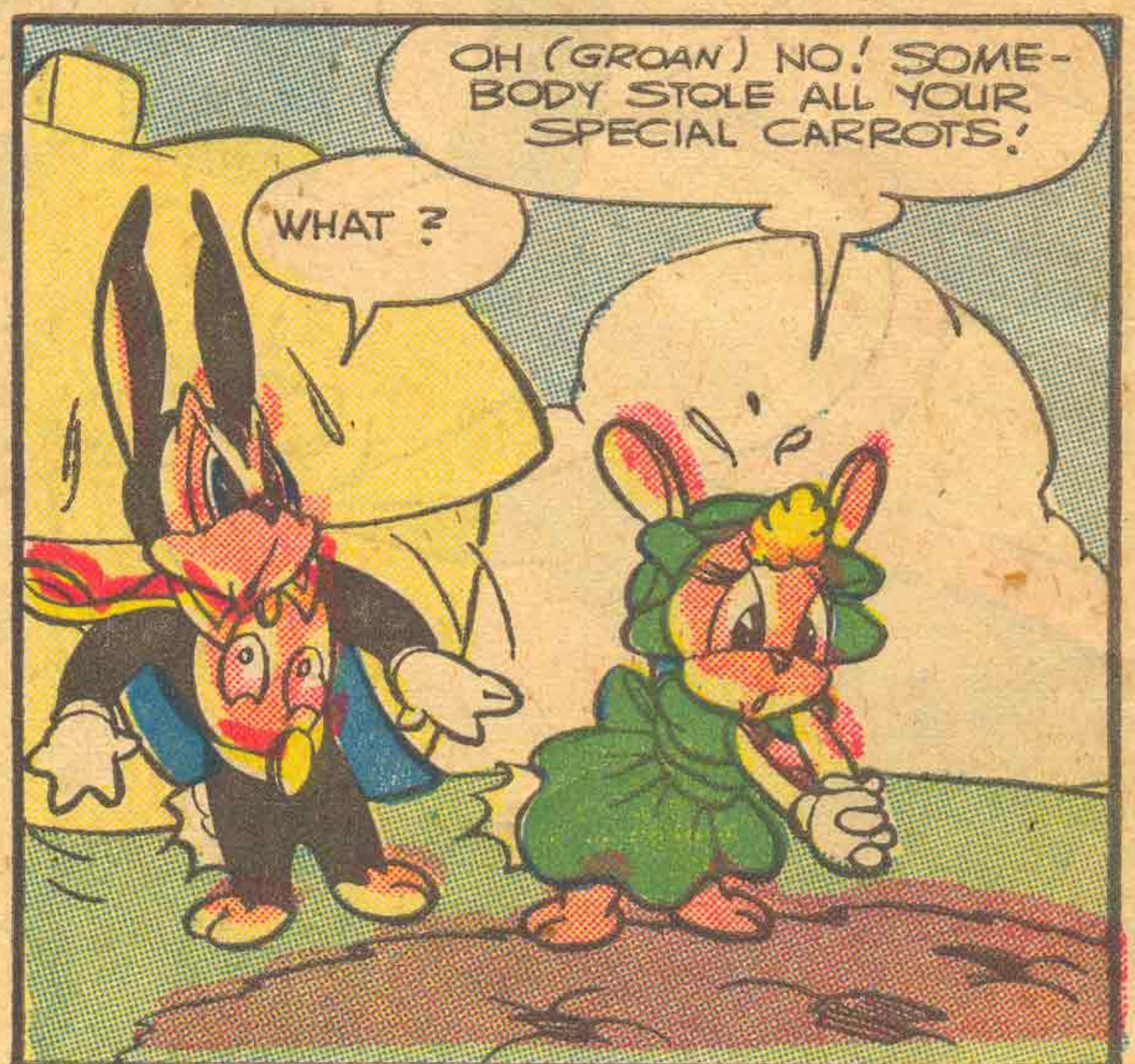
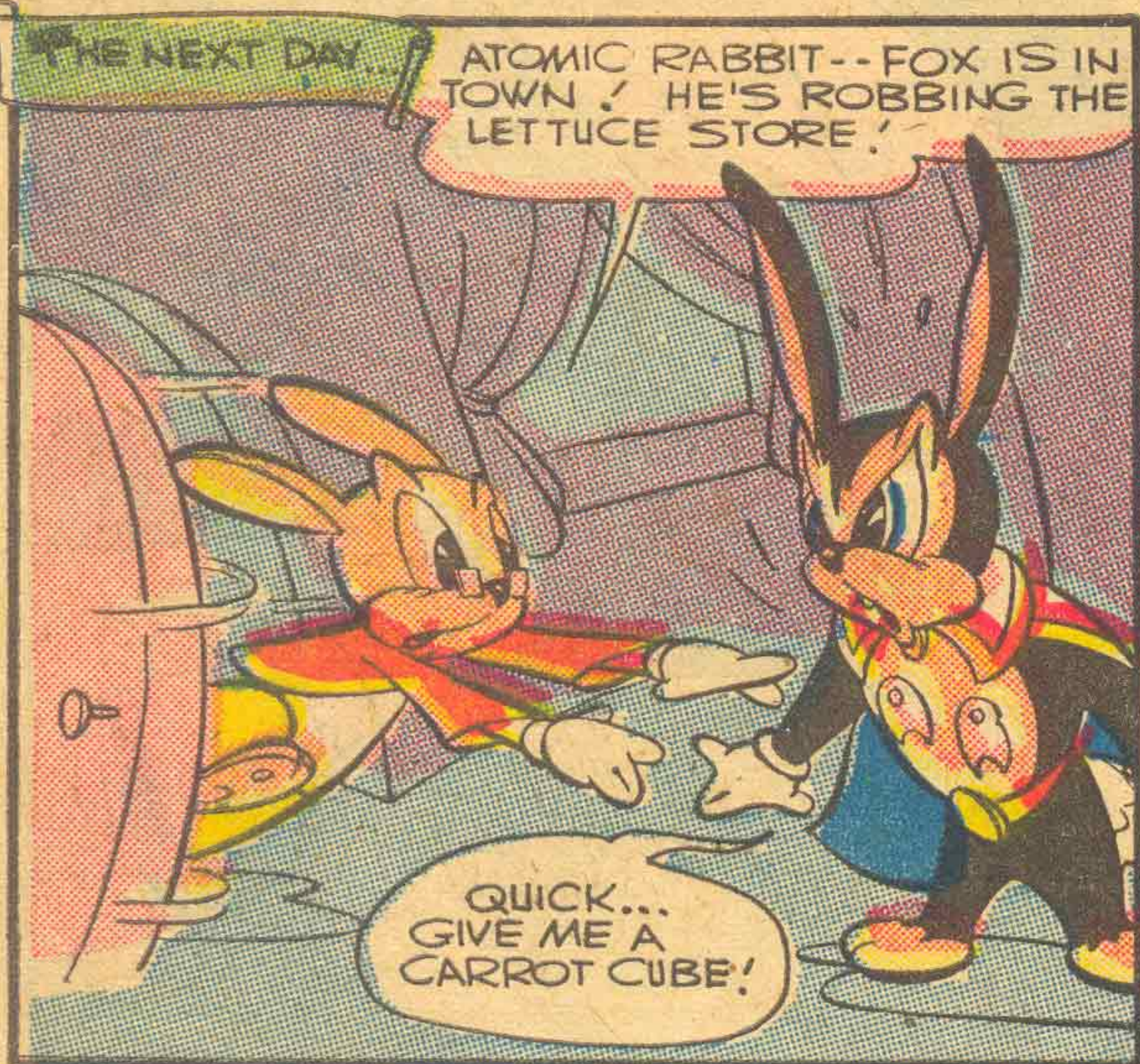
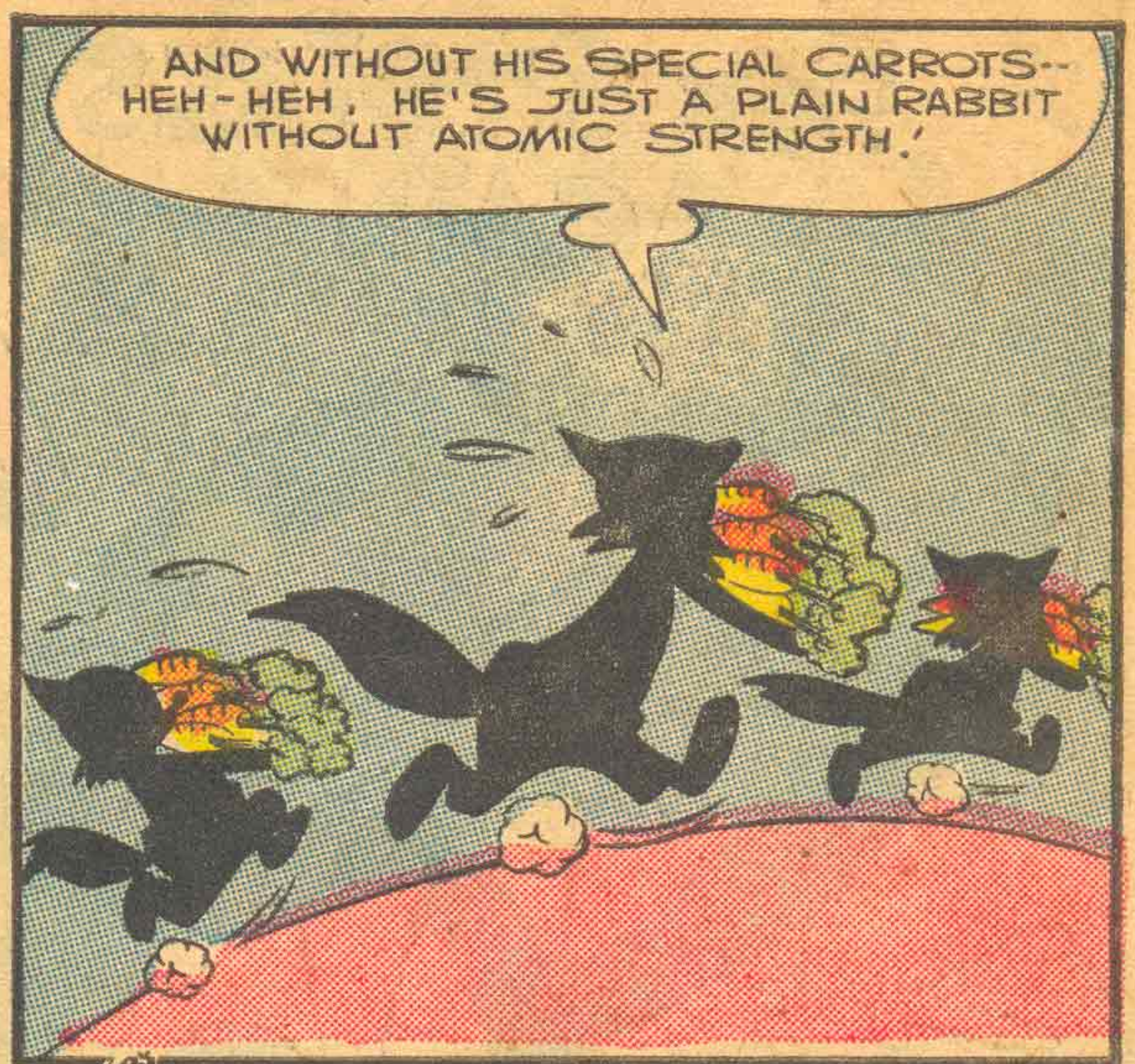
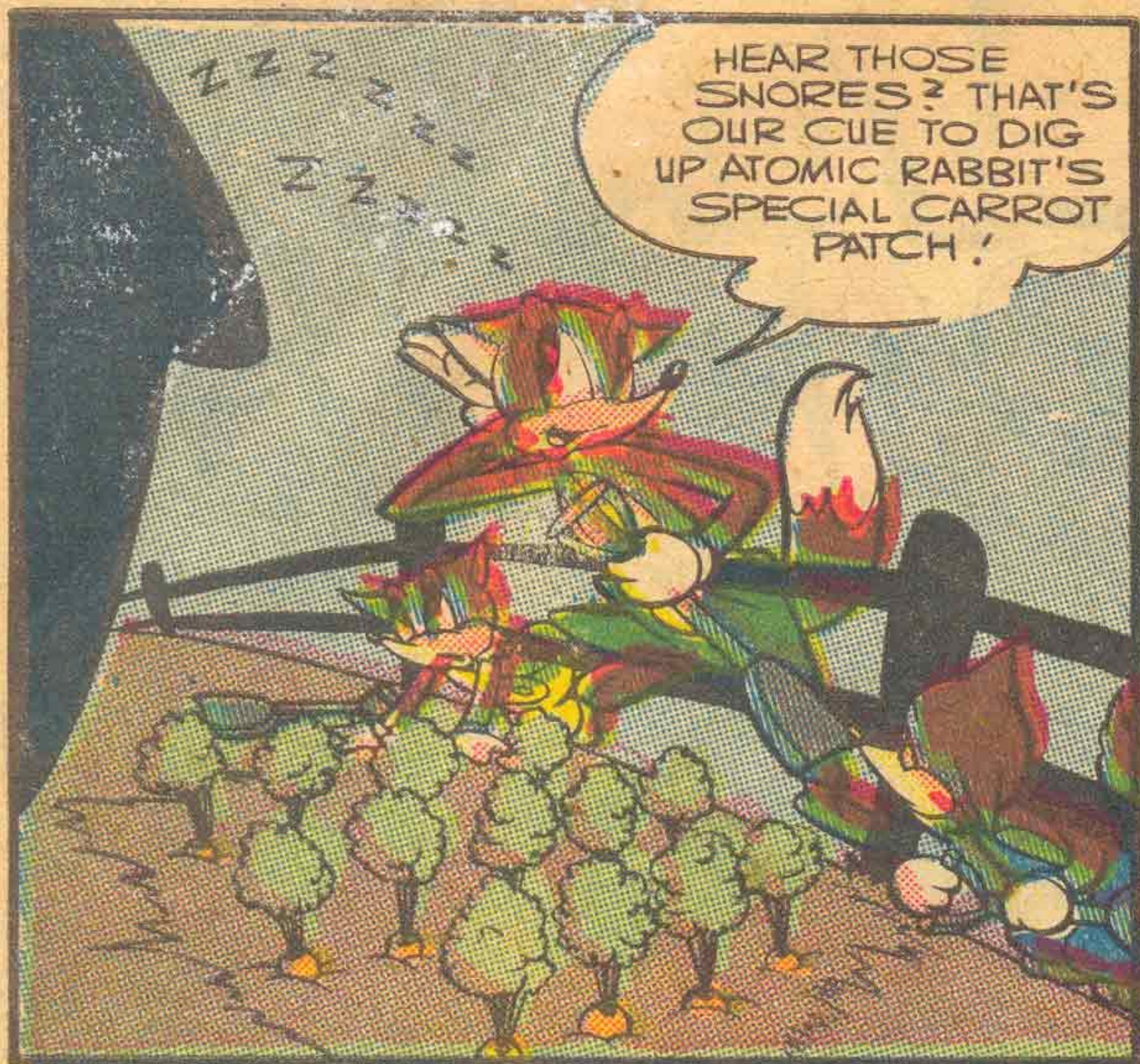
HEH - HEH - HEH - YOUR
FOXY OLD POP IS ABOUT
TO STRIKE AT RABBITVILLE
AGAIN! THIS TIME
I HAVE A PLAN THAT
CAN'T FAIL!



THIS SLEEPING GAS WILL
PUT ALL RABBITS TO SLEEP--
EVEN ATOMIC
RABBIT!



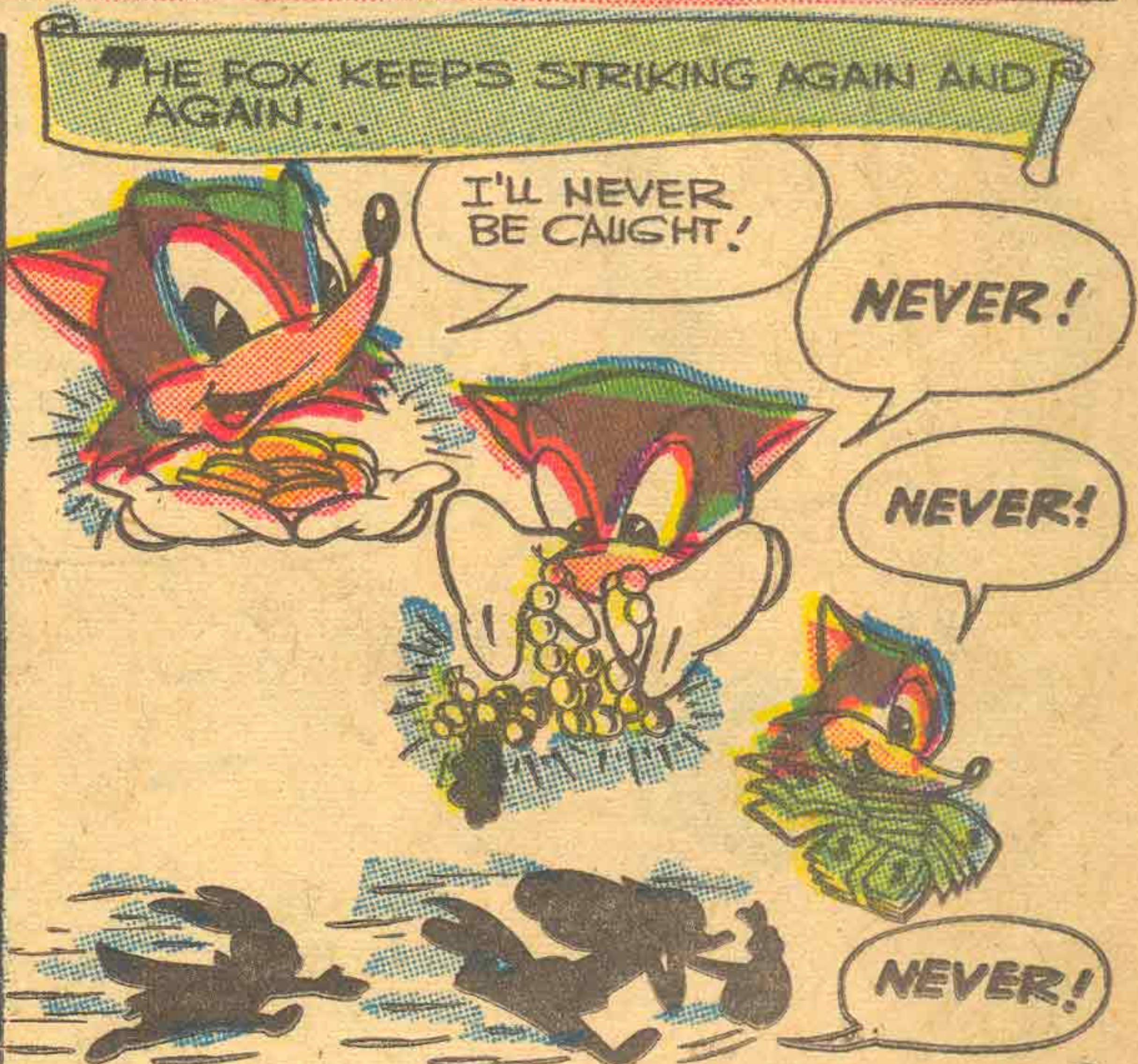
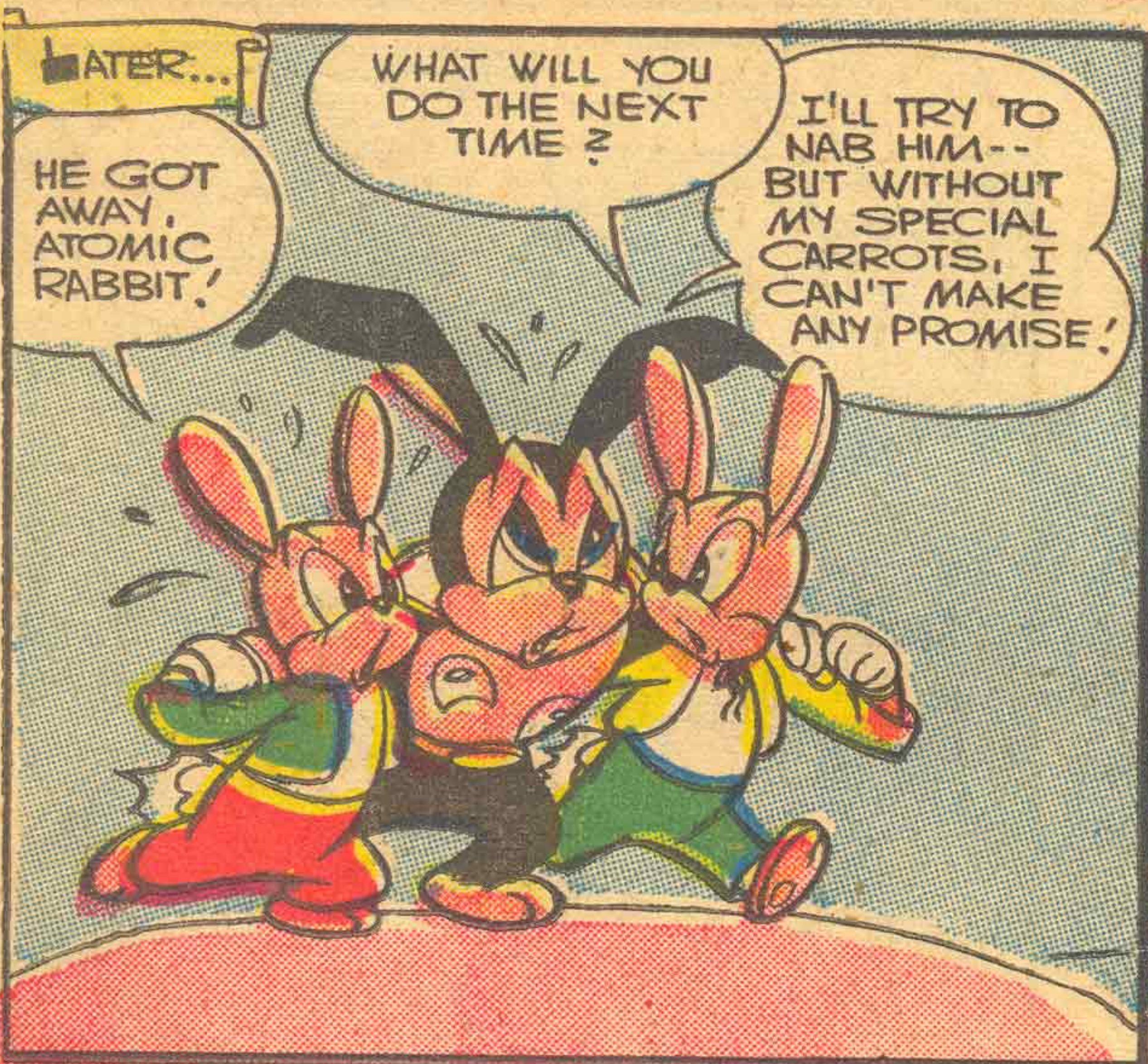
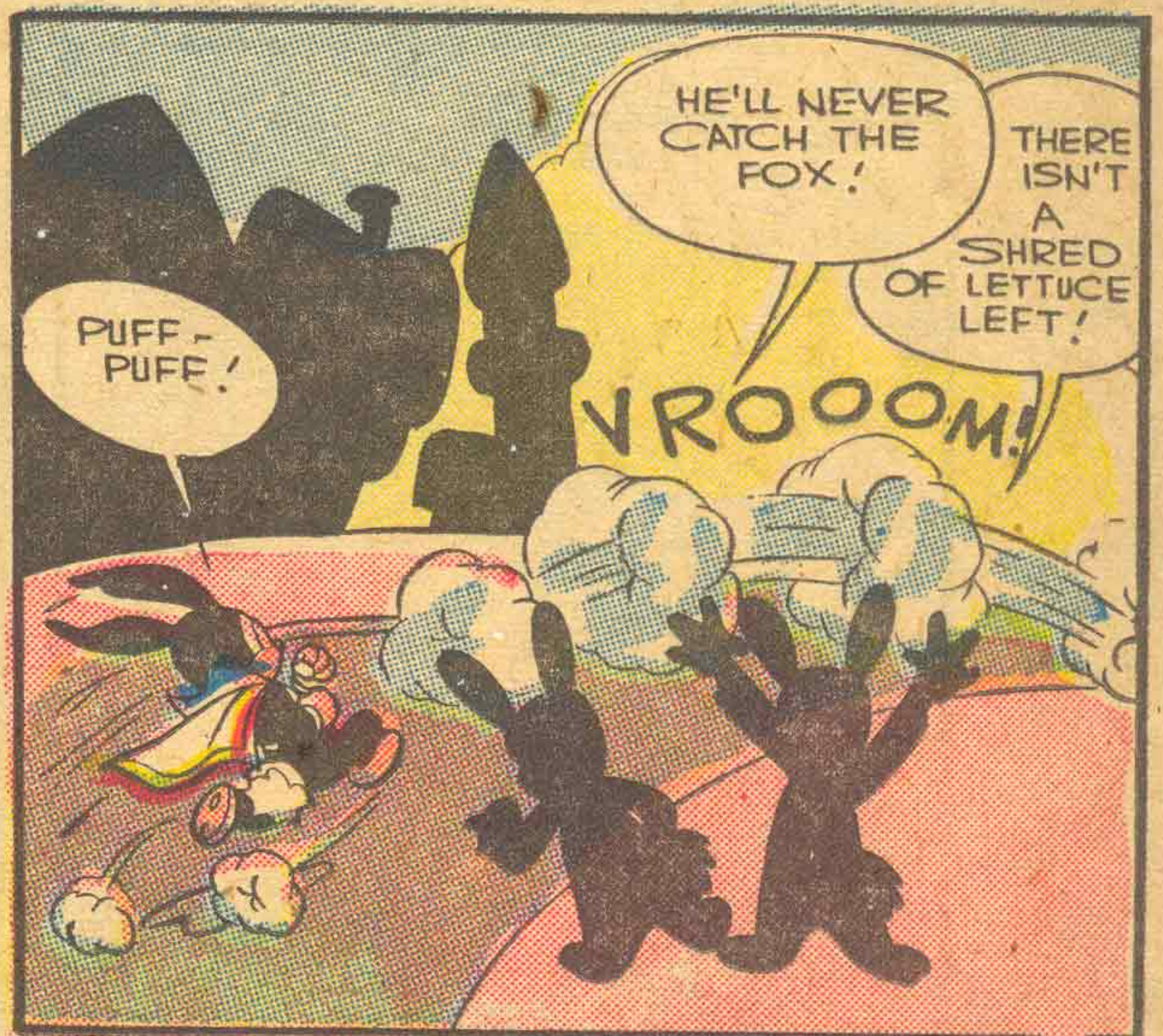
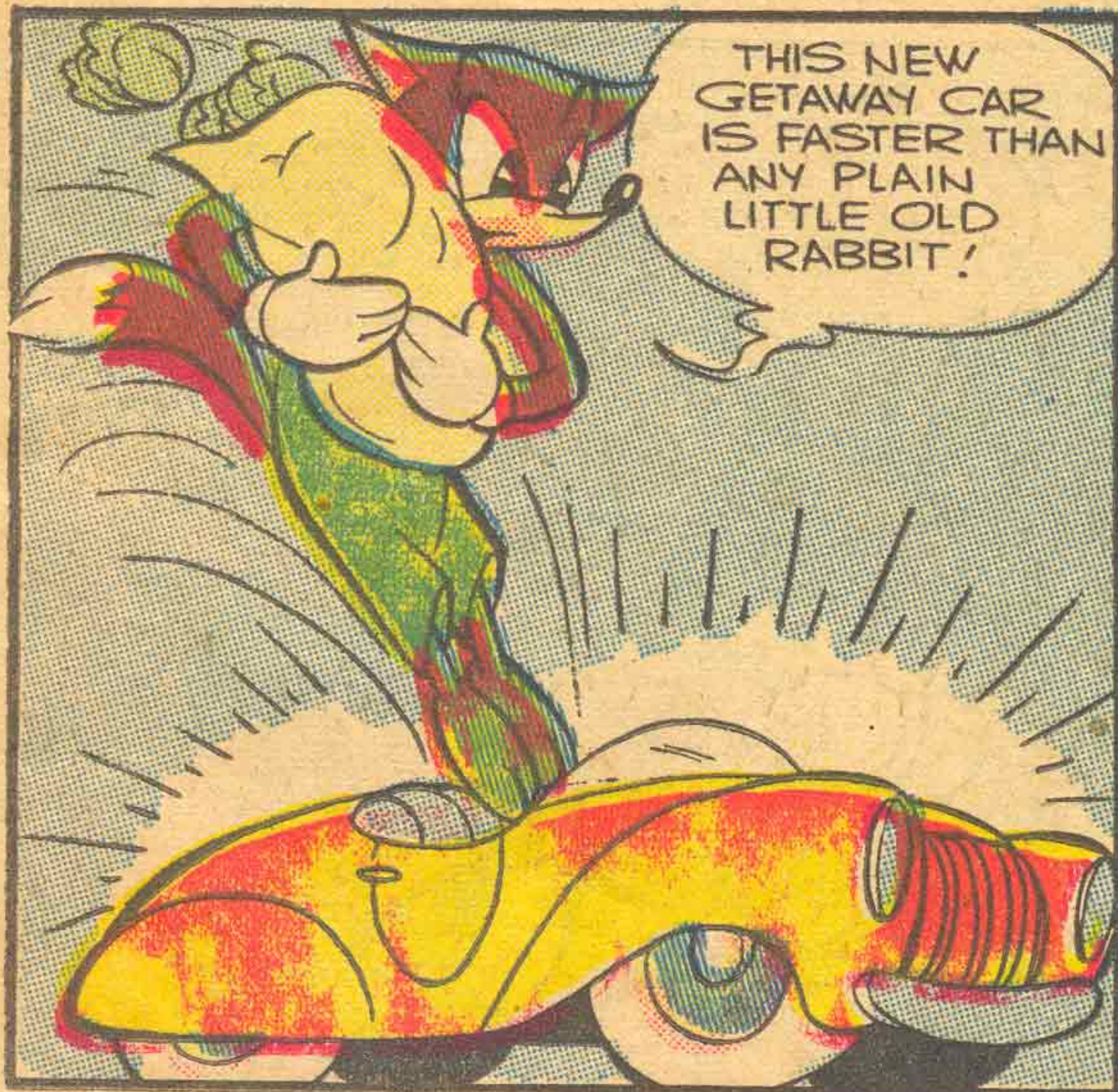
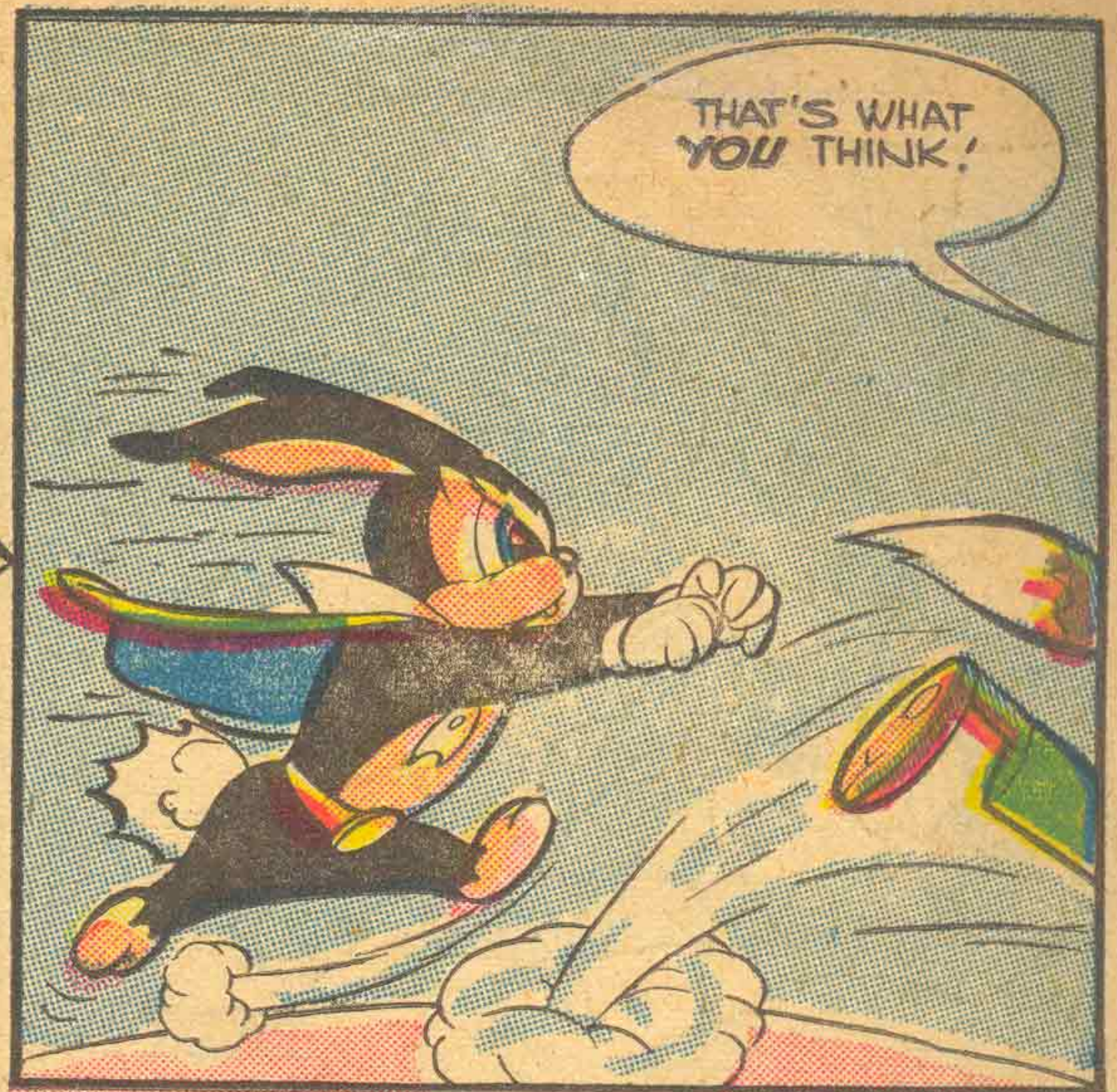
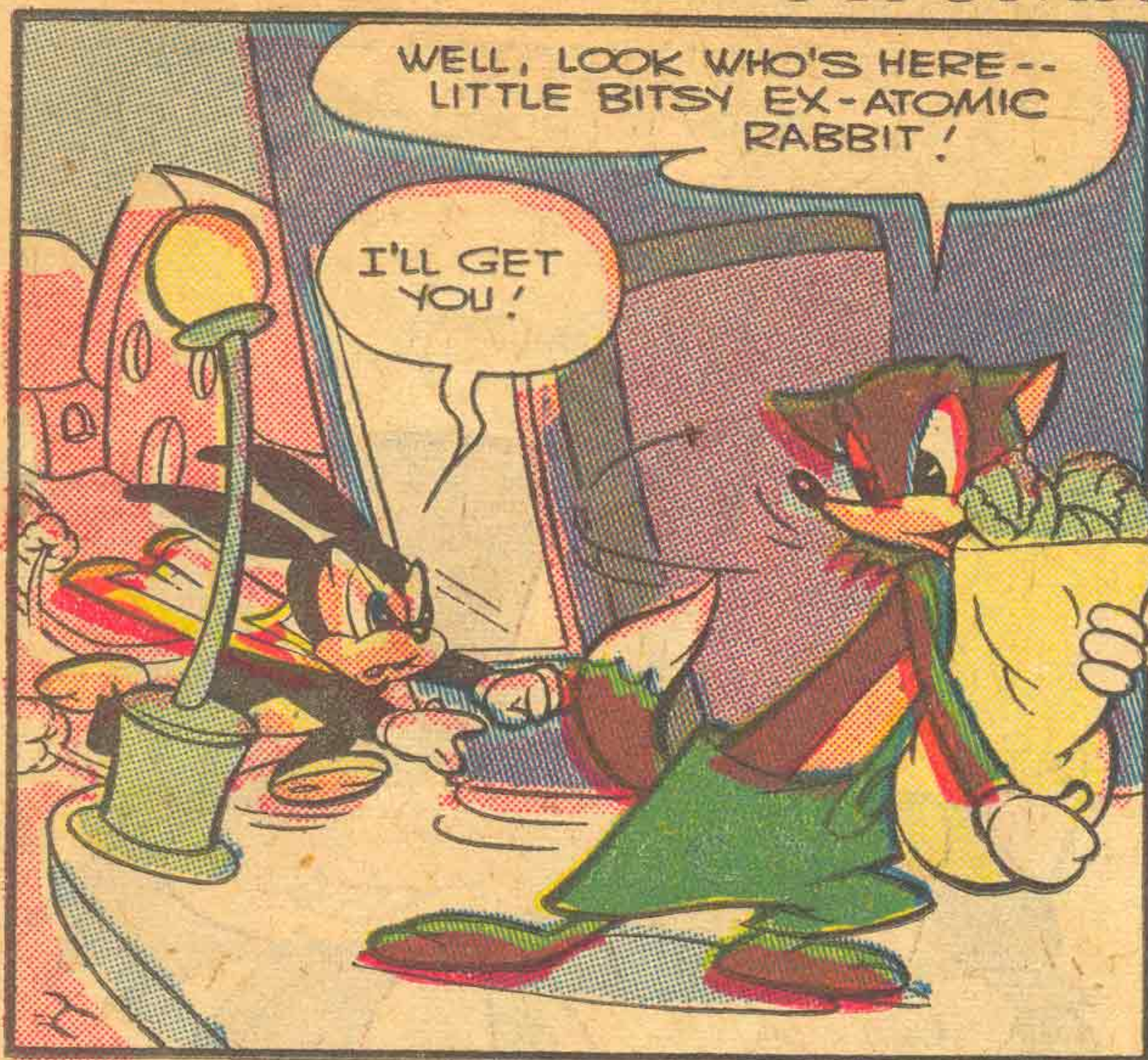
ATOMIC RABBIT



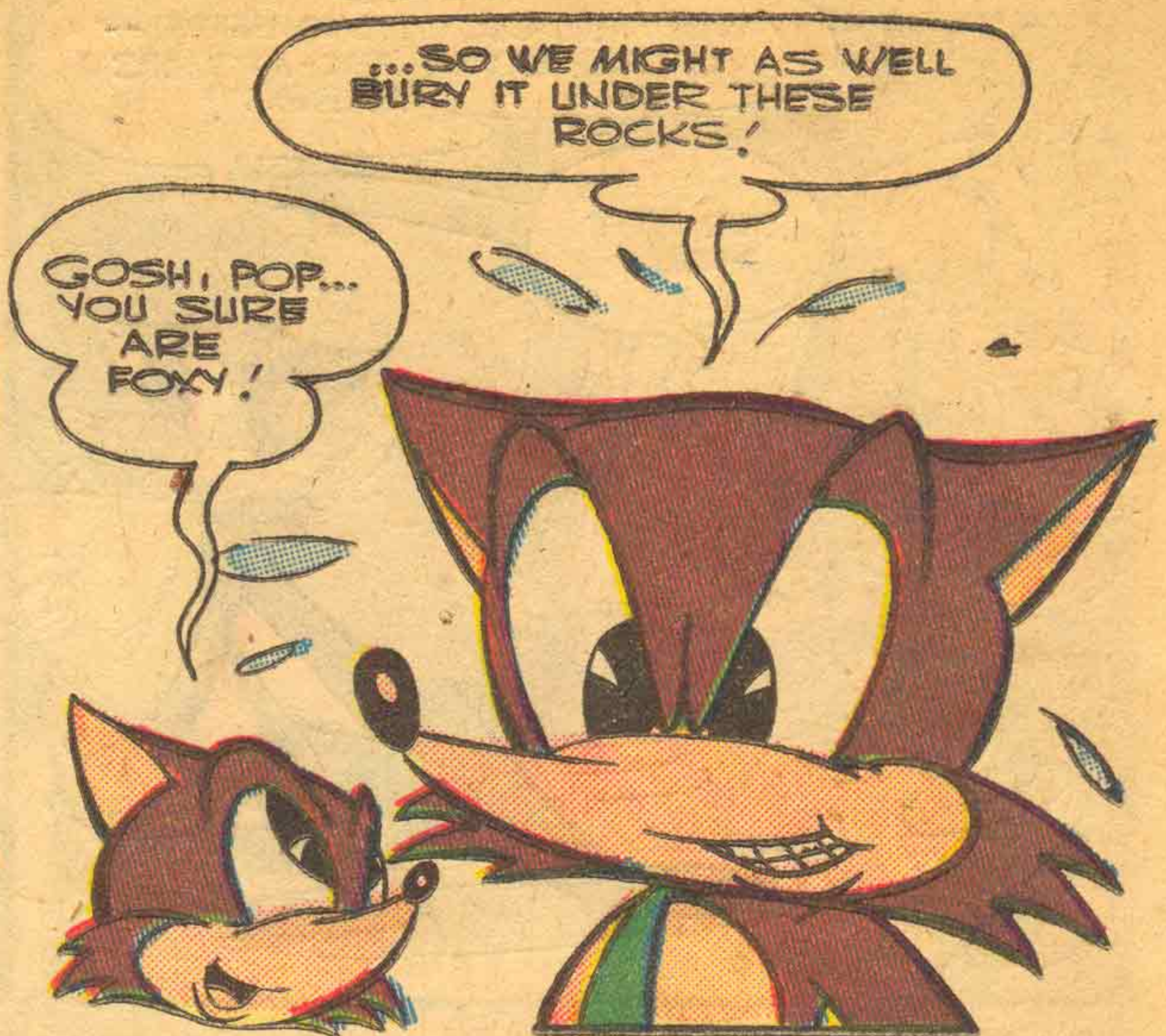
BUT WITHOUT HIS SPECIAL CARROTS, POOR ATOMIC RABBIT CANNOT FLY TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME..



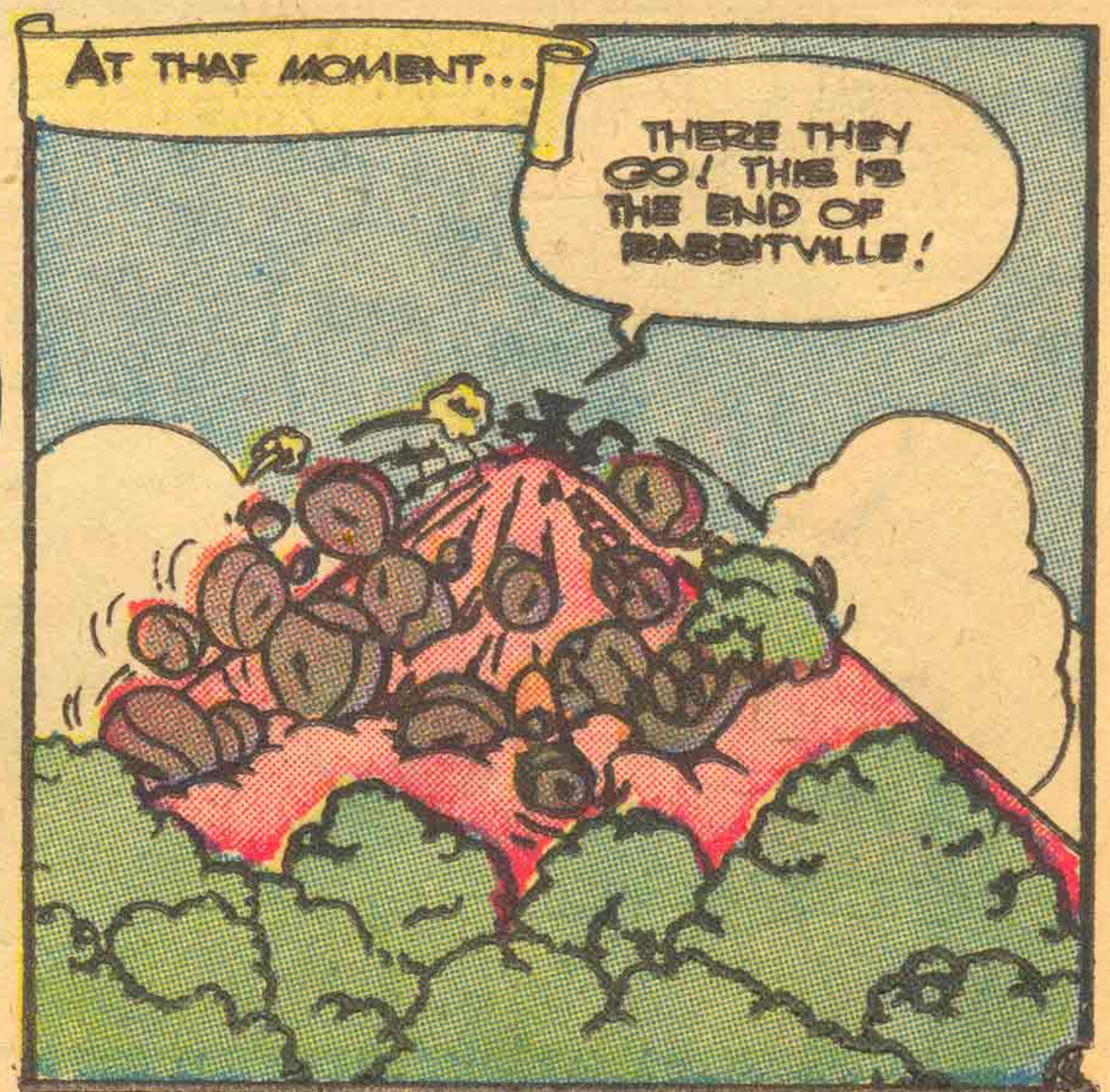
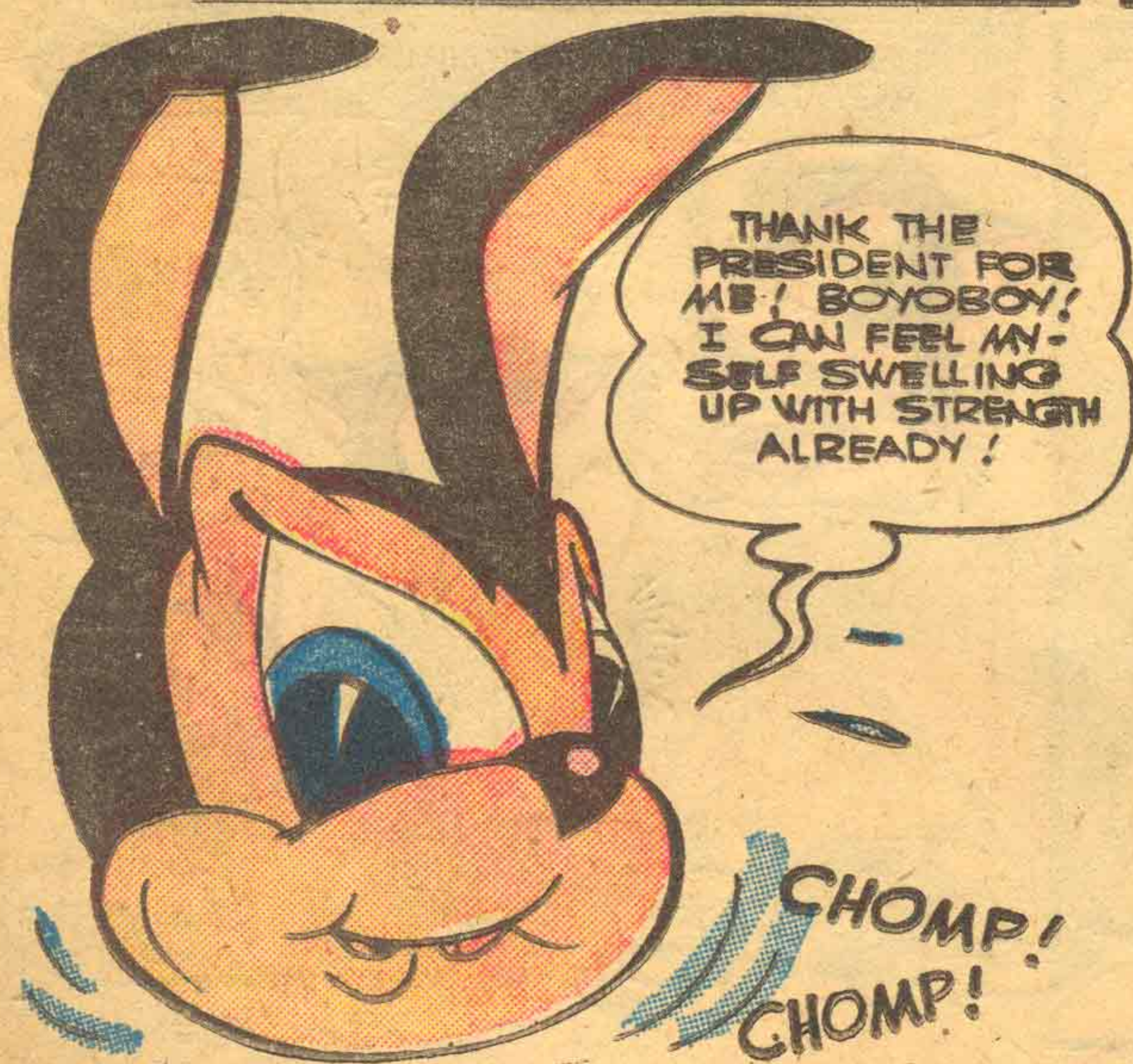
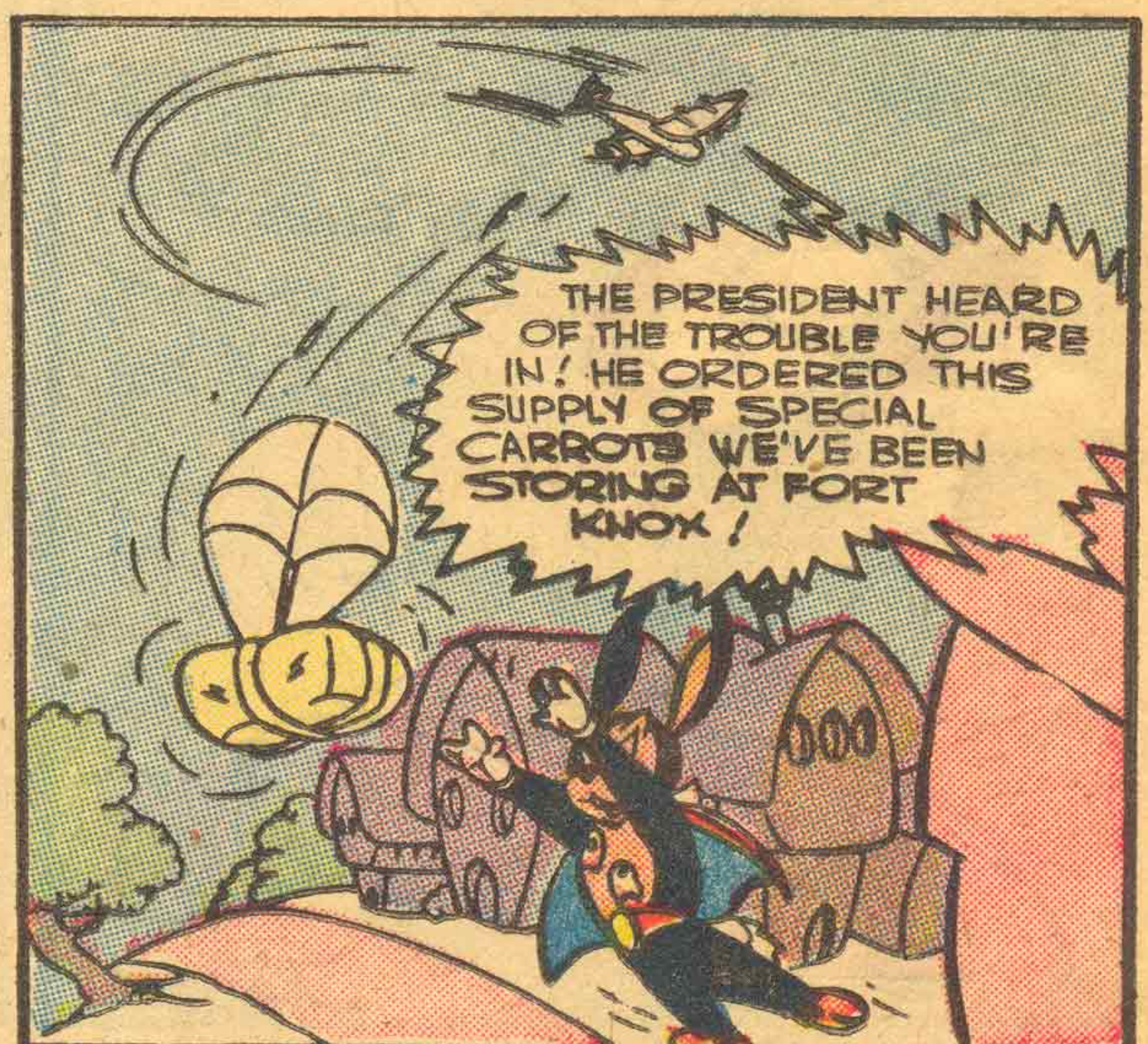
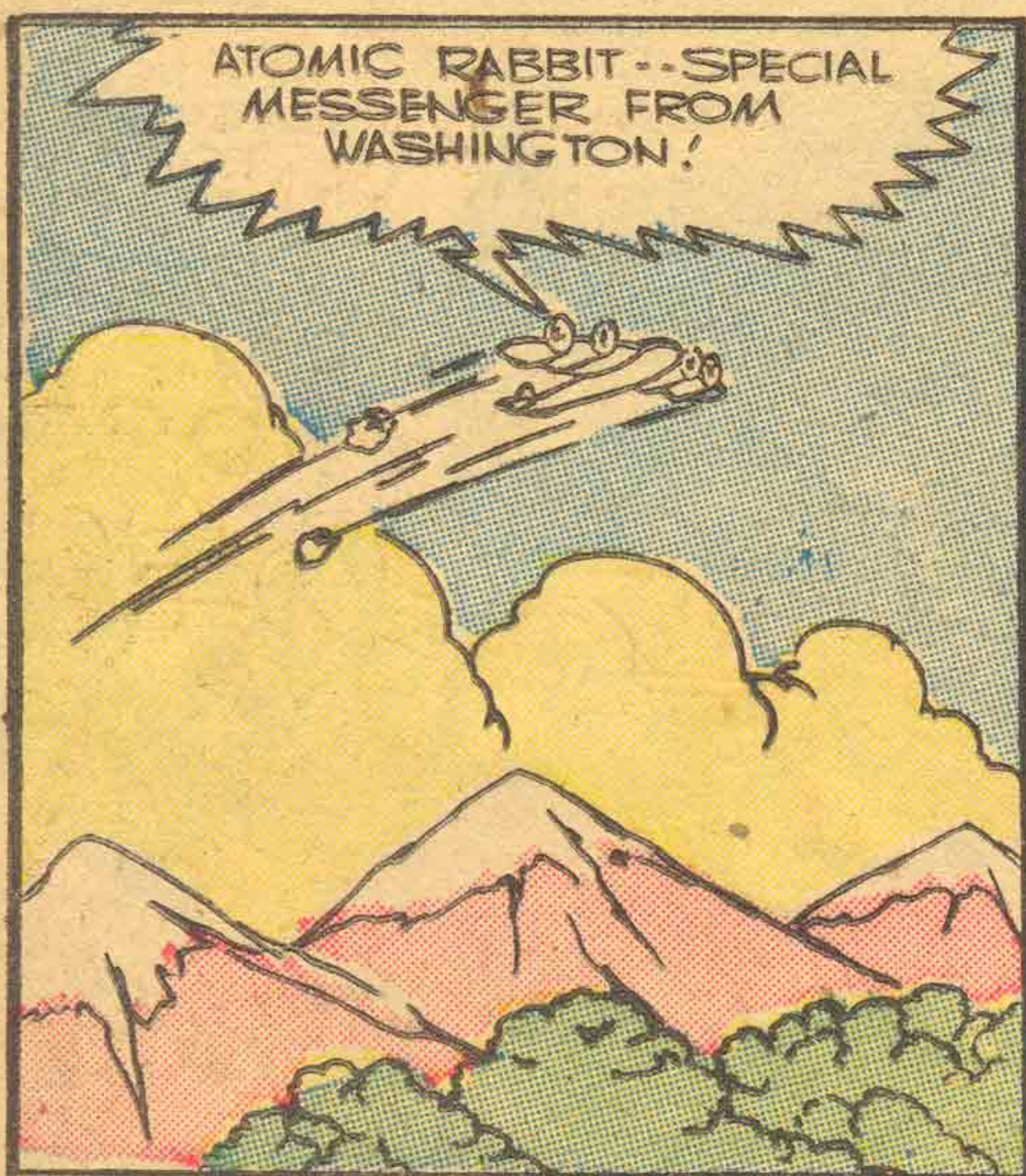
ATOMIC RABBIT



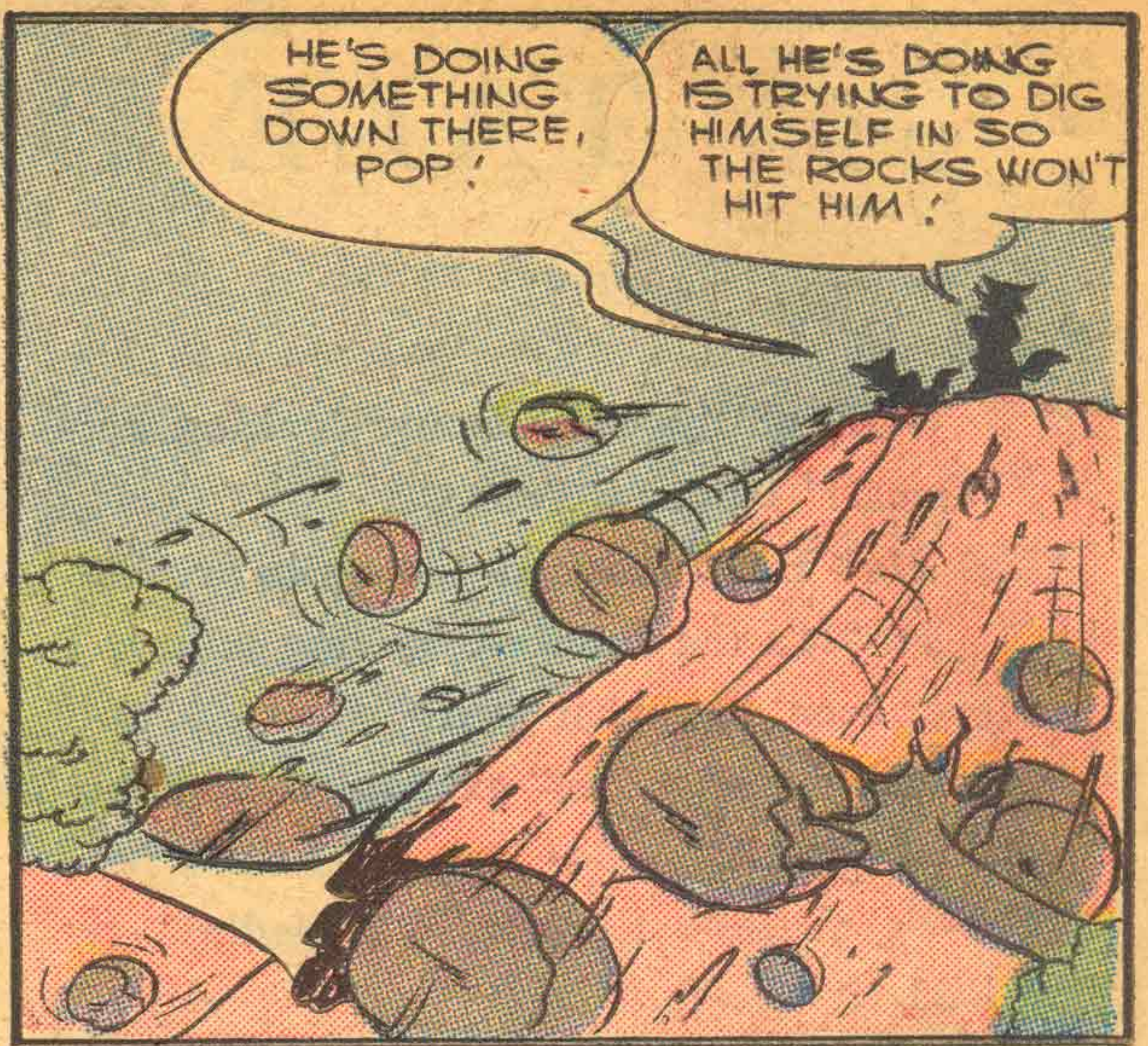
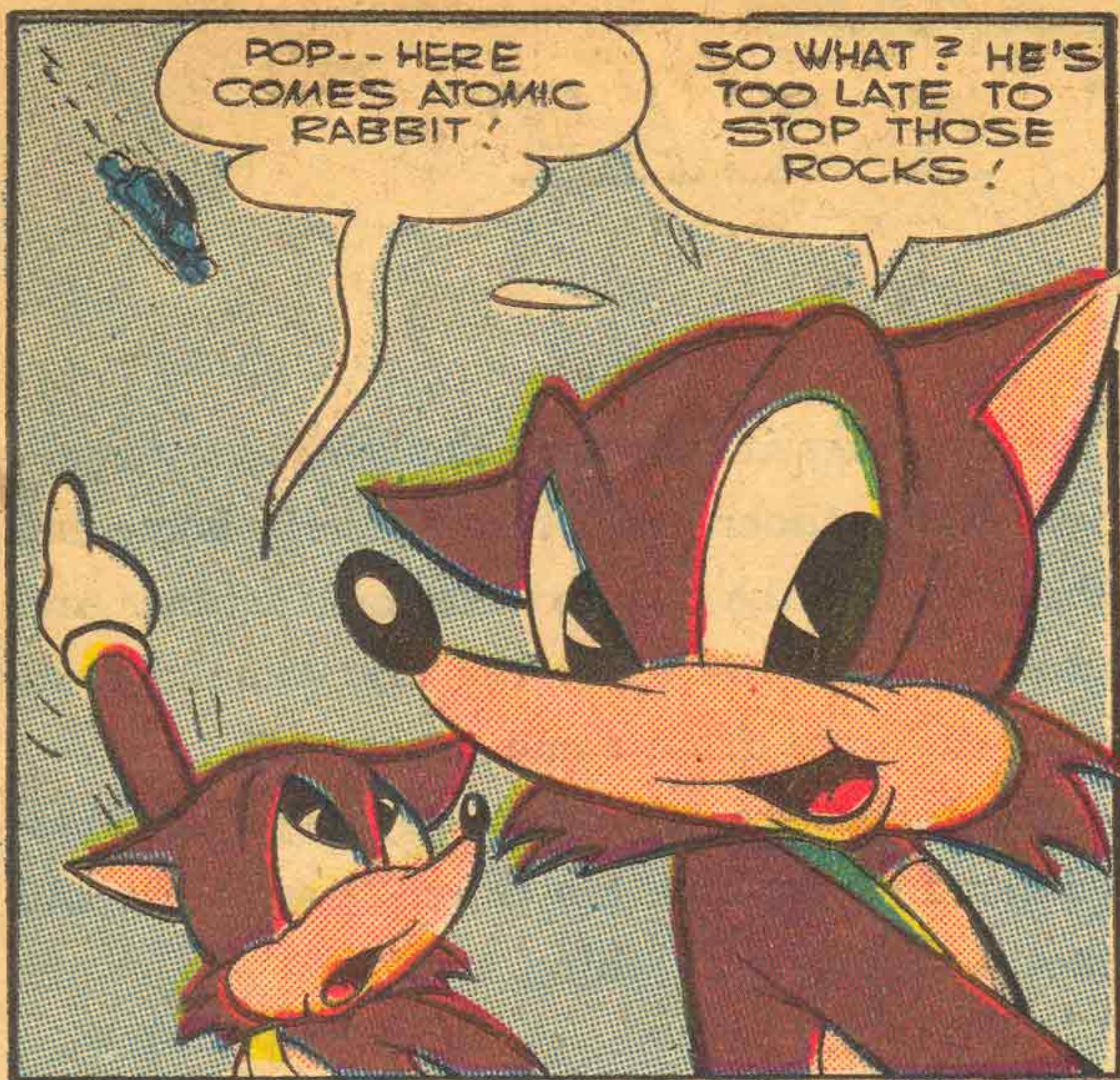
ATOMIC RABBIT



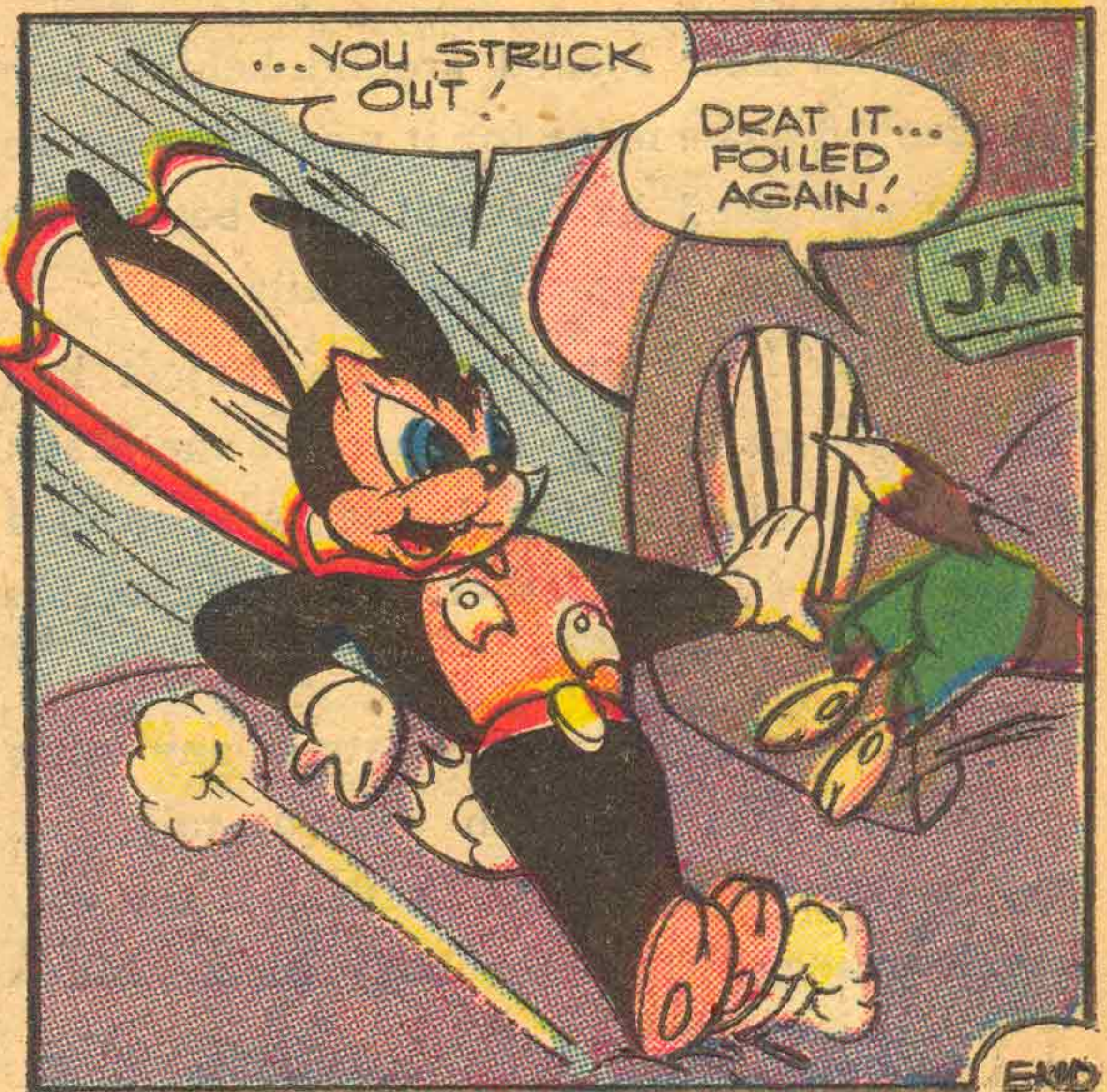
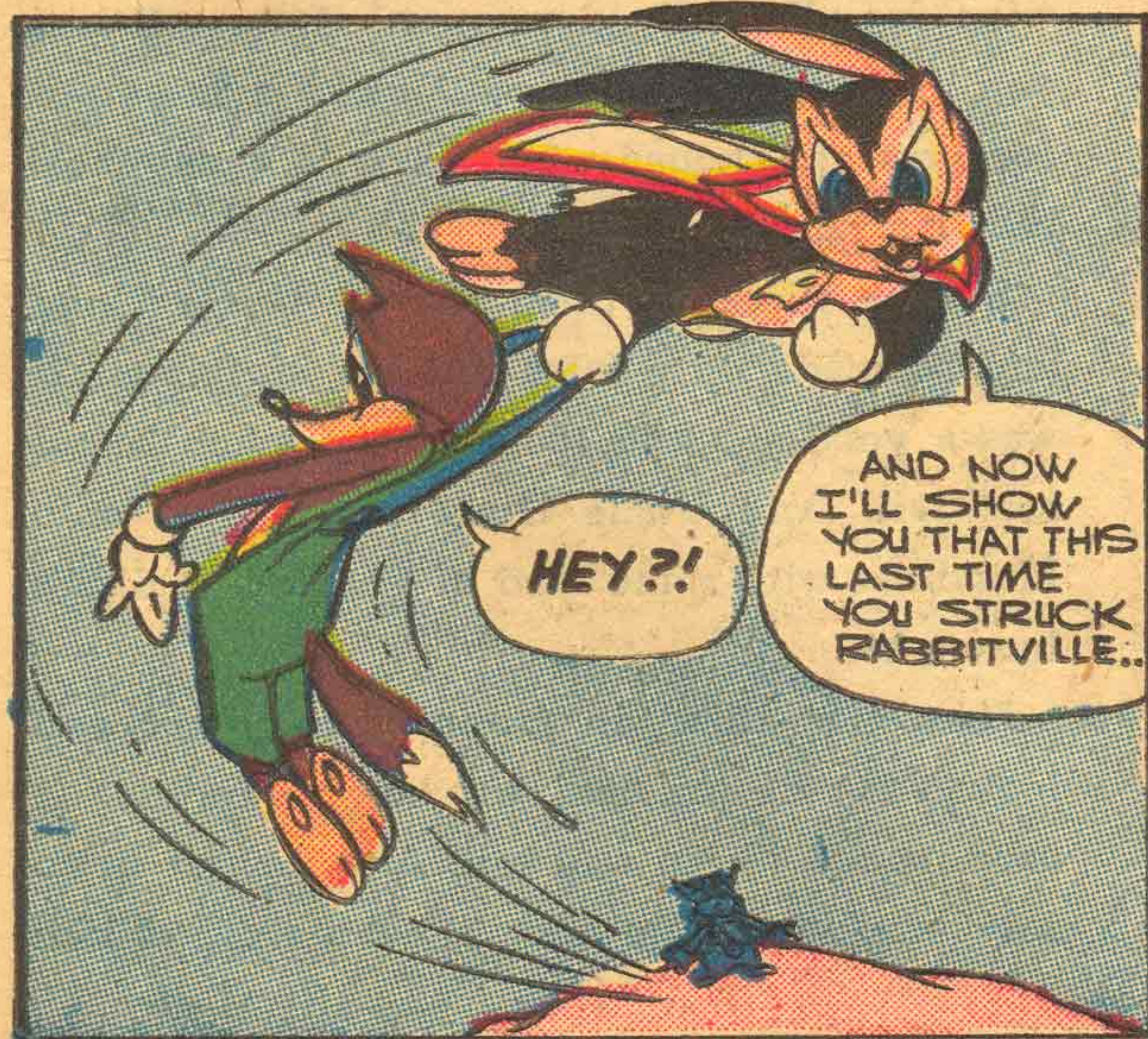
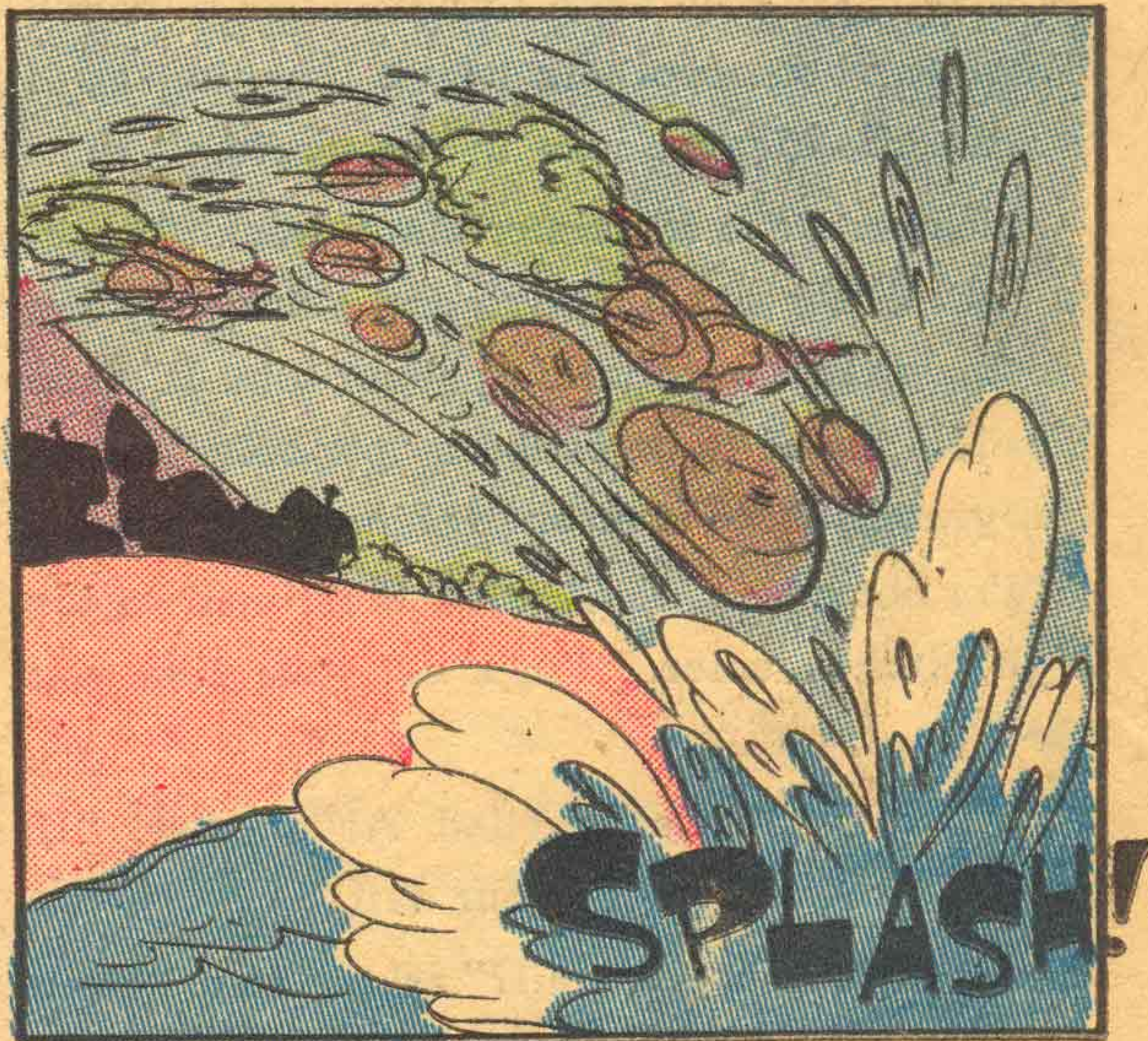
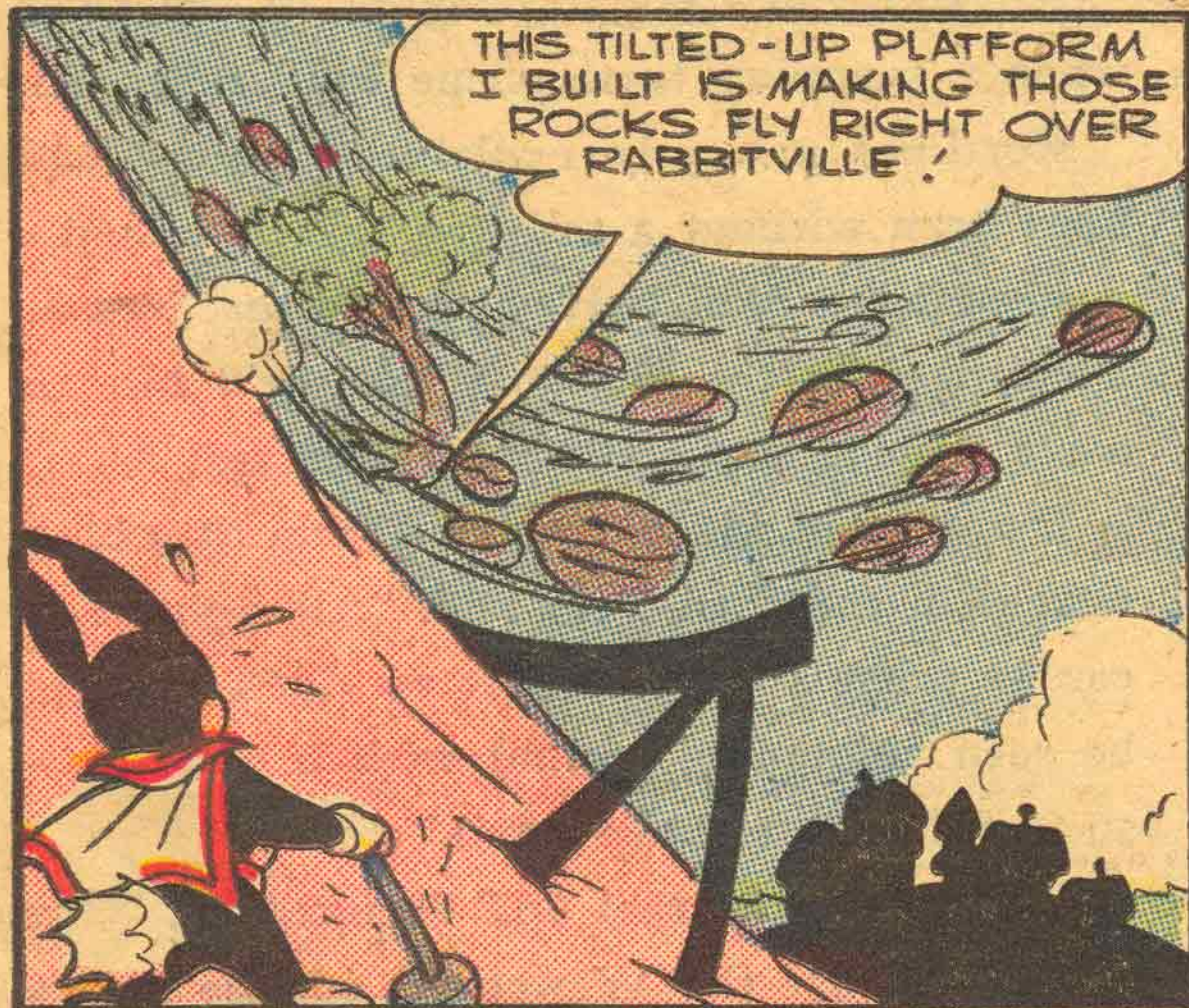
MEAN-
WHILE...



ATOMIC RABBIT



BUT THE FOX COULDN'T BE MORE WRONG...



ATOMIC RABBIT TALE OF A CAT

"LOOK at the very funny looking animal!" laughed Tom Cat.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed his twin brother, Al E. Cat. "It's the funniest looking animal I have ever seen, but what is it?"

"It must be a phoodle!" exclaimed Tom, between chuckles.

"There's no such thing as a phoodle!" retorted Al.

"And there's no such thing as *that*!" yelled Tom, and both brothers began laughing as if it were the biggest joke in the world.

But poor little Mortimer Manx wasn't laughing at all. He was blushing and almost crying. He knew they were talking about him. It made him feel awful to be called a "phoodle." Especially when there is no such thing as a phoodle.

"I'm not a phoodle!" cried Mortimer, in his high pitched voice. "I'm a cat, just like you are!"

"Don't fib to us!" yelled Al E. Cat. "If you're a cat, where is your tail?"

"Sure where is your tail?" asked Tom. "Even a rabbit has got more tail than you've got."

Poor Mortimer looked around behind him and blushed some more for it was true that he had no tail. And he noticed that both Tom and Al had fine, long, splendid tails.

Of course, back at home, the subject had never come up. All the members of the Manx family were without tails. It had never seemed to bother Mortimer's father, Mr. Manx, or his mother, Mrs. Manx.

Manx cats are just as fine cats as any other family, but they are born without tails and they don't grow any tails. That's just the way nature arranged it, and nobody in the Manx

family gives it a second thought.

But Mortimer had left his family home and had come to the city to make his fortune. And now he was aware for the first time that he was different from some other cats.

"I don't care what you say!" yelled Mortimer, forcing back his tears. "I am a cat and not a rabbit or anything else."

"What did you do, get your tail caught in a lawn mower?" asked Tom.

"Or did you have it hanging in the river when a snapping turtle came by?" asked Al.

Mortimer patiently explained that he had been born without a tail and that it was the custom in his family. He also said that he was a stranger in the city and that he'd like to make friends, especially with Tom and Al.

Tom started whispering to Al and they both chuckled, and then Tom said, "All right. You can be friends with us. But we don't want to be seen chumming around with a phoodle — so you'll have to have a tail."

"But we can fix that up," declared Al. "Our uncle is Omar the Wigmaker, and he makes wigs for all the bald cats and if we tell him you are our friend, he will make a false tail for you and nobody but us will even know that it's false."

So the three of them visited Uncle Omar and he made up a false tail for Mortimer. It was a good job and looked very much like a real tail. And Uncle Omar fastened it onto Mortimer with some kind of glue and it didn't hurt a bit.

Mortimer stood in front of a mirror and looked at the tail and was mighty proud. It sure looked like a real tail. And he felt fit to associate with Tom and Al who slapped him

ATOMIC RABBIT

on the back and complimented him and said, "It sure makes you handsome!" They winked at each other, but Mortimer didn't know why they were winking.

Mortimer left the wigmaker's shop, walking proudly. He saw people staring at him and thought, "Ah-ha! They are all admiring my new, wonderful tail."

Then everybody began whooping and yelling and snickering and guffawing. They were pointing at Mortimer and saying, "Look at Droopy Tail!" And, "Look what the cat's dragging in!" Some of them made catcalls.

Poor Mortimer began to run, looking for a place to hide, to get away from his tormenters. But the long tail dragged and bounced on the ground and was like an anchor to him. He couldn't run fast at all. For Tom and Al had secretly filled the false tail with lead!

He ducked into a dark alley to try to get away from the mob of tormenters. Tom and Al, the jokers, were close behind him.

Now, although the kittens didn't know it, this was a very unfortunate alley for them to enter. Ratnose the Rodent, a nasty gangster, had set a row of three rat traps across the alley. He had them set so they would catch a cat's tail.

As Mortimer ran through the dark passage he heard a sharp snap and was thrown to the ground. Seconds later he heard two more snaps and great cries of pain. The other traps had caught Tom and Al, and stung them, too, because *their* tails were real.

Tom and Al started yelling for help, but none of the other cats that had been laughing at the fake tail would come to help them because they were all deadly afraid of Ratnose the Rodent.

"Ooooooh, we are goners!" moaned Tom. "Ratnose will get us sure!"

"Ooooooh, he will get all three of us!" wailed

Al. "If I had my nine lives to live over, I'd be a better cat!"

Mortimer wasn't saying anything. He was busy. He got out his pocket knife, flipped open the sharpest blade, and cut off his tail. Since it was a false tail, it didn't hurt him when he cut it. Then he stepped quietly out of the alley. It was several seconds before Tom and Al realized he was gone.

Al noticed first, exclaiming, "Look, Mortimer's gone. Do you think he'll bring help?"

"Huh?" said Tom. "No, of course not! He's undoubtedly glad we're in a jam. We laughed at him and caused him lots of trouble. Now's his chance to get even. Do you blame him?"

"No, you're right," said Al. "I don't blame him if he hates us."

A shiver went through them as they heard a very nasty voice snarling, "Ho! I have caught two fine cats in my rat traps. Heh-heh!" They recognized the voice as that of Ratnose the gangster.

BUT a second later they heard wailing sirens and the police commissioner with twenty-seven detectives poured into the alley from both ends. They surrounded Ratnose and captured him. They freed Tom and Al from the traps and a police surgeon gave them first aid.

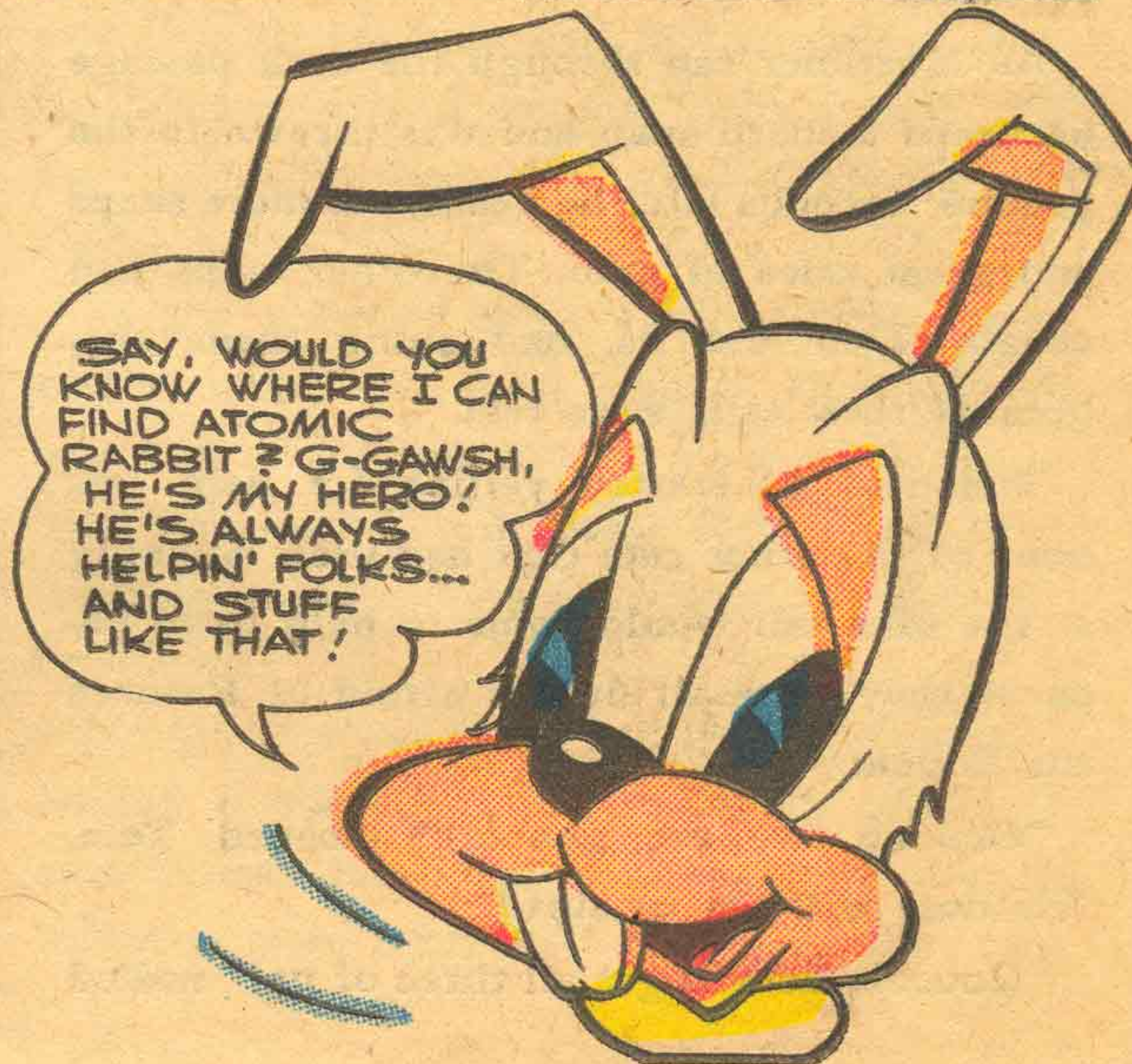
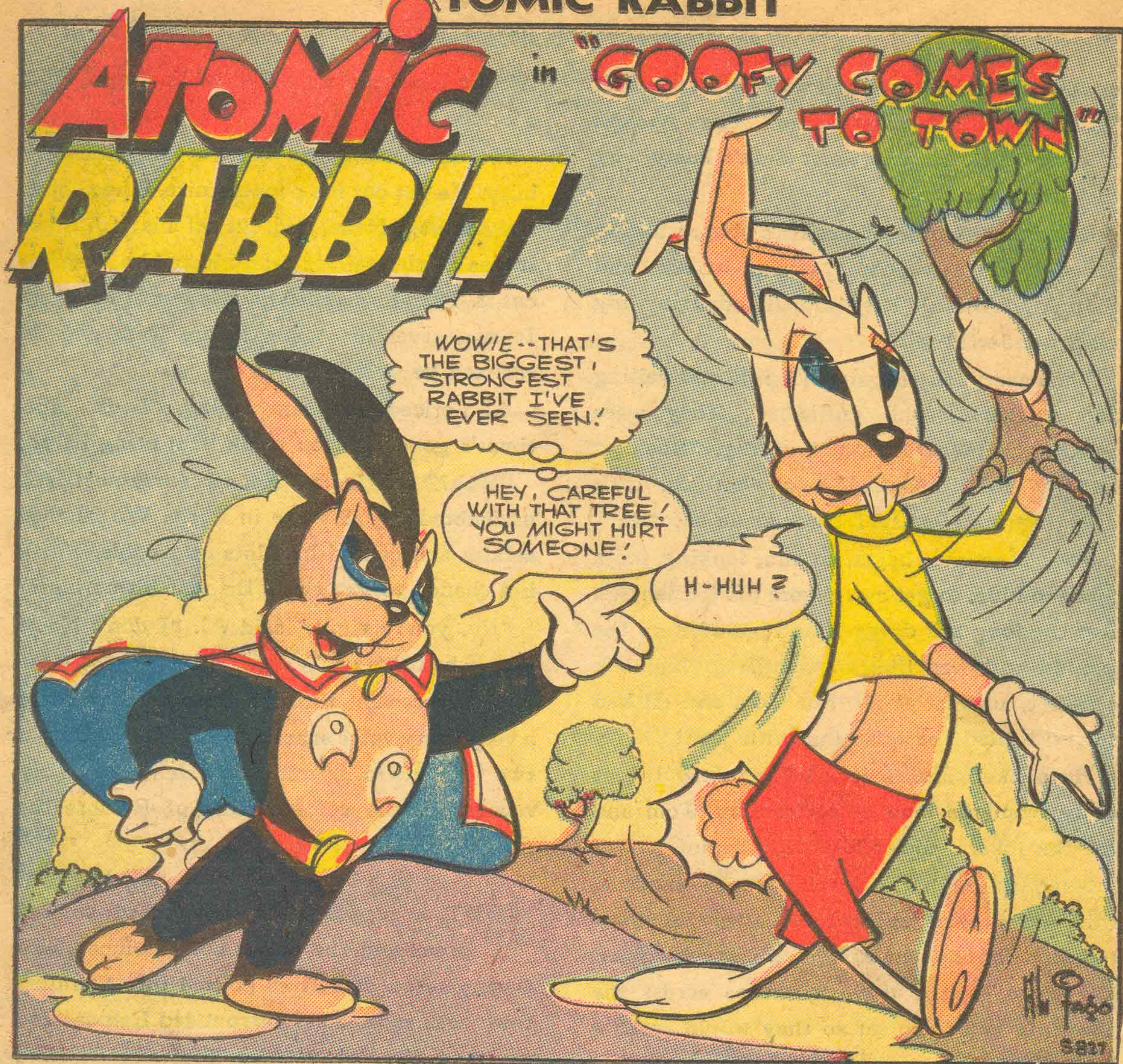
"How did you know we were here?" asked Tom.

"This little fellow told us," said the Commissioner, patting Mortimer Manx on the head. "You boys should thank him. He's a real pal!"

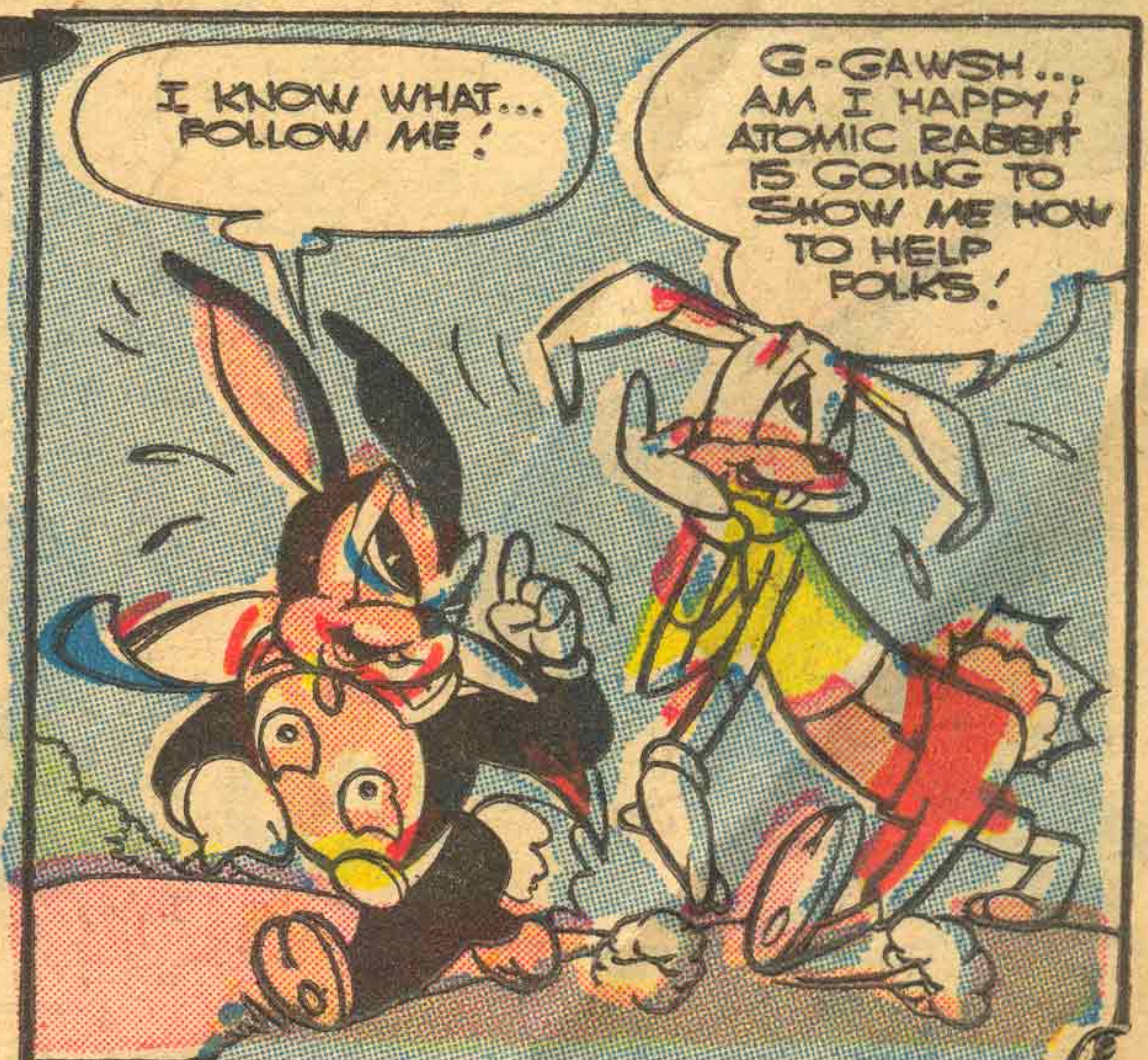
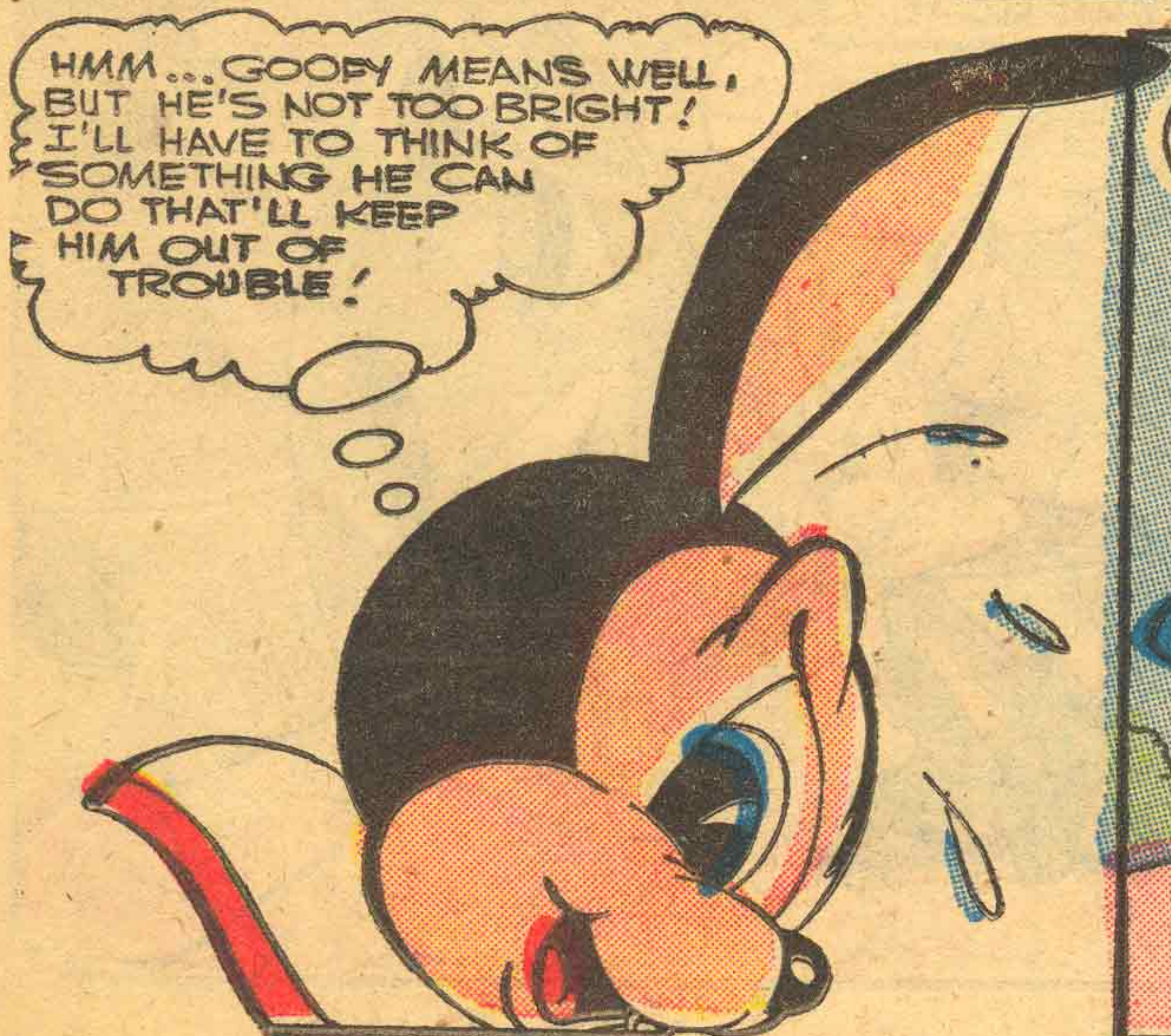
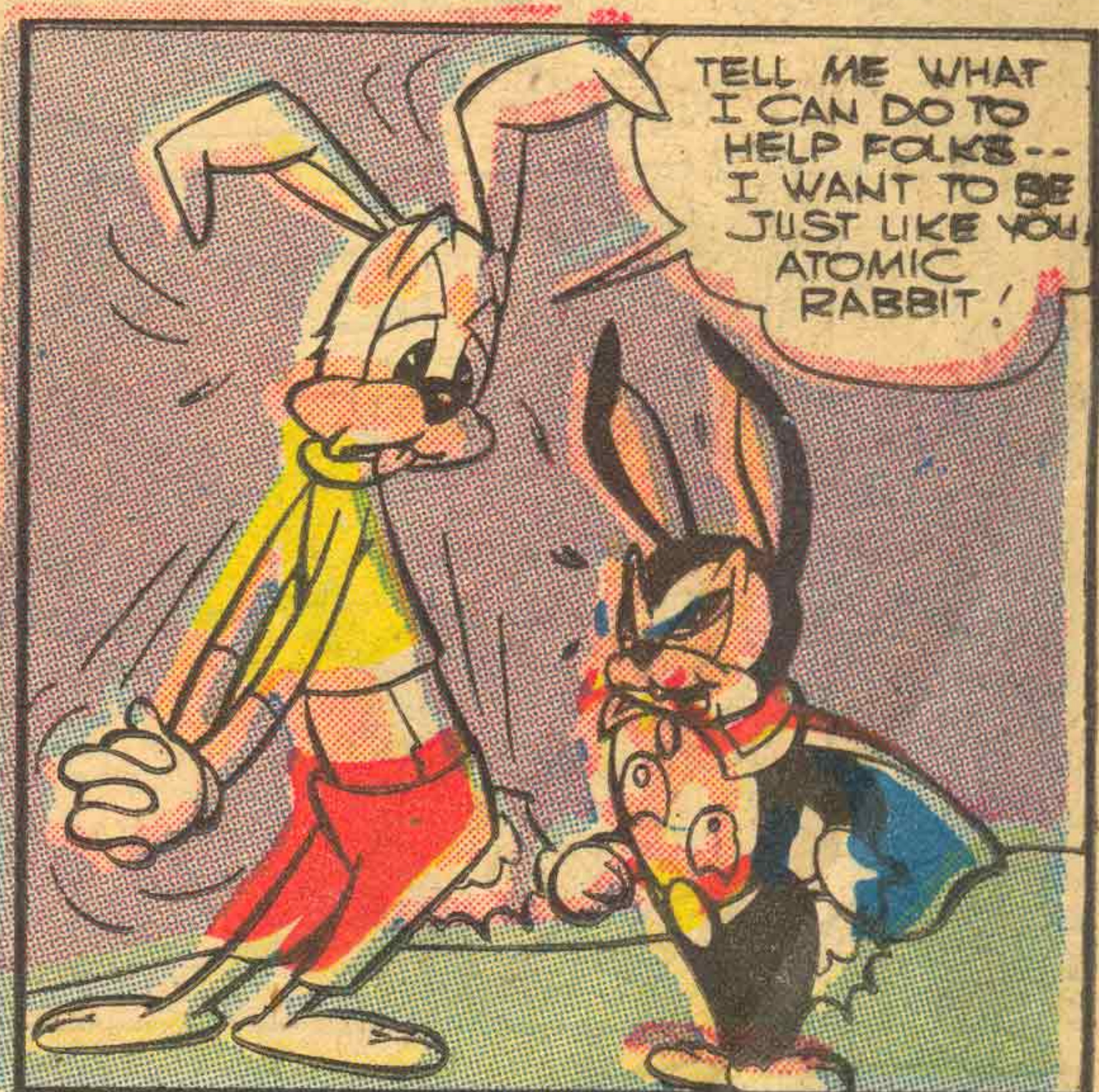
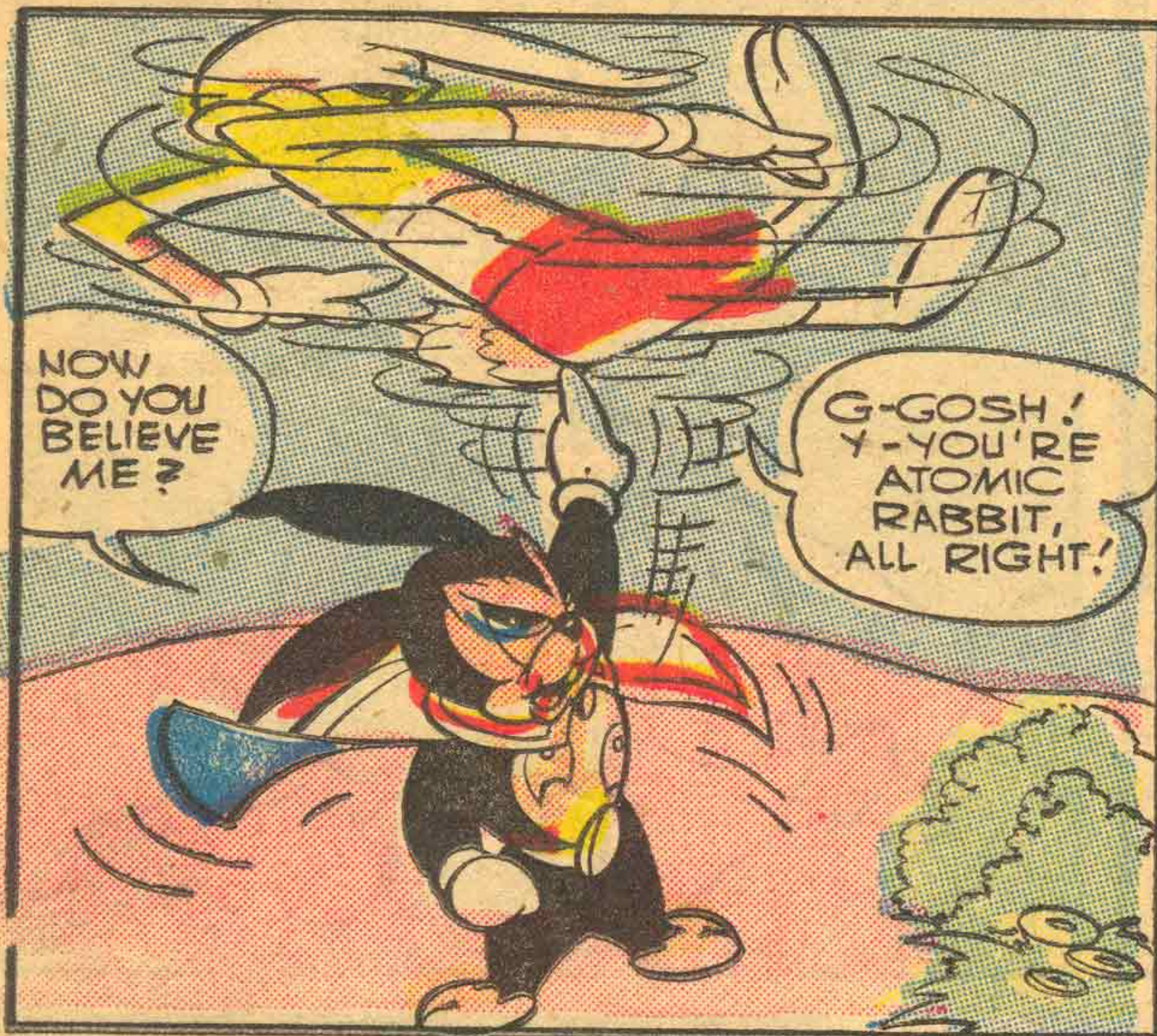
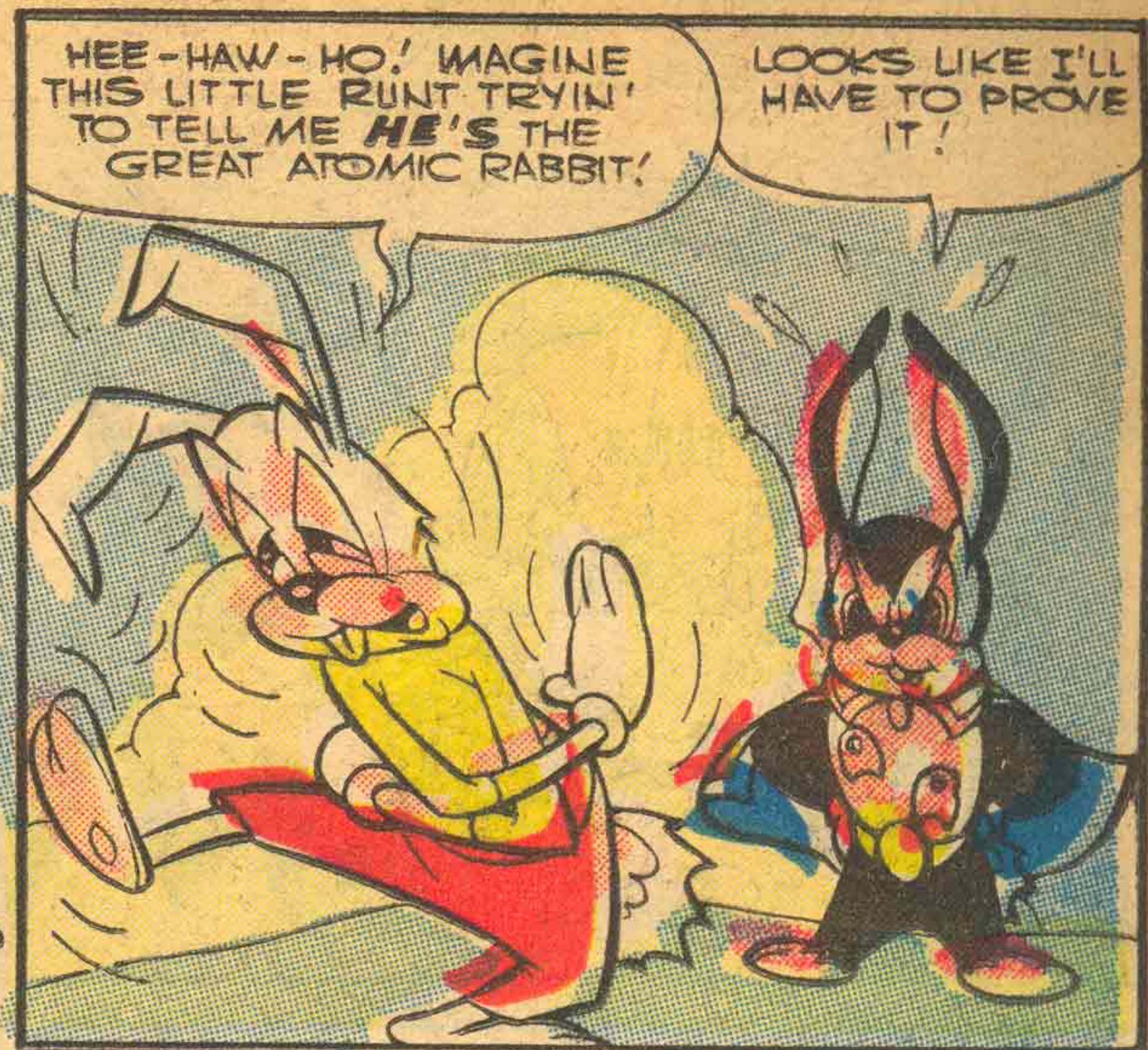
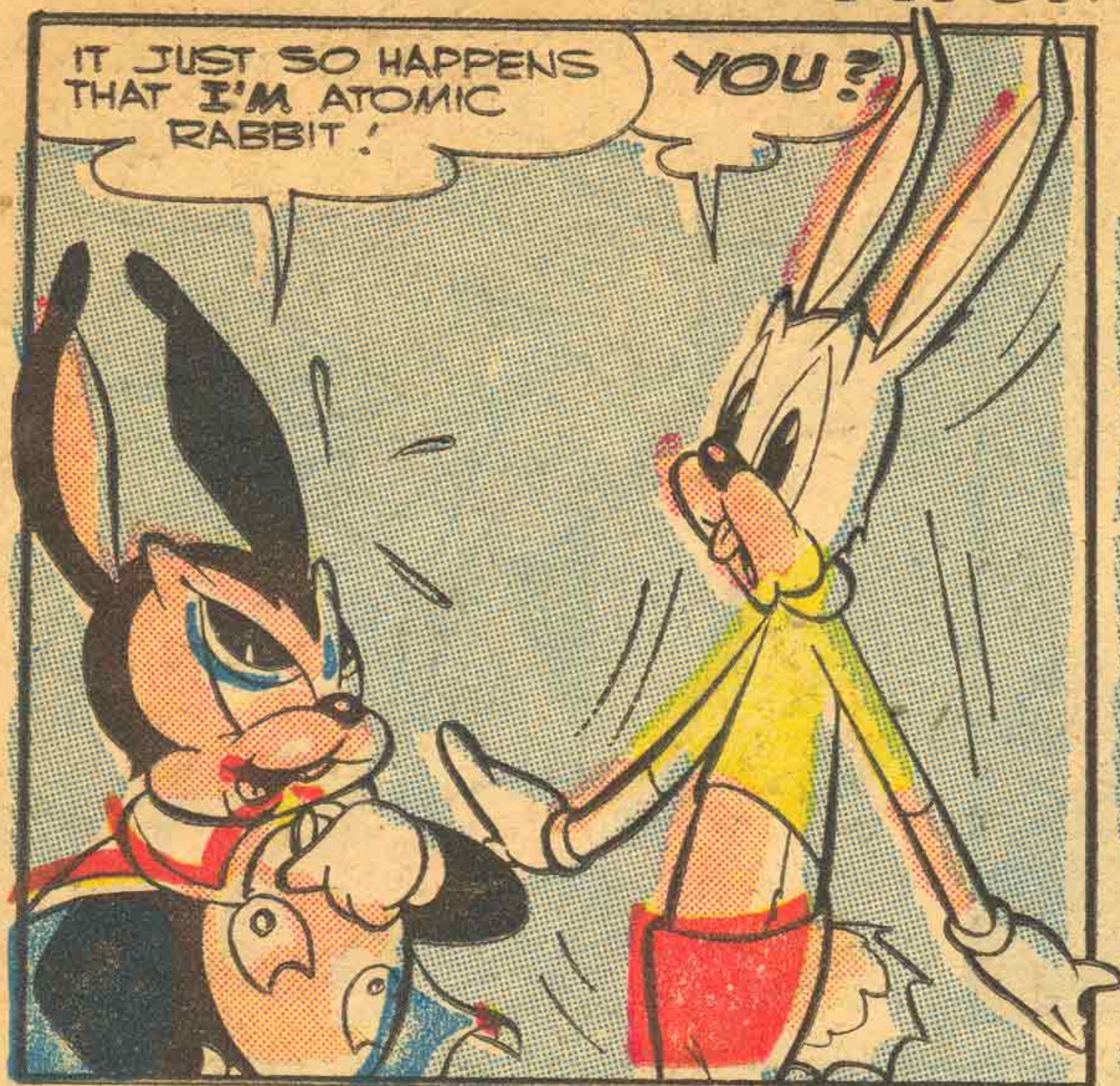
Tom and Al were grateful. They made a firm resolve never again to make fun of anyone just because he might look different from them. And they pal around with Mortimer Manx all the time now and the three are very happy together.

THE END

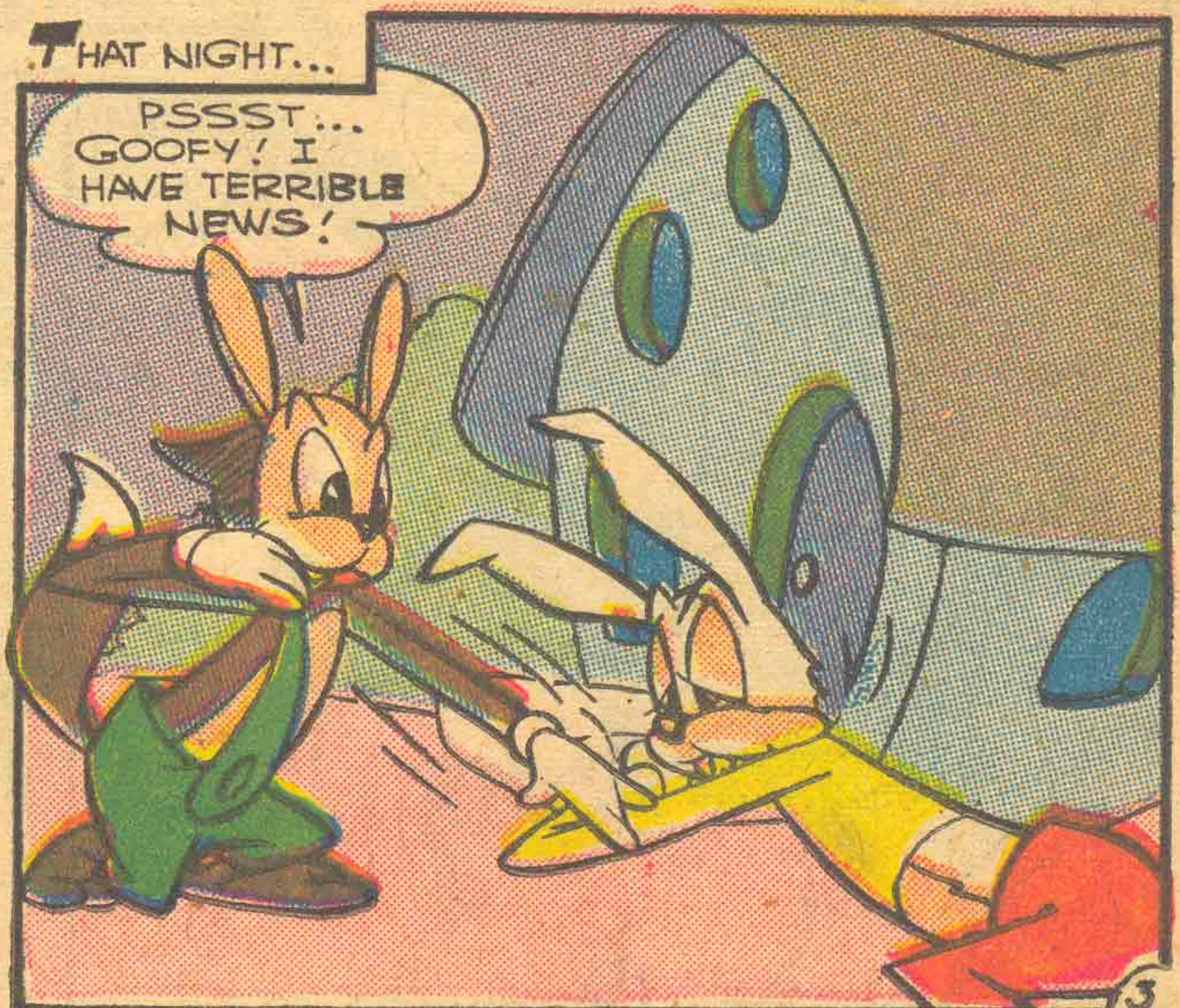
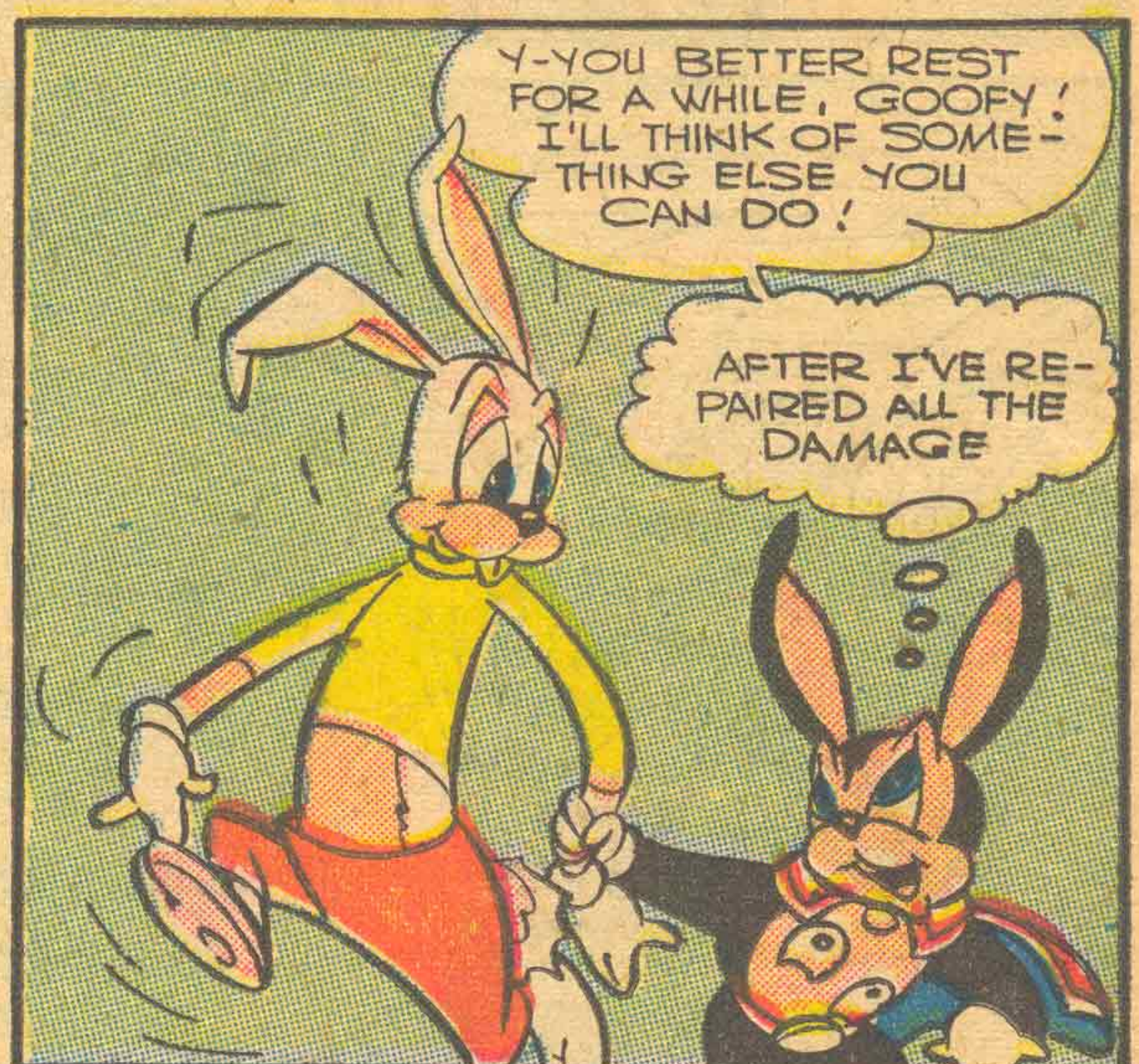
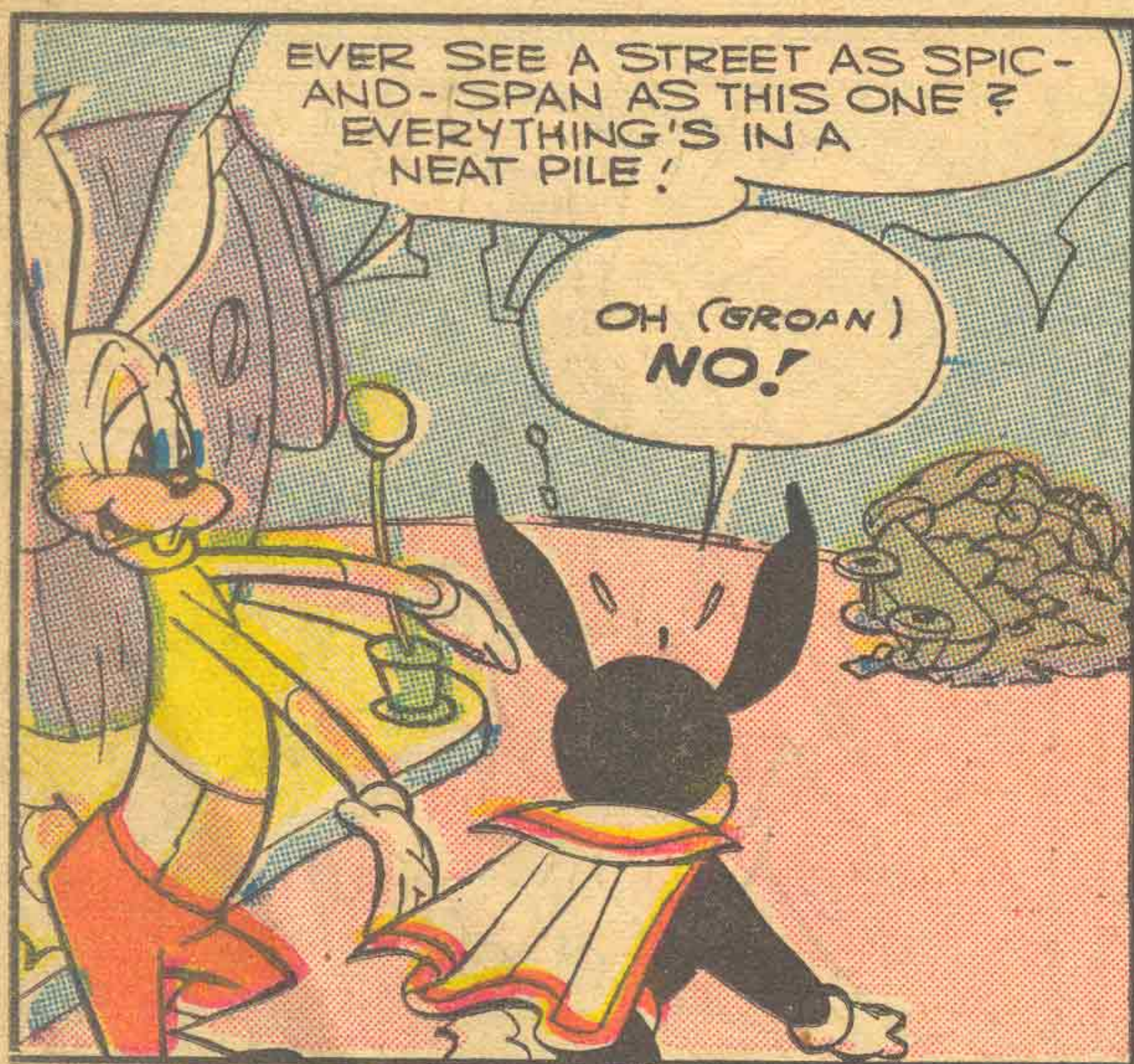
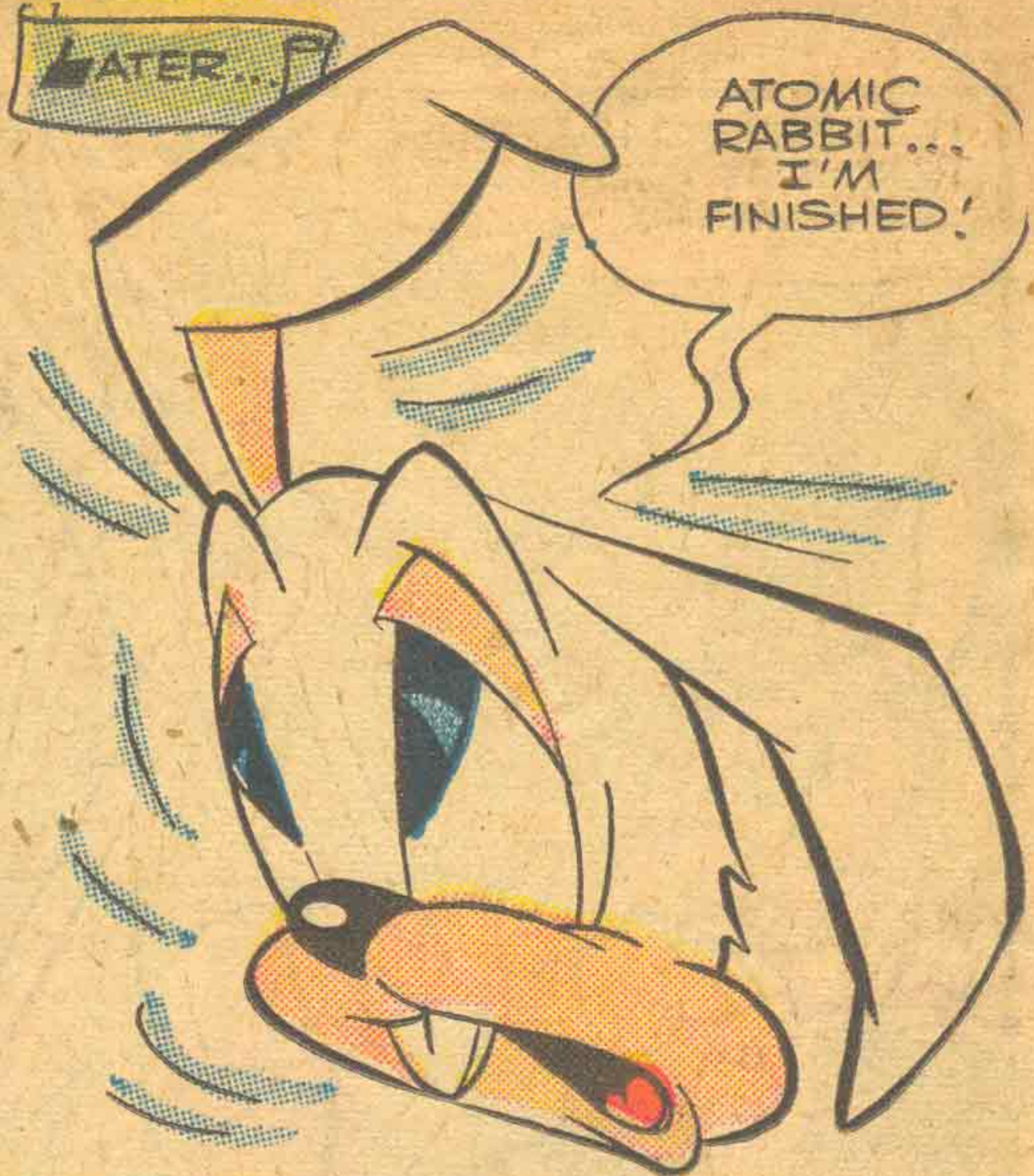
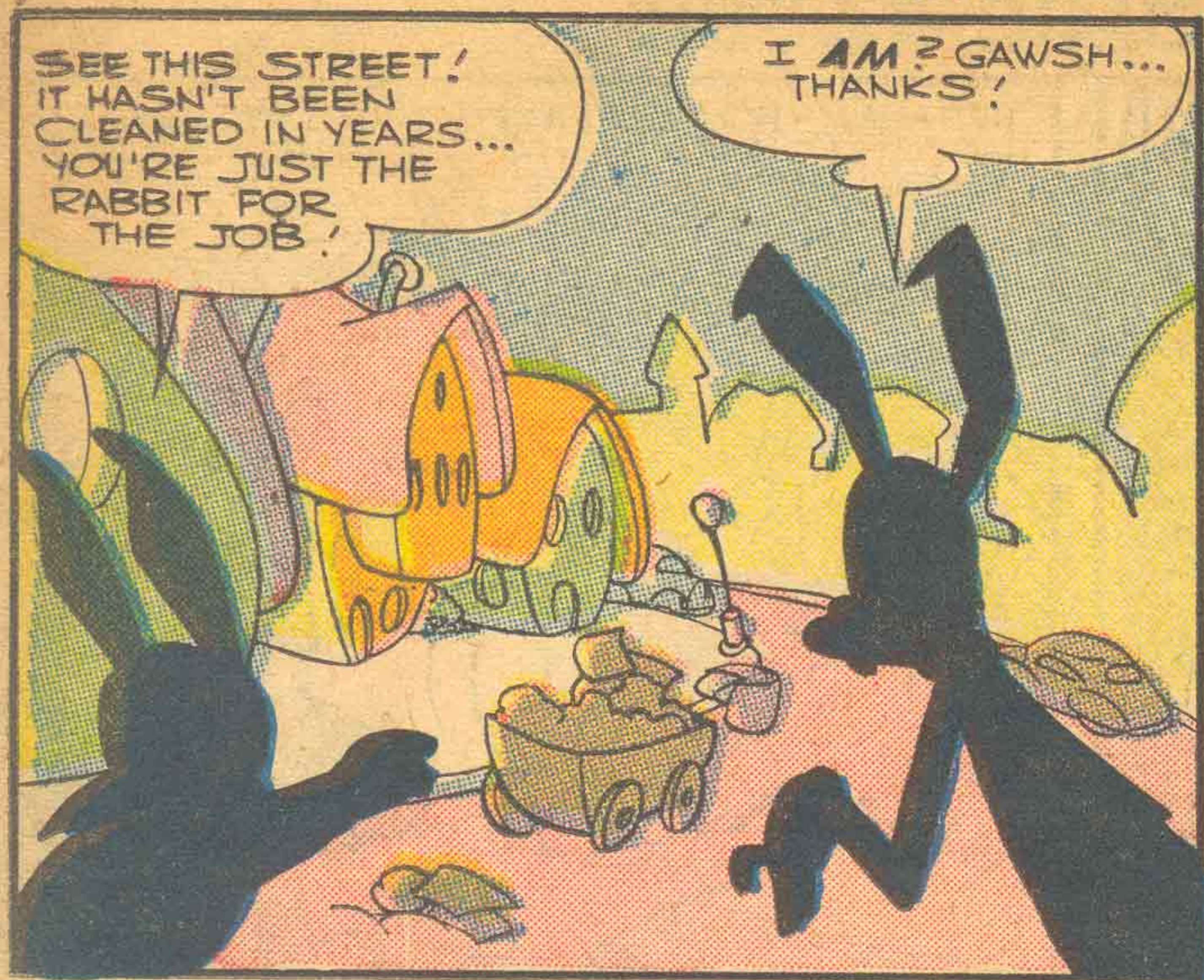
ATOMIC RABBIT



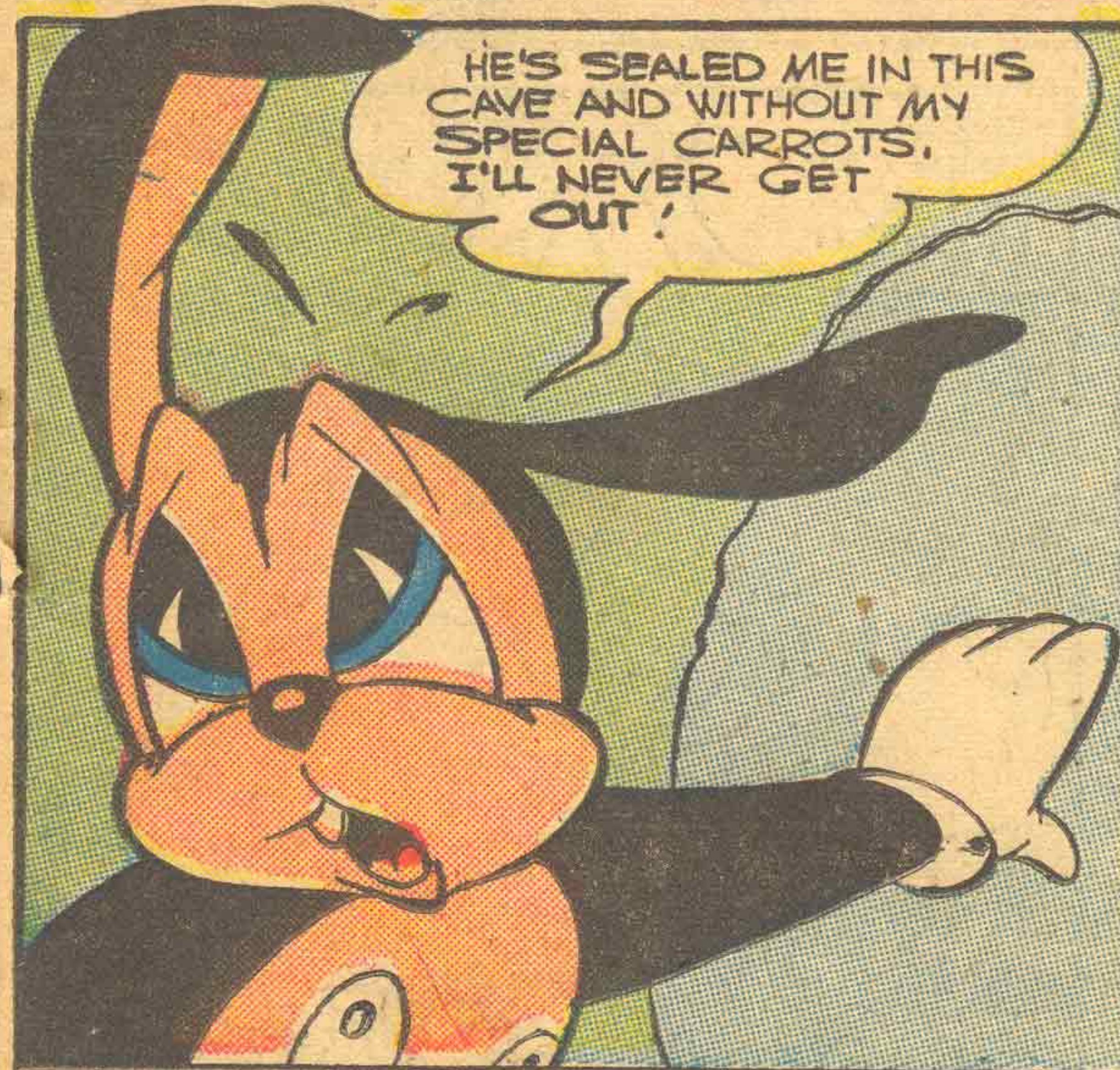
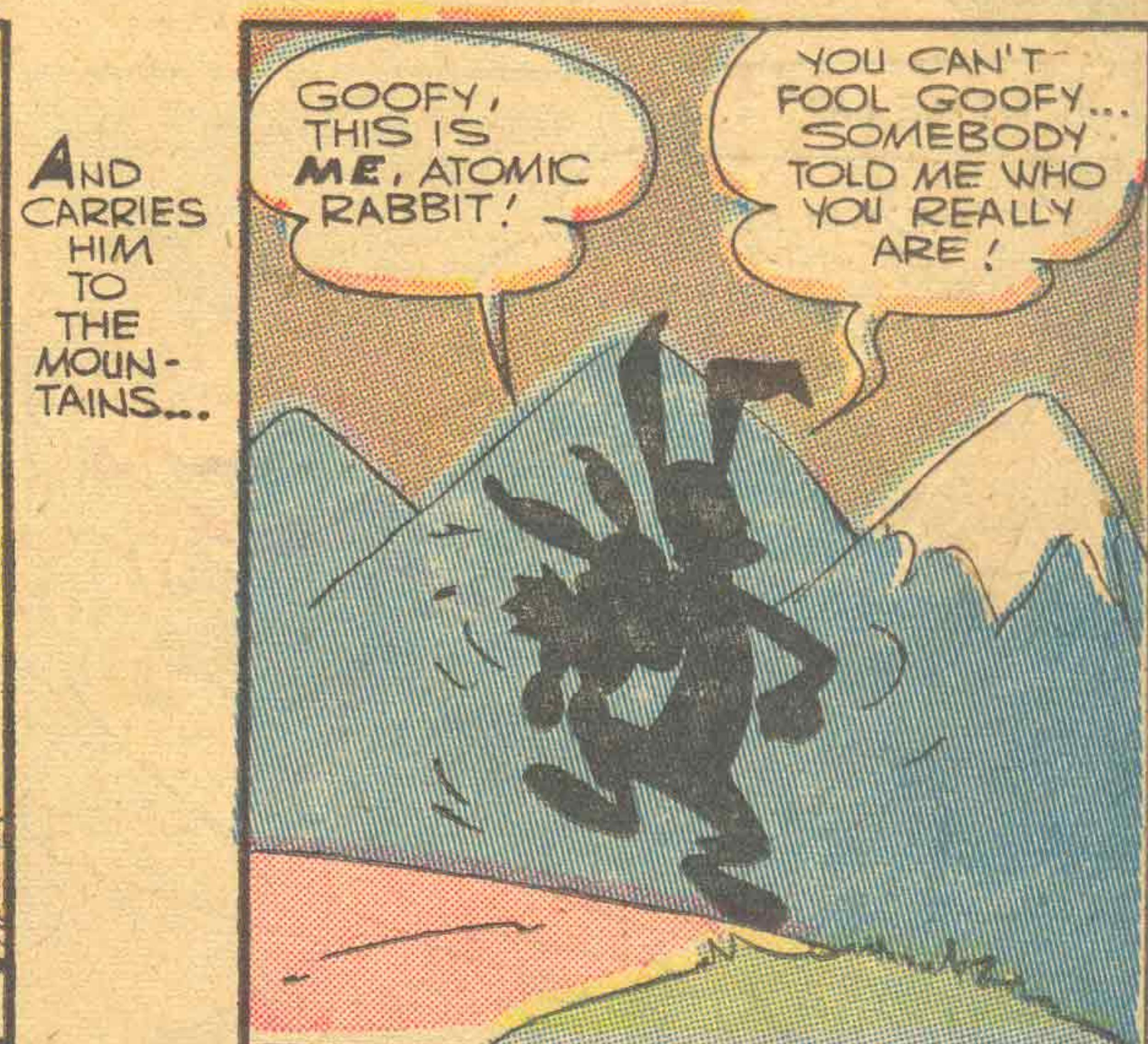
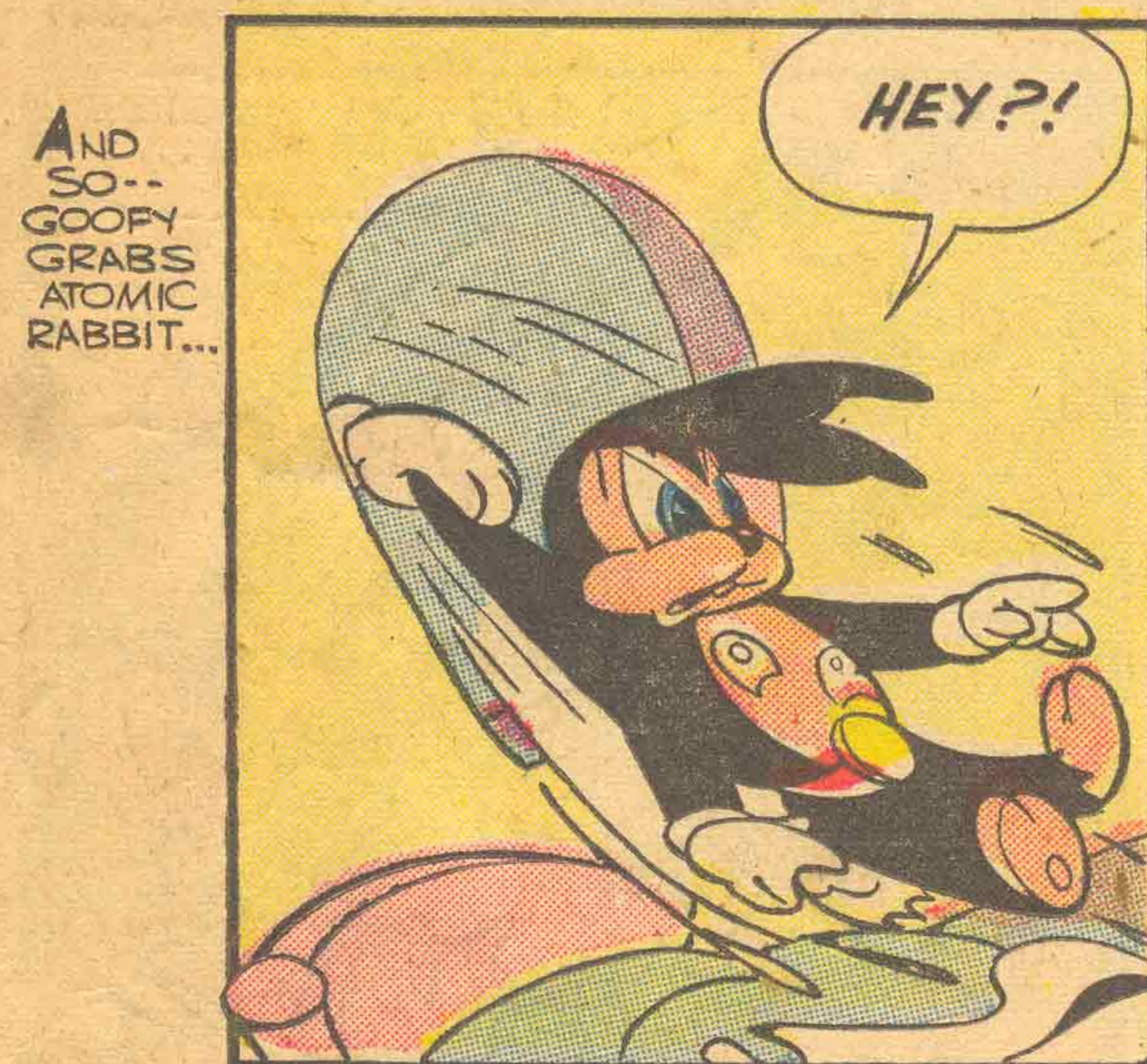
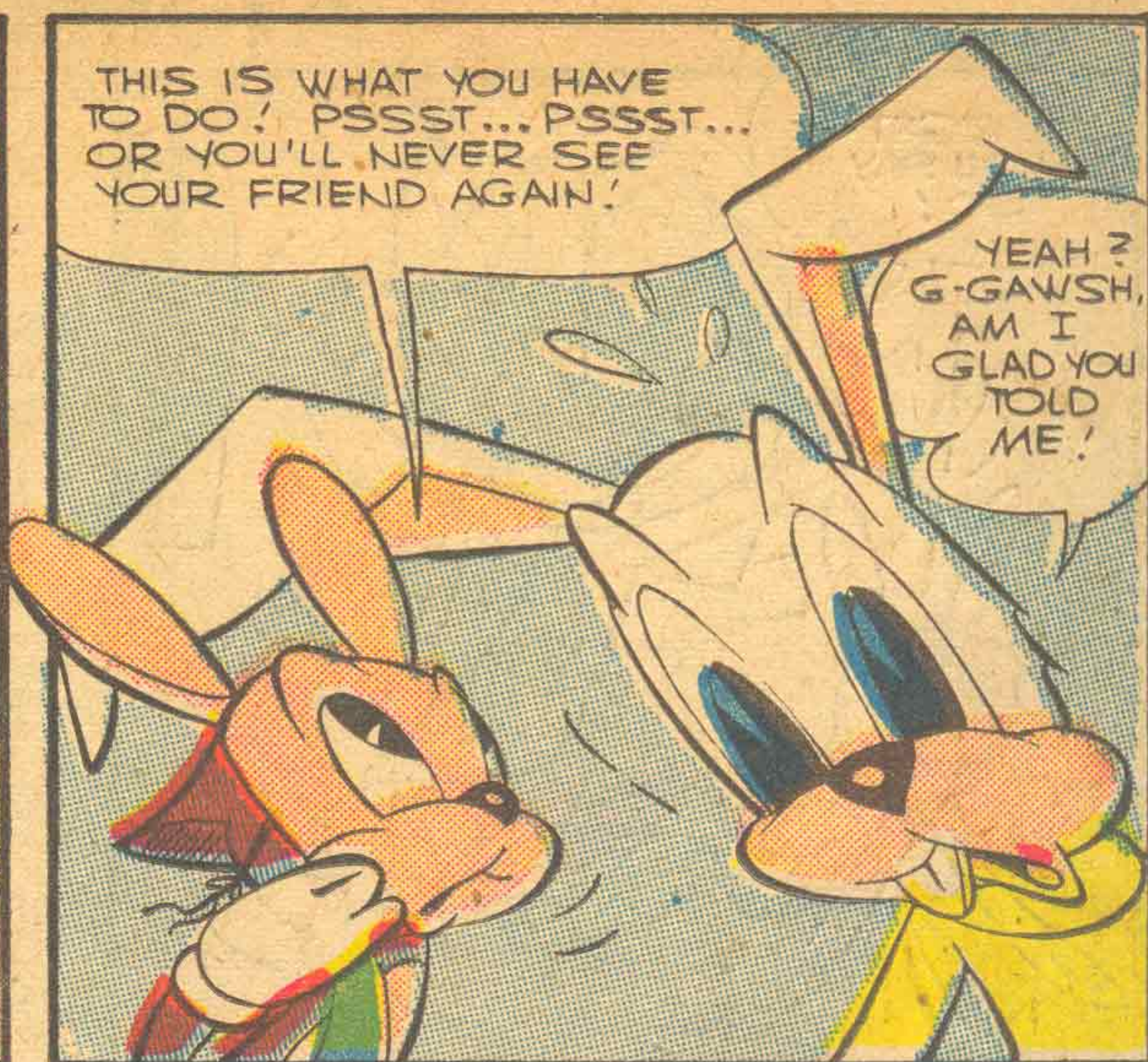
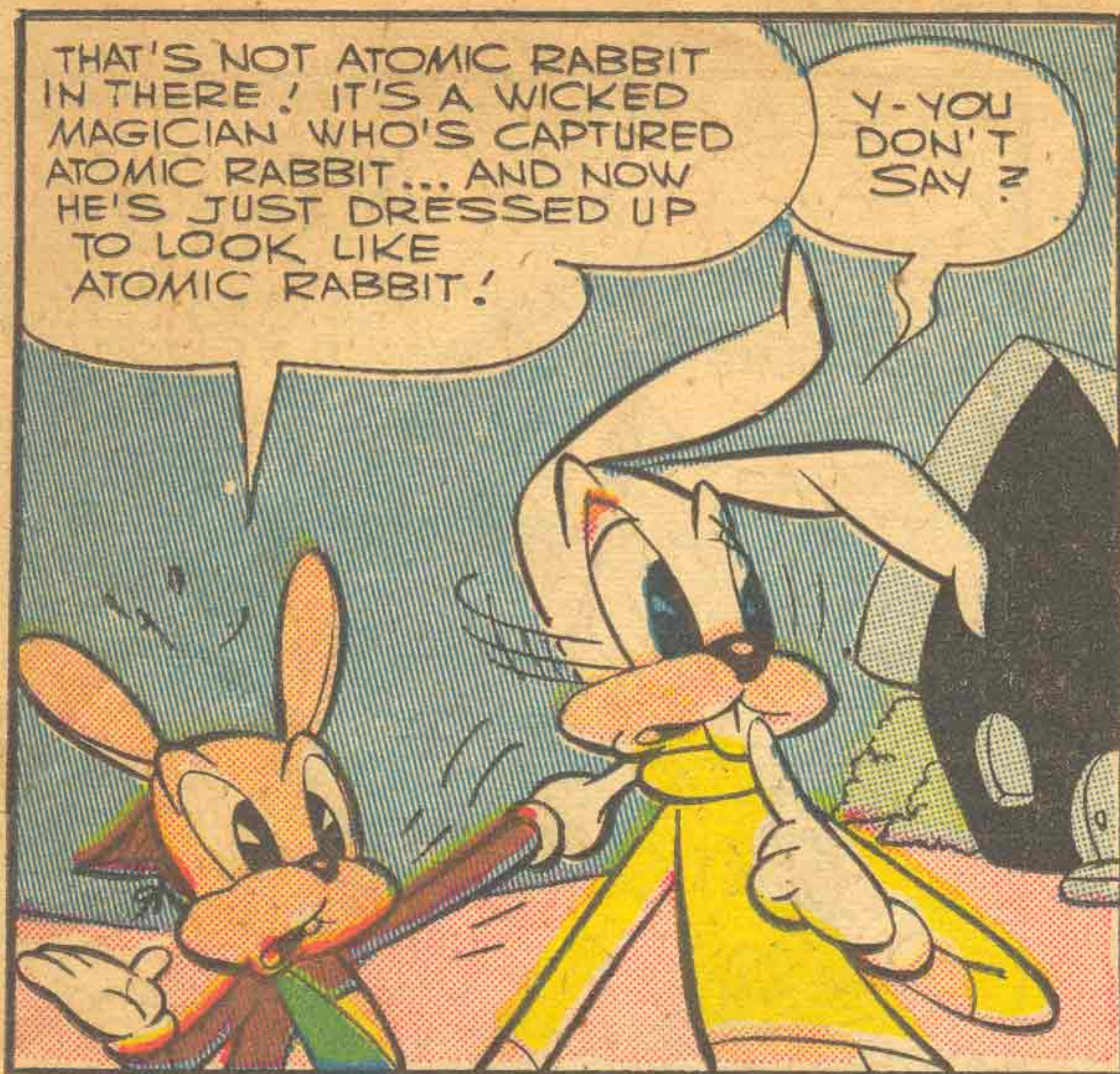
ATOMIC RABBIT



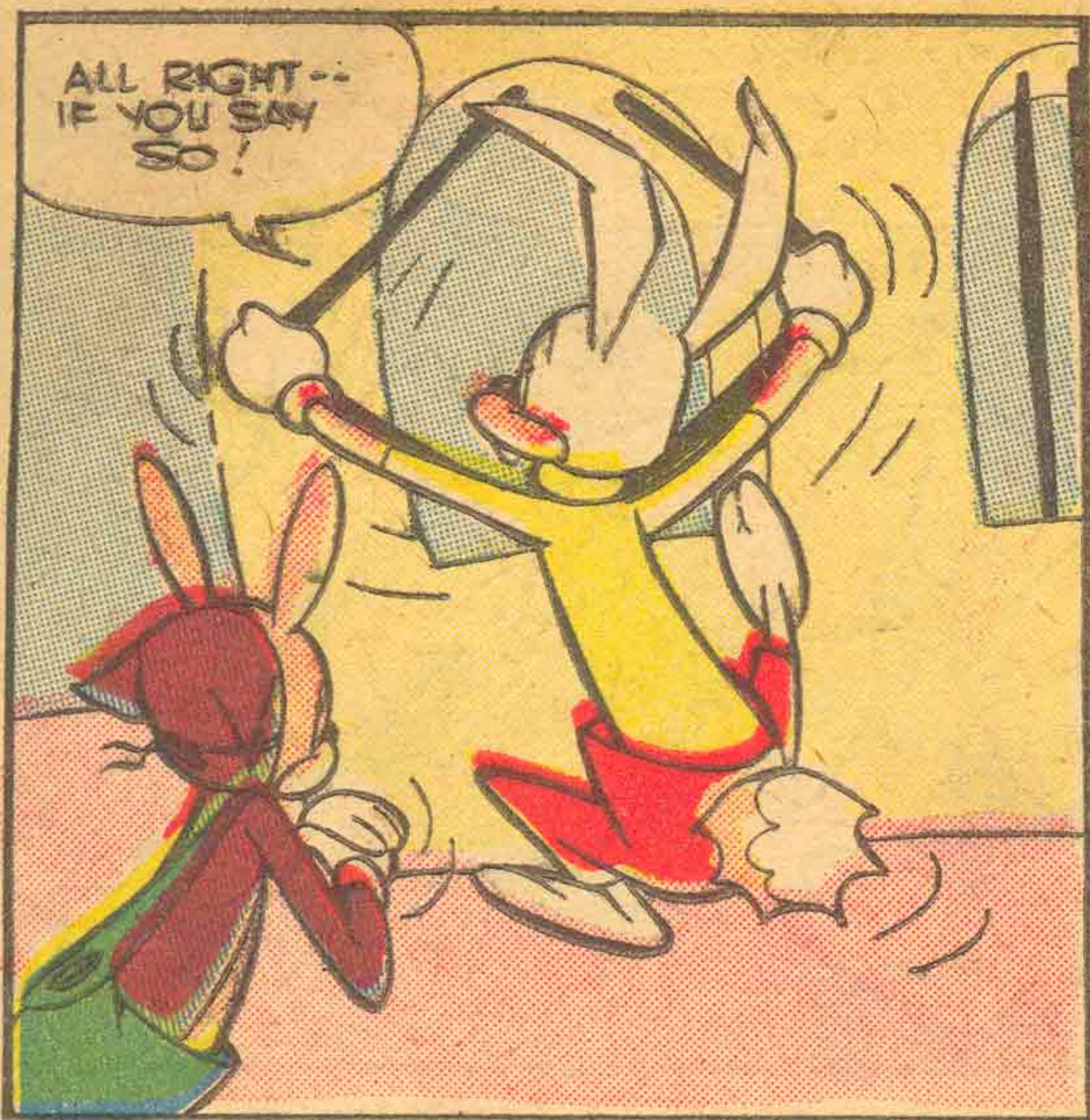
ATOMIC RABBIT



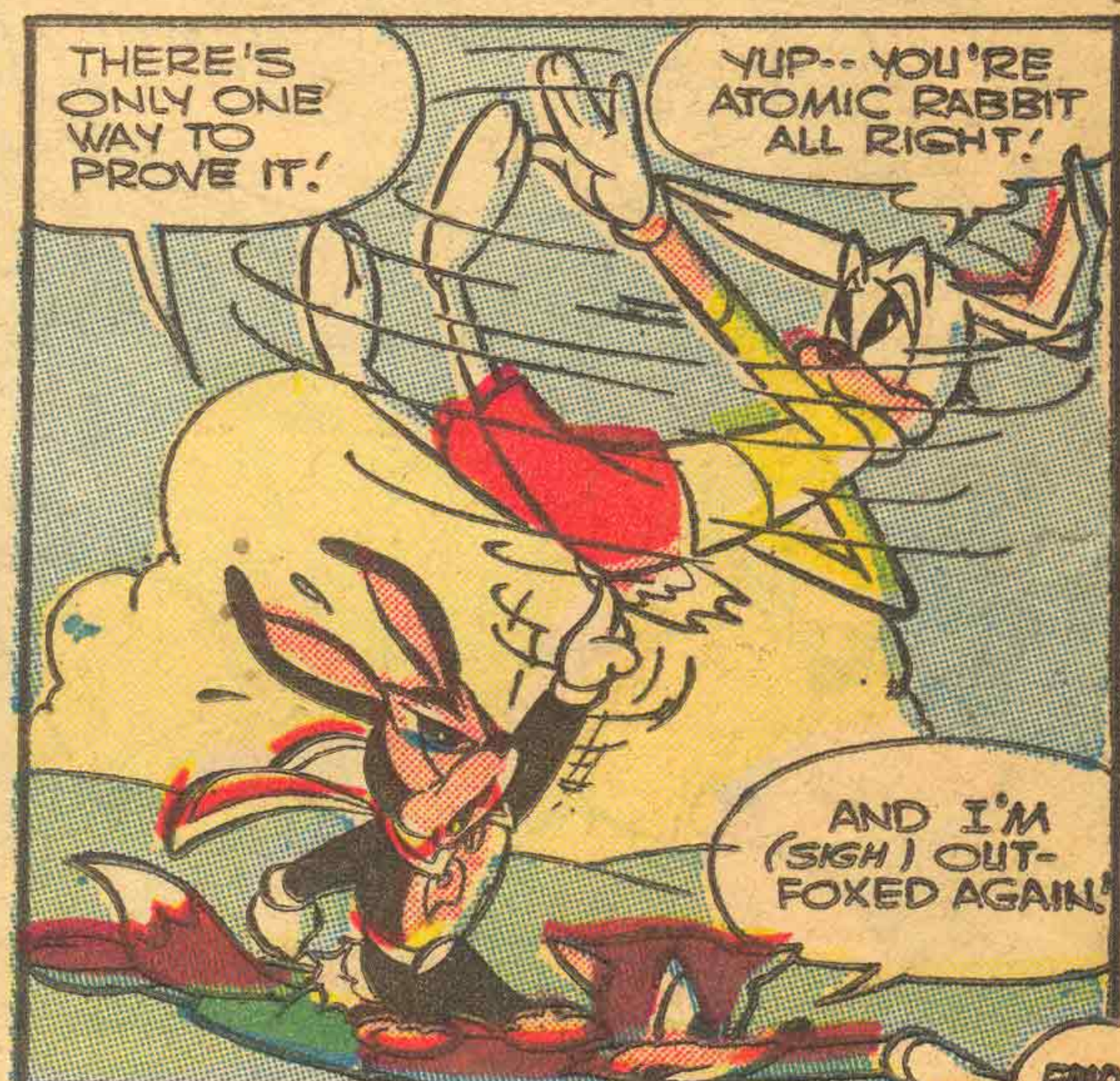
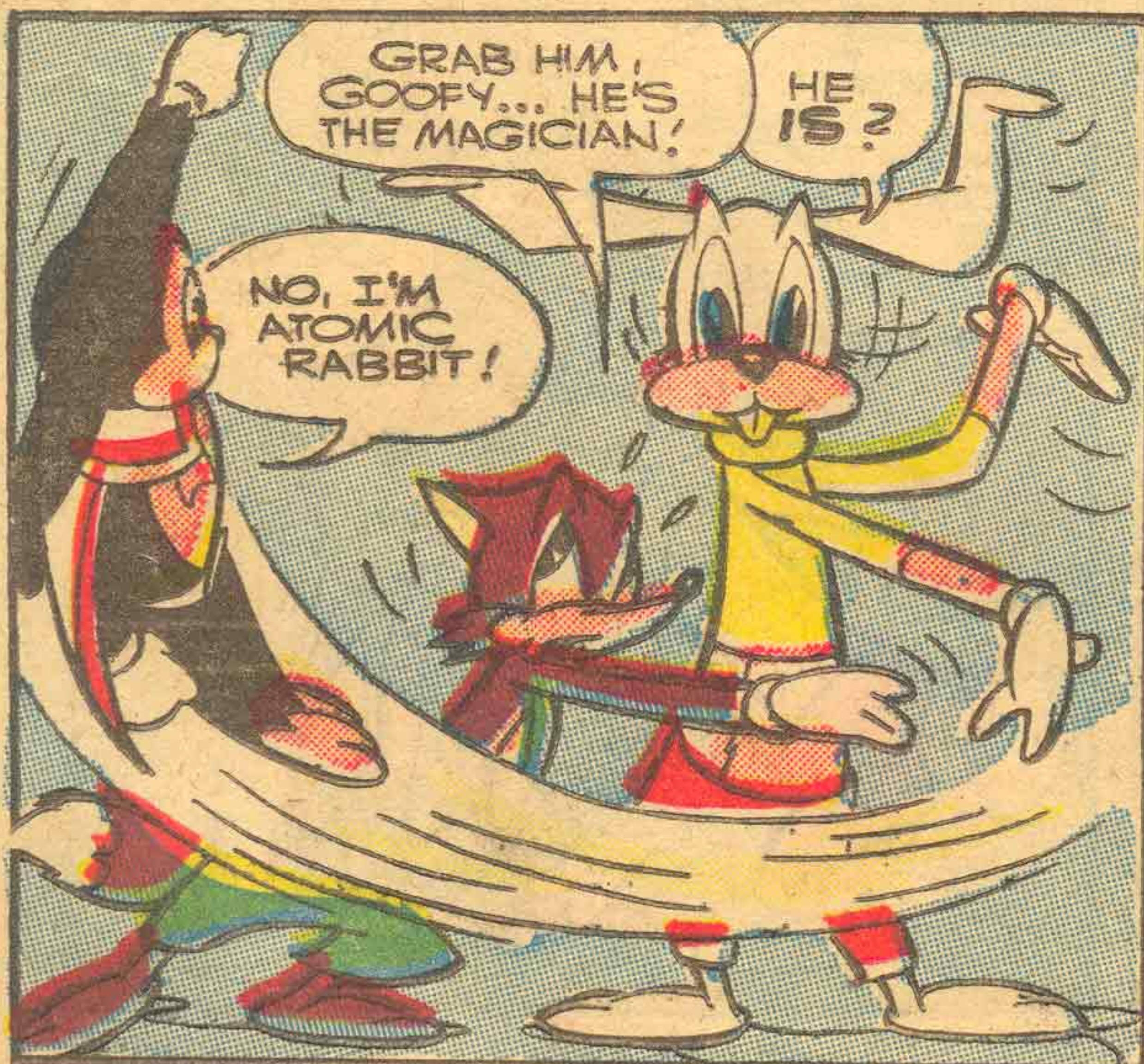
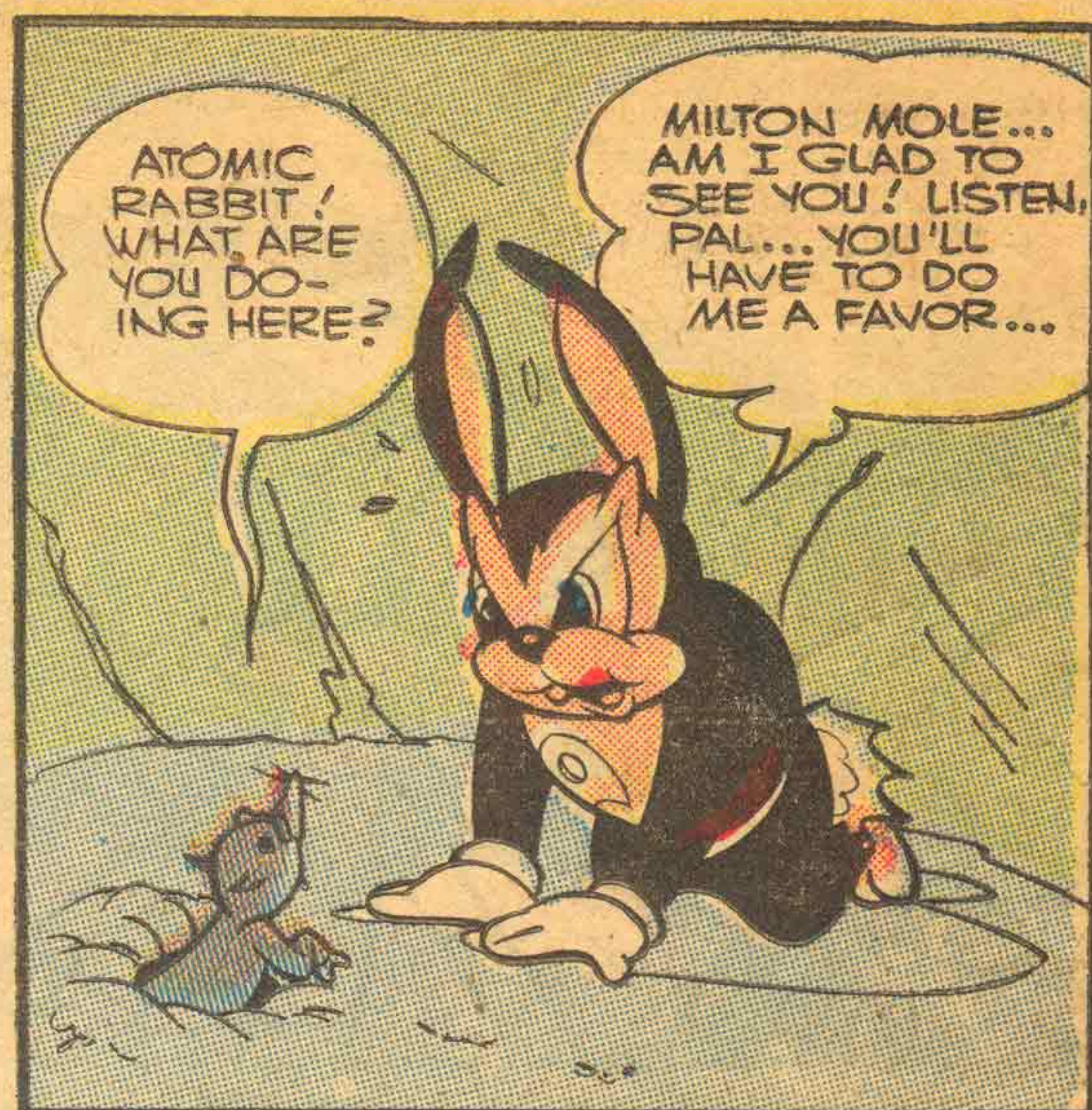
ATOMIC RABBIT



ATOMIC RABBIT



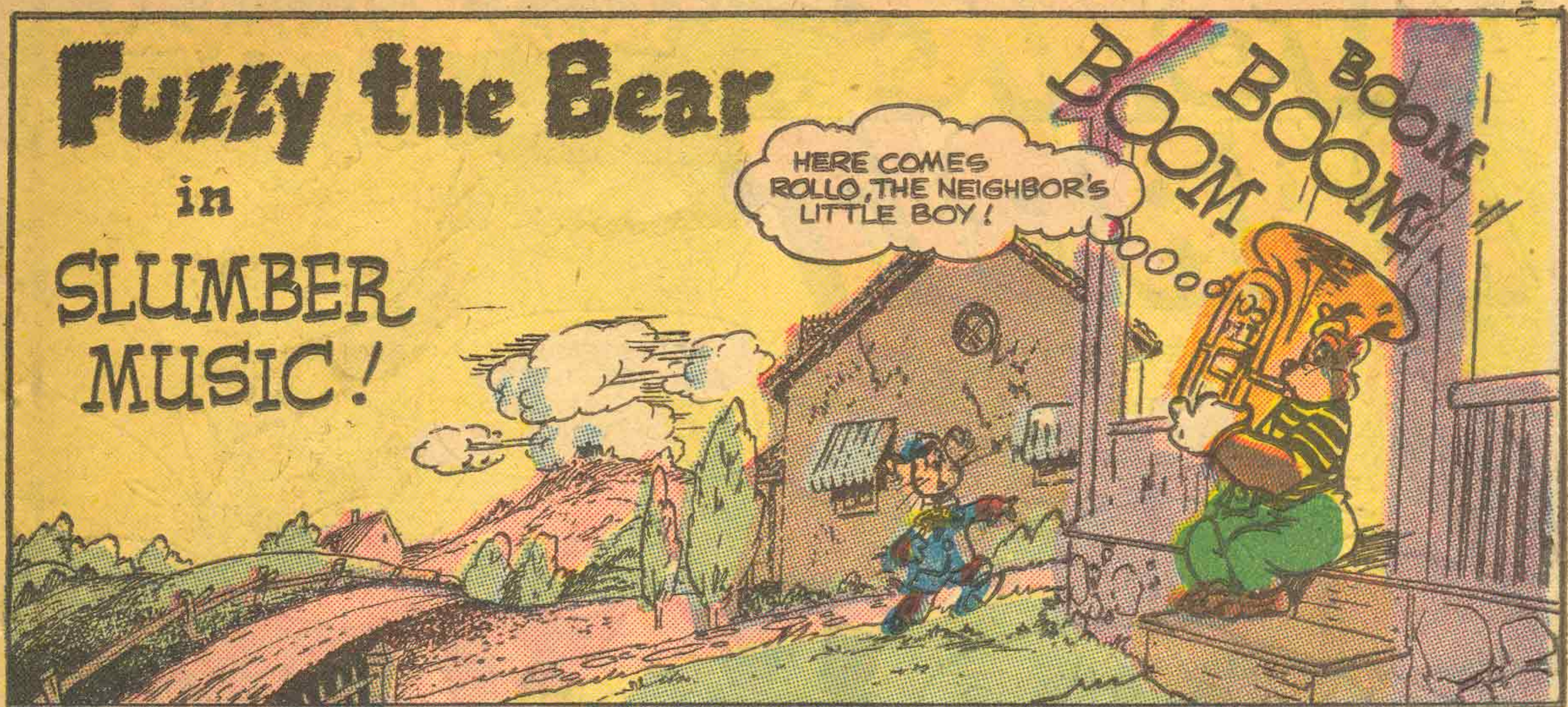
MEAN- WHILE...



Fuzzy the Bear

in

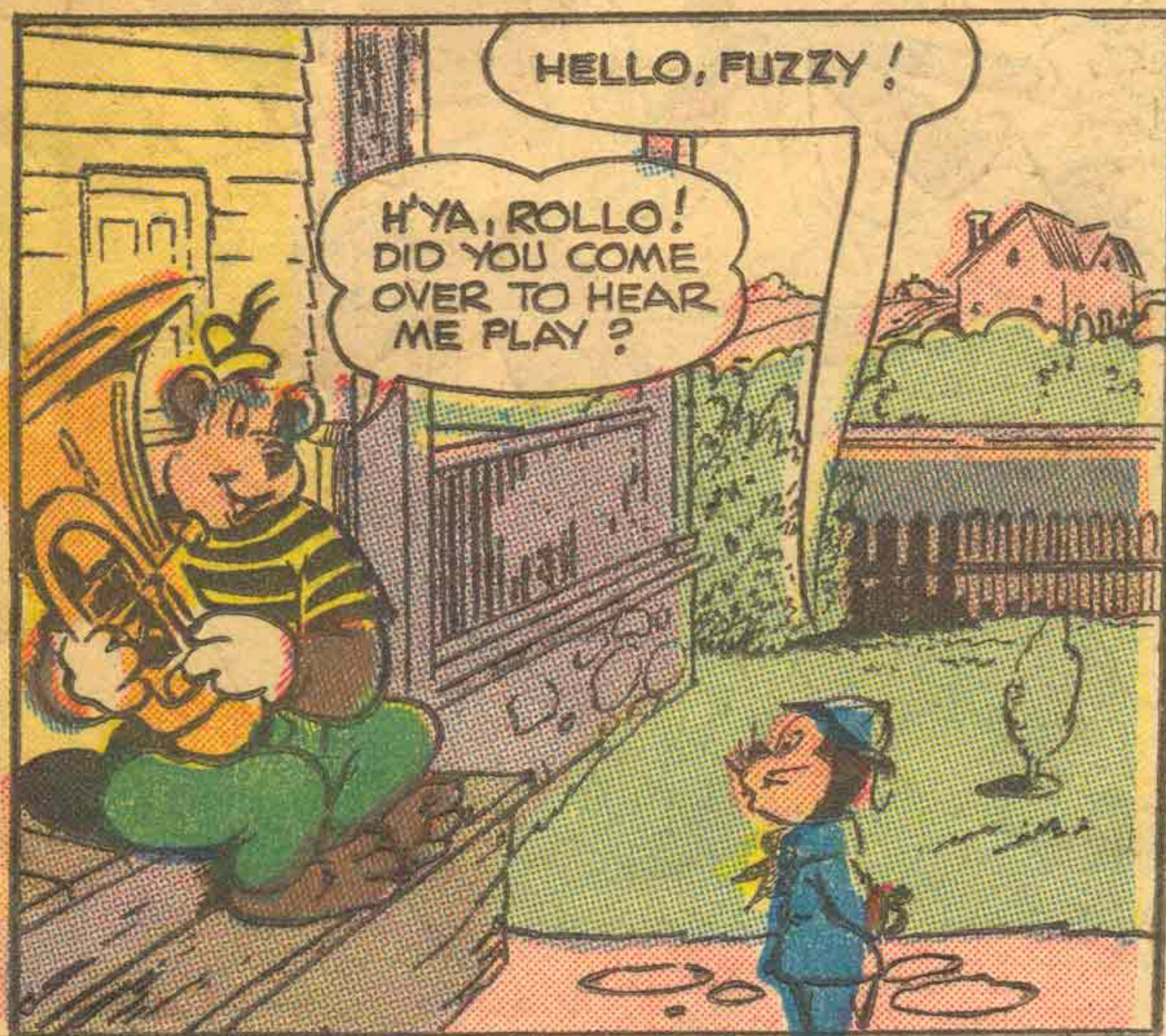
SLUMBER MUSIC!



HERE COMES
ROLLO, THE NEIGHBOR'S
LITTLE BOY!

HELLO, FUZZY!

H'YA, ROLLO!
DID YOU COME
OVER TO HEAR
ME PLAY?



NO! MY
FATHER
SENT ME
OVER!

REALLY?
WHAT FOR?



HE WANTS
TO KNOW IF YOU
WOULD LEND HIM
YOUR TUBA FOR
TONIGHT?

WHY? HAS
HE A PARTY ON?

OH, NO! HE
WANTS TO BORROW
YOUR TUBA FOR
TONIGHT---

--SO HE CAN
GET SOME
SLEEP!

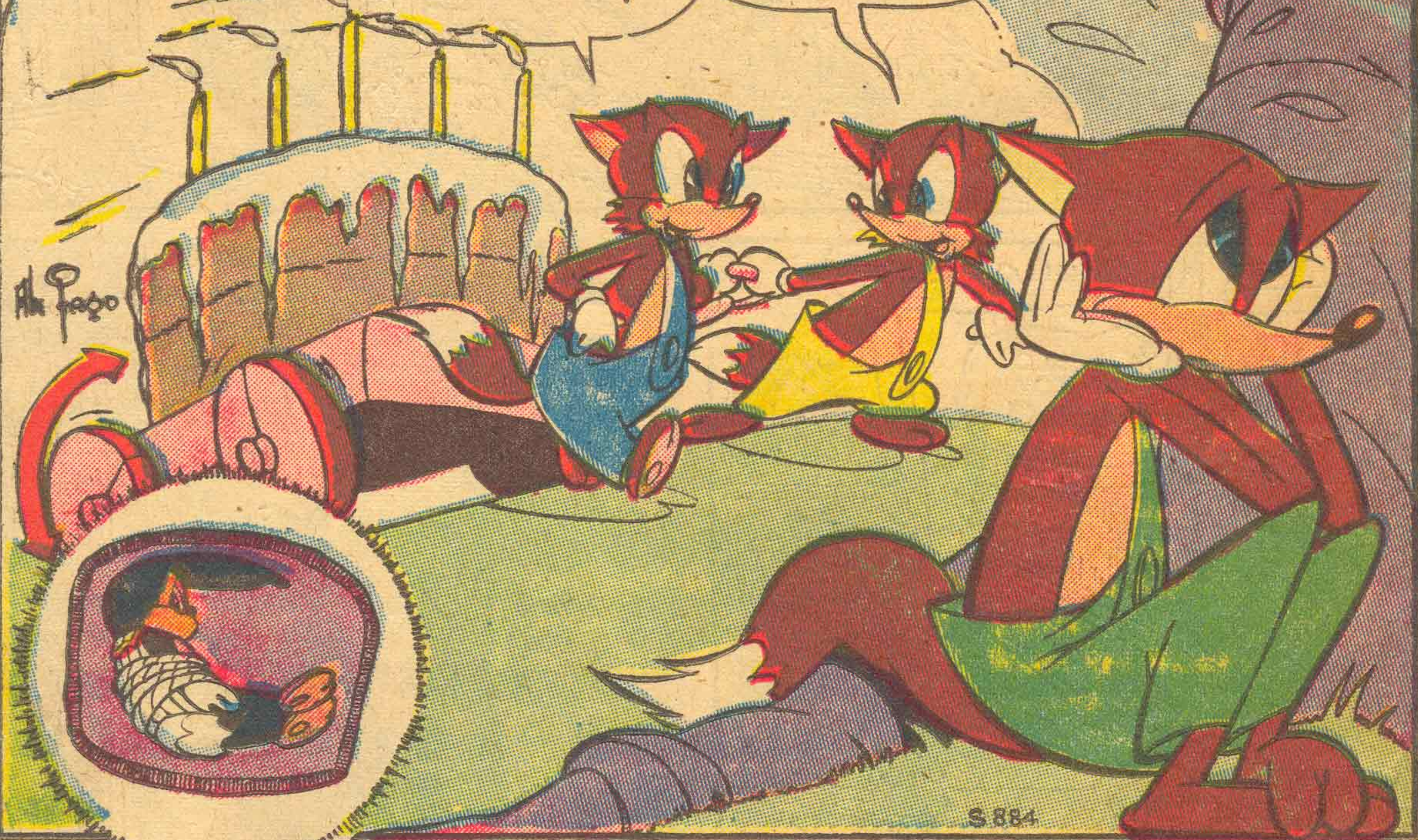


ATOMIC RABBIT

HAPPY BIRTHDAY,
POPS!

HEH, HEH, HEH! WAIT
TILL POPS SEES WHAT'S
IN THIS BIRTHDAY CAKE!
BOYBOY, WILL HE
BE CHEERED UP!

YOU MEAN
WHO'S INSIDE
THE CAKE...
DON'T YOU?

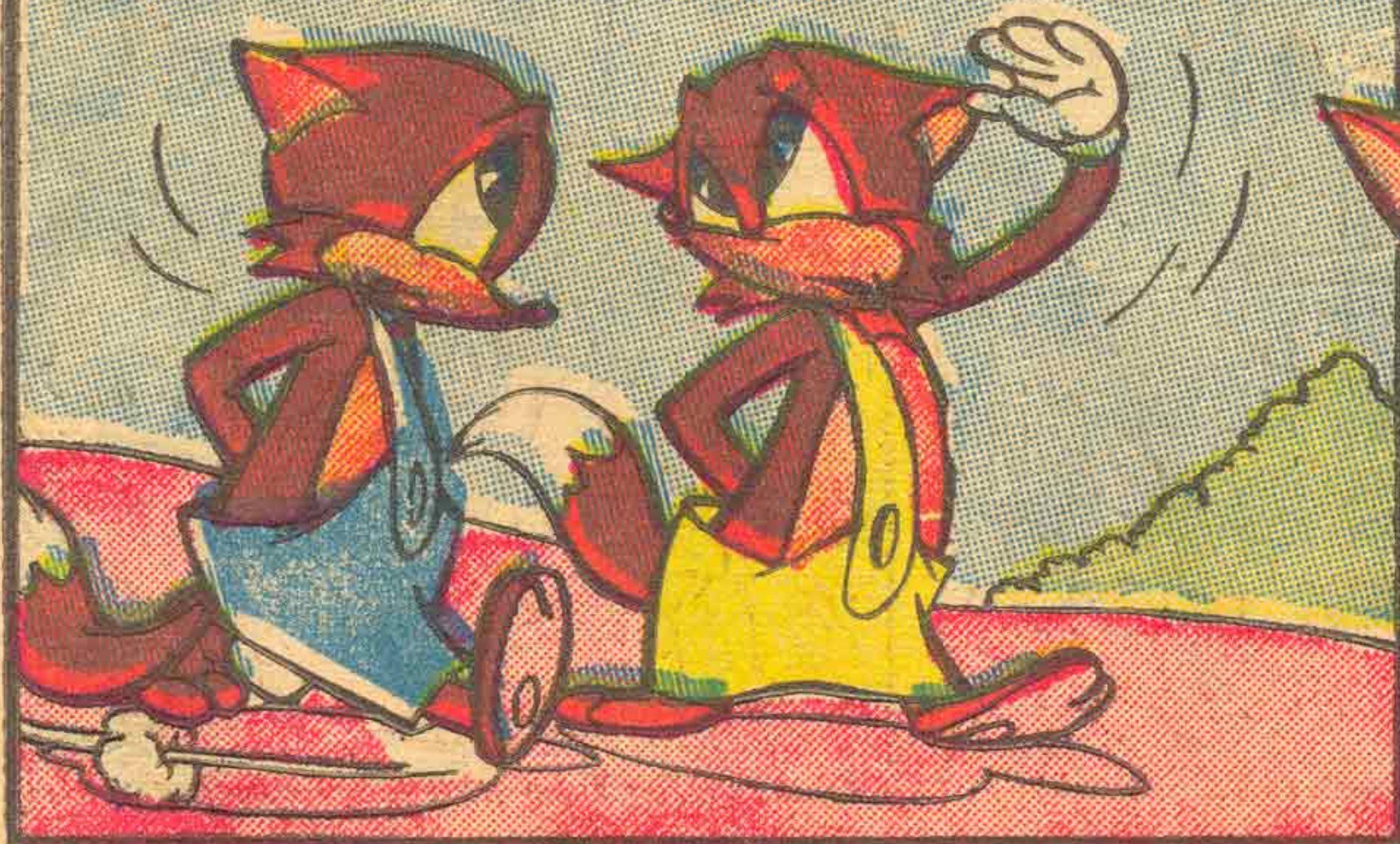


GOSH... POPS
SURE HAS BEEN
DOWN IN THE
DUMPS
LATELY!

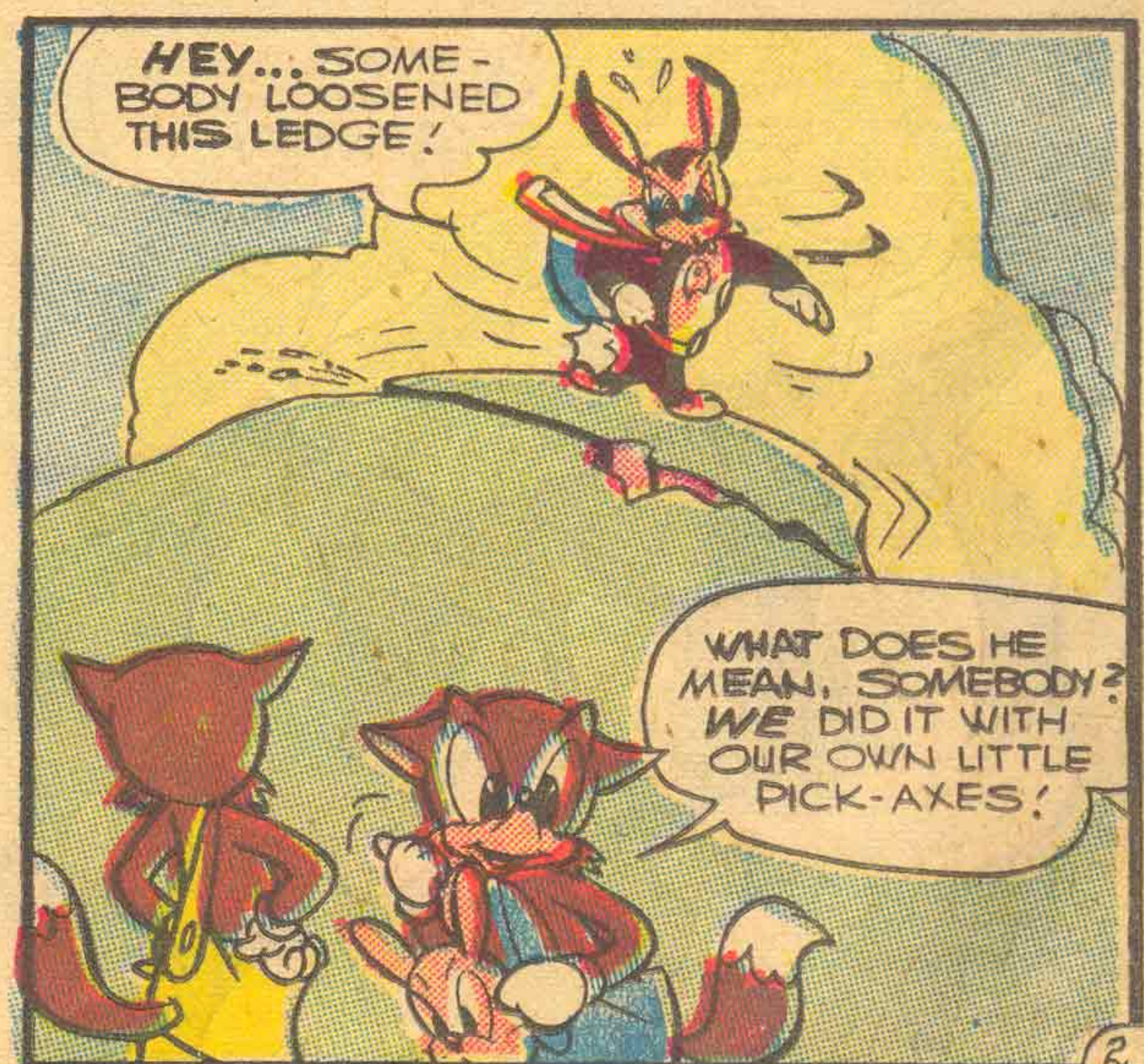
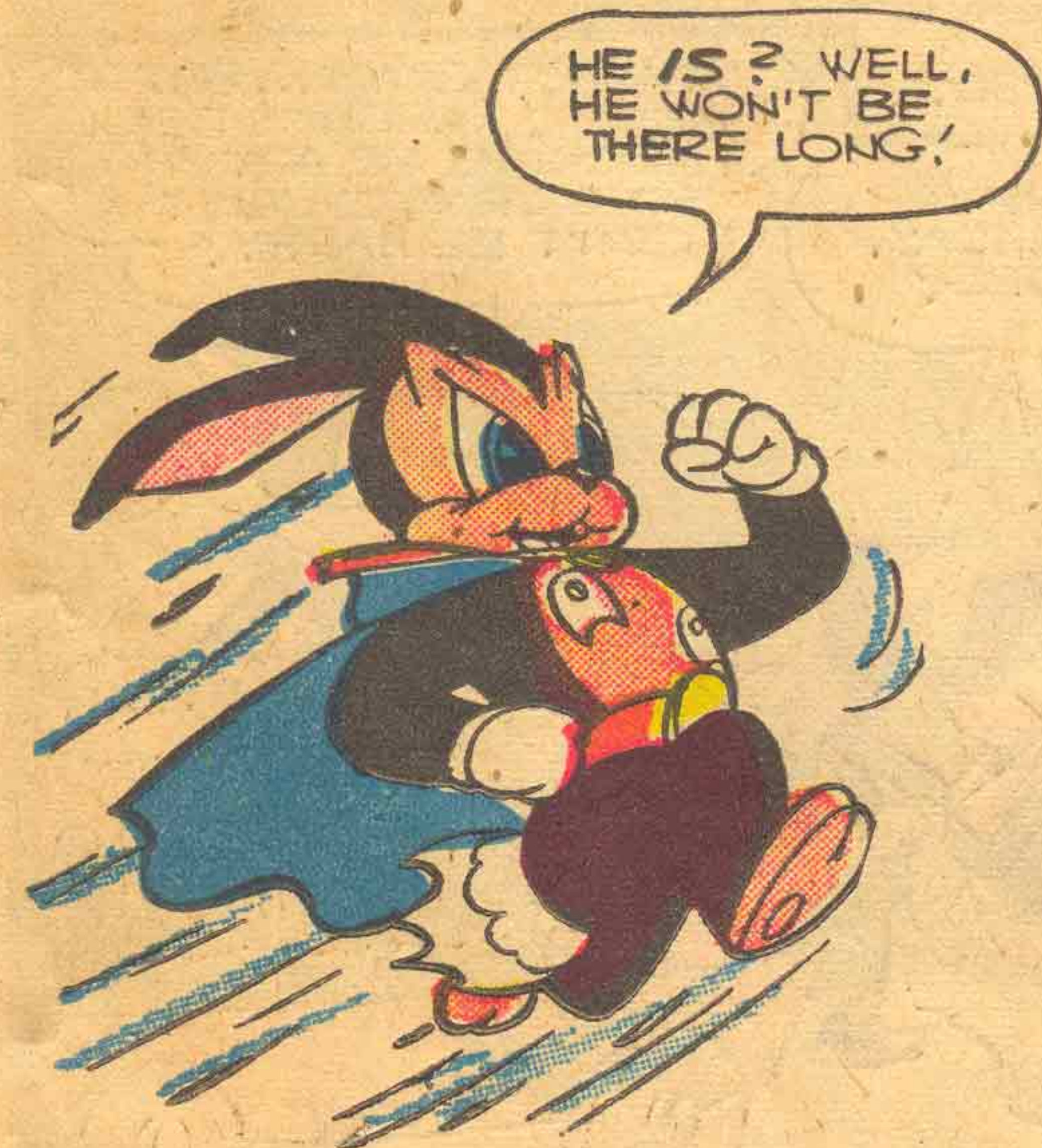
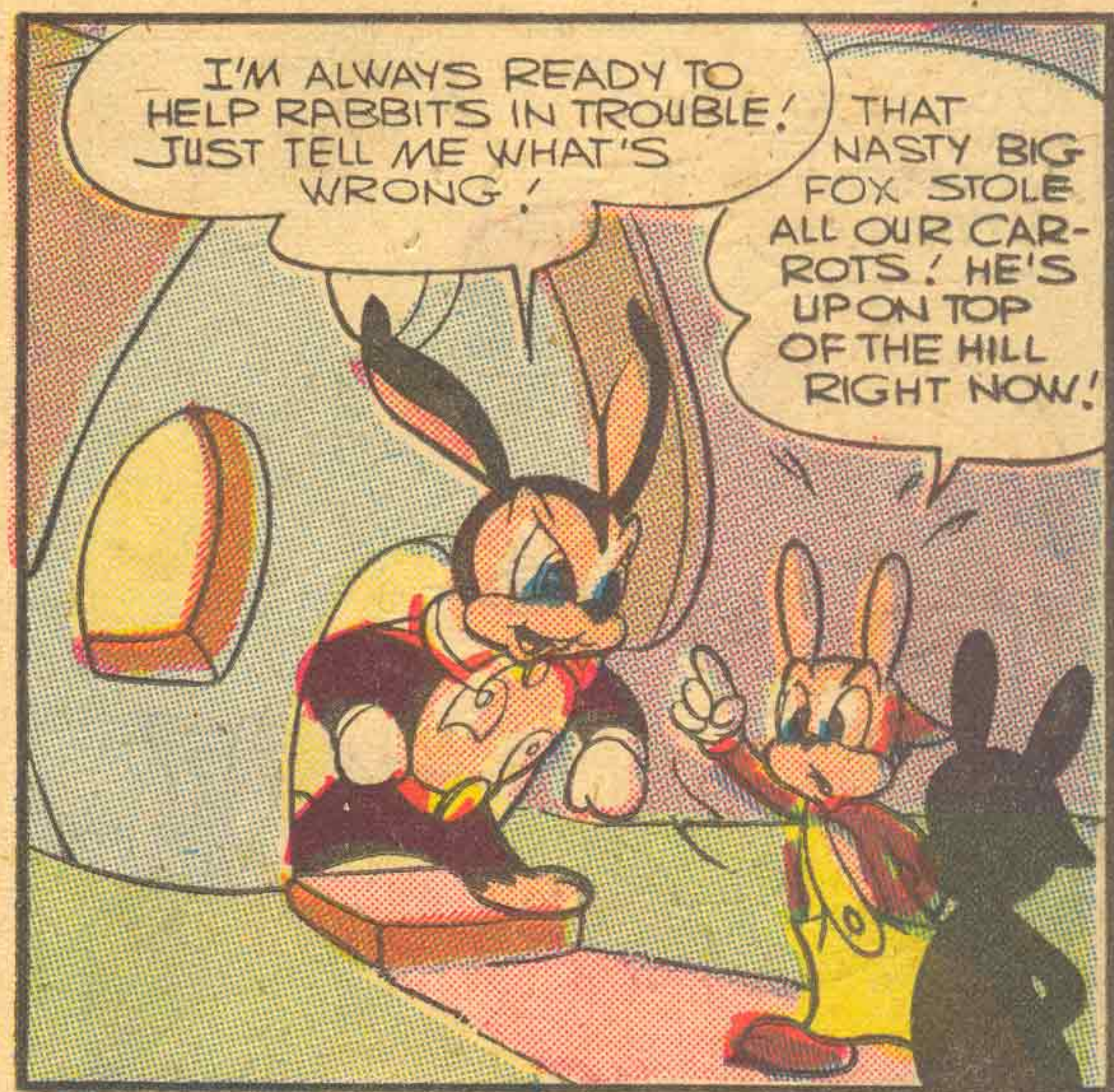
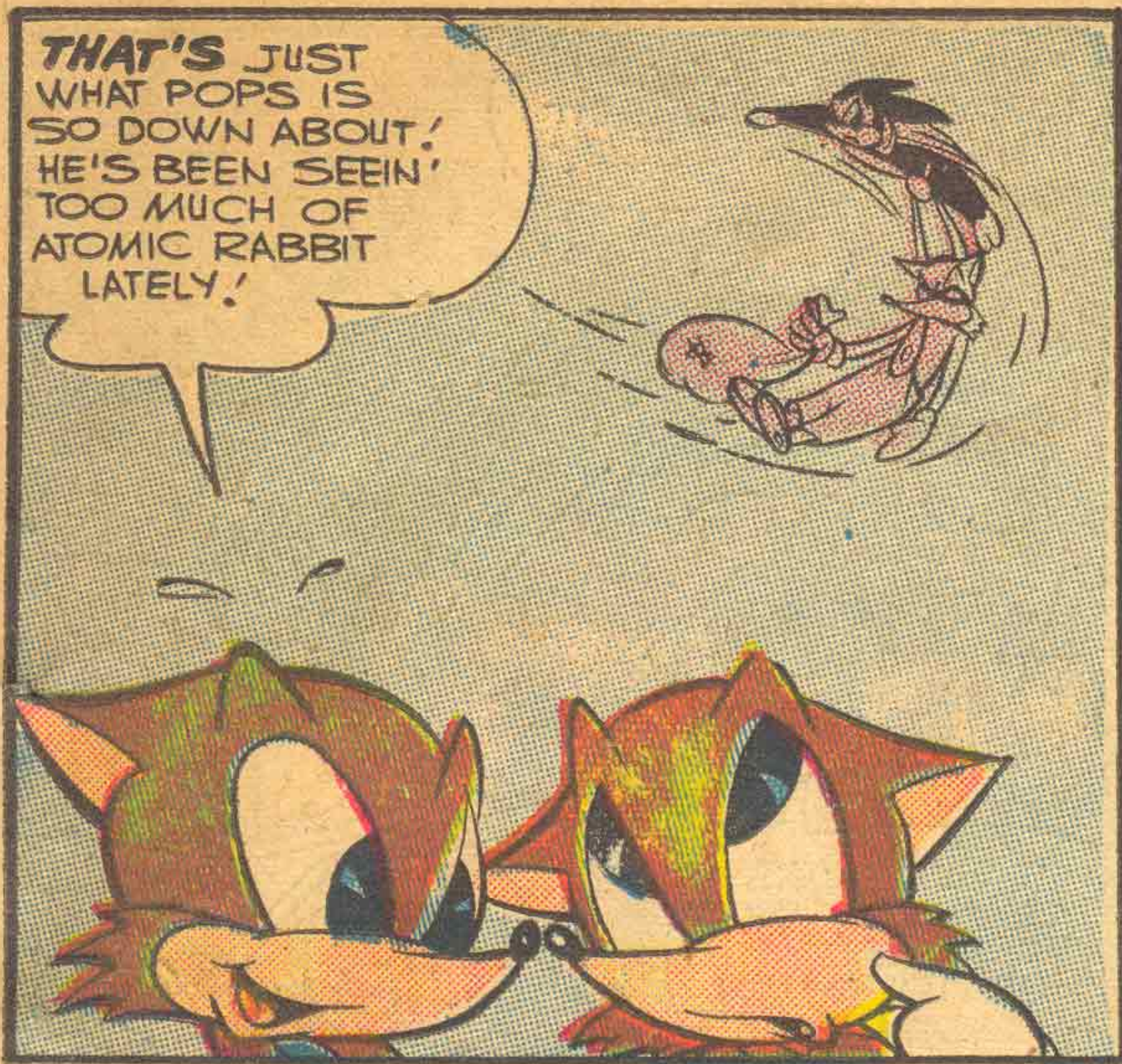
IF WE COULD ONLY
DREAM UP SOMETHIN'
SPECIAL TO GET HIM
FOR HIS BIRTHDAY TO
CHEER HIM UP!

I KNOW WHAT...
WE'LL GET HIM
ATOMIC RABBIT
FOR A PRESENT!

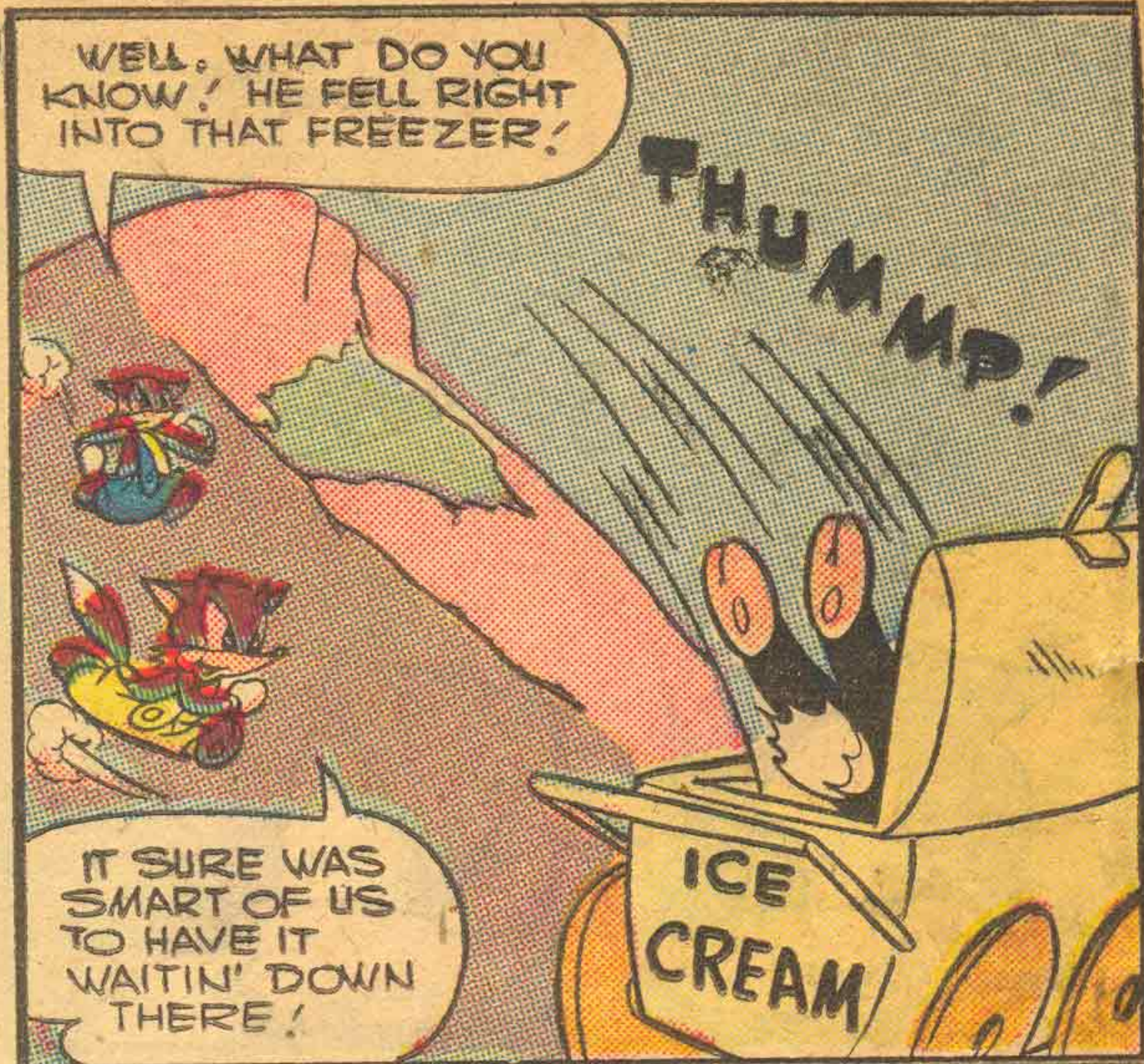
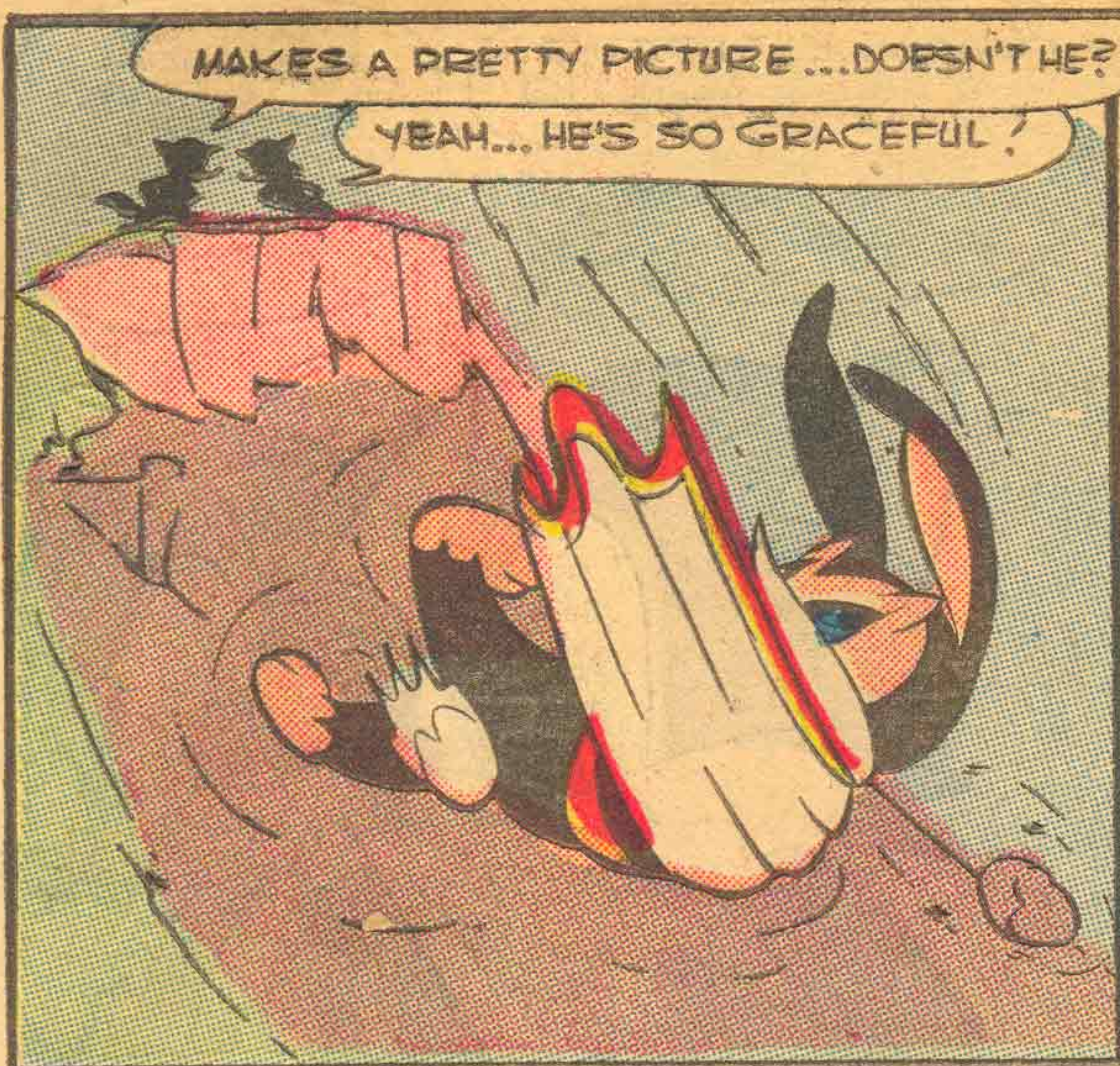
ARE YOU
CRAZY?



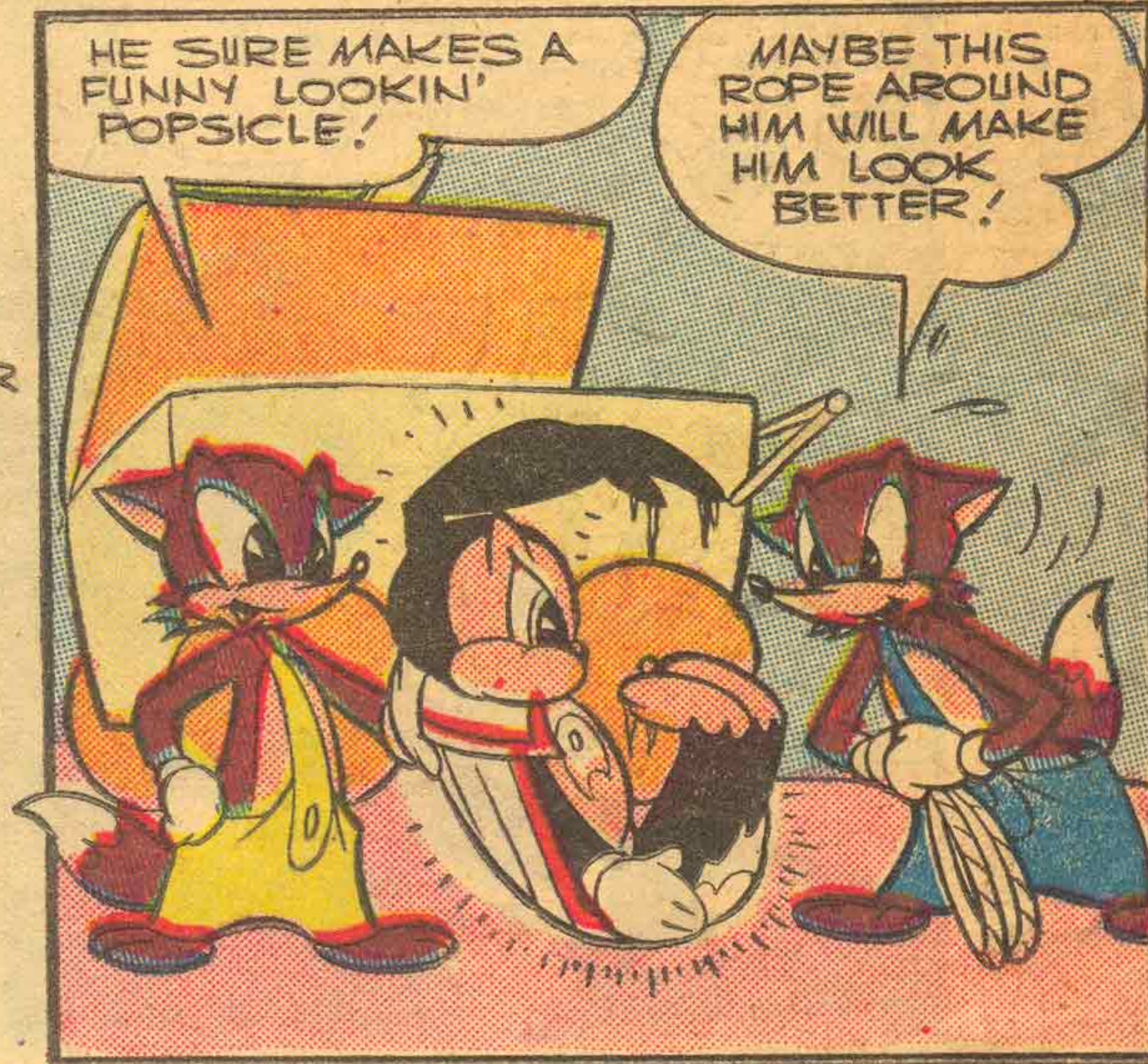
ATOMIC RABBIT



ATOMIC RABBIT



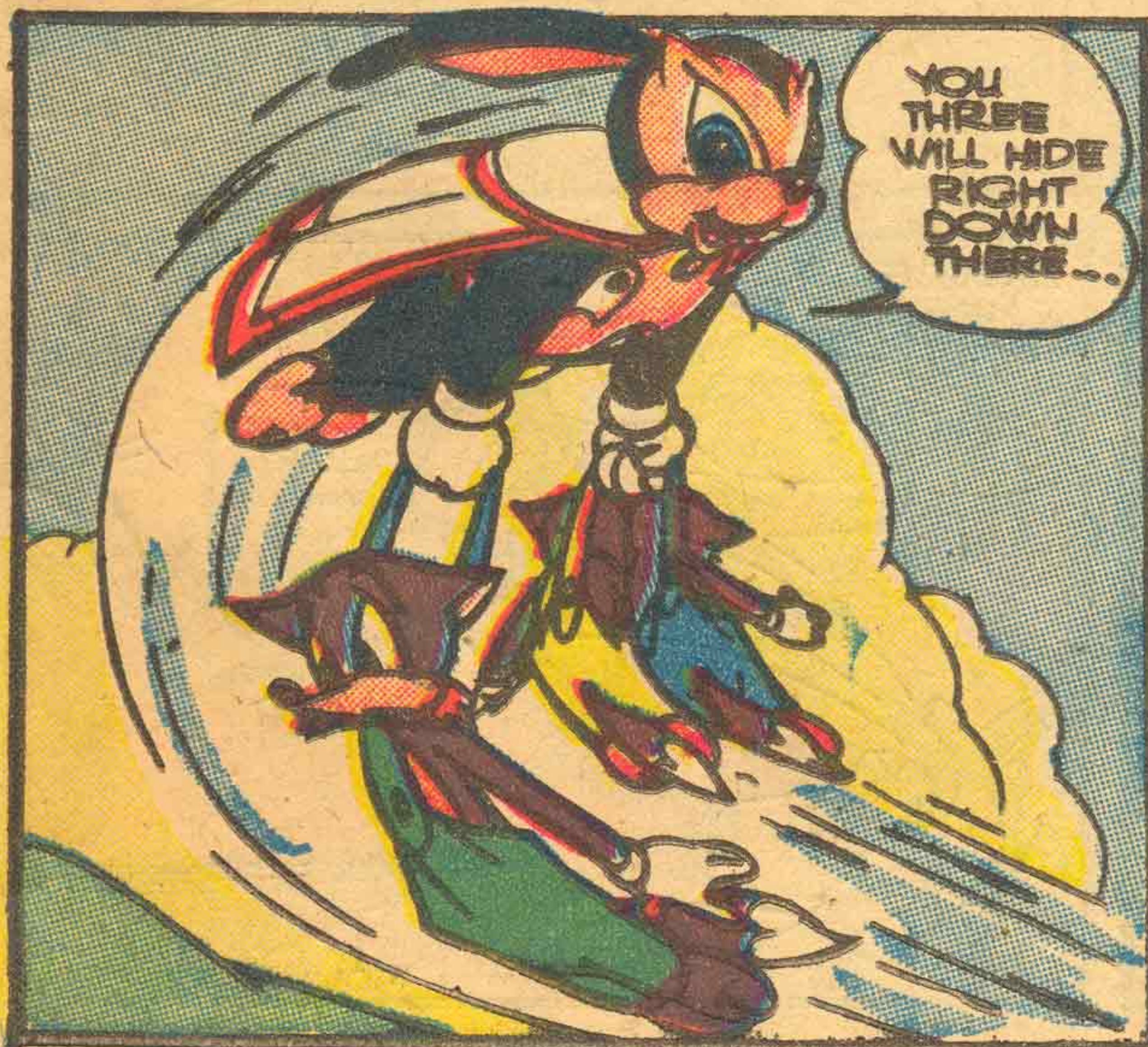
LATER



ATOMIC RABBIT



BUT THE FOX'S HAPPY JIGGLING WHILE HUGGING ATOMIC RABBIT, THAWS OUR HERO! AND ...



ATOMIC RABBIT

BERCY PENGUIN

S883

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK, BERCY! BE A GOOD LITTLE PENGUIN... AND DON'T MOVE FROM THAT SPOT!

MOM WON'T MIND IF I SLIDE A LITTLE! THE ICE IS SLIPPERY... I-I CAN'T STOP!

WHEW... WHAT LUCK! I BANGED INTO SOMETHING SOFT!

THUMP!

DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO LITTLE PENGUINS WHO WAKE ME UP FROM A NAP?!

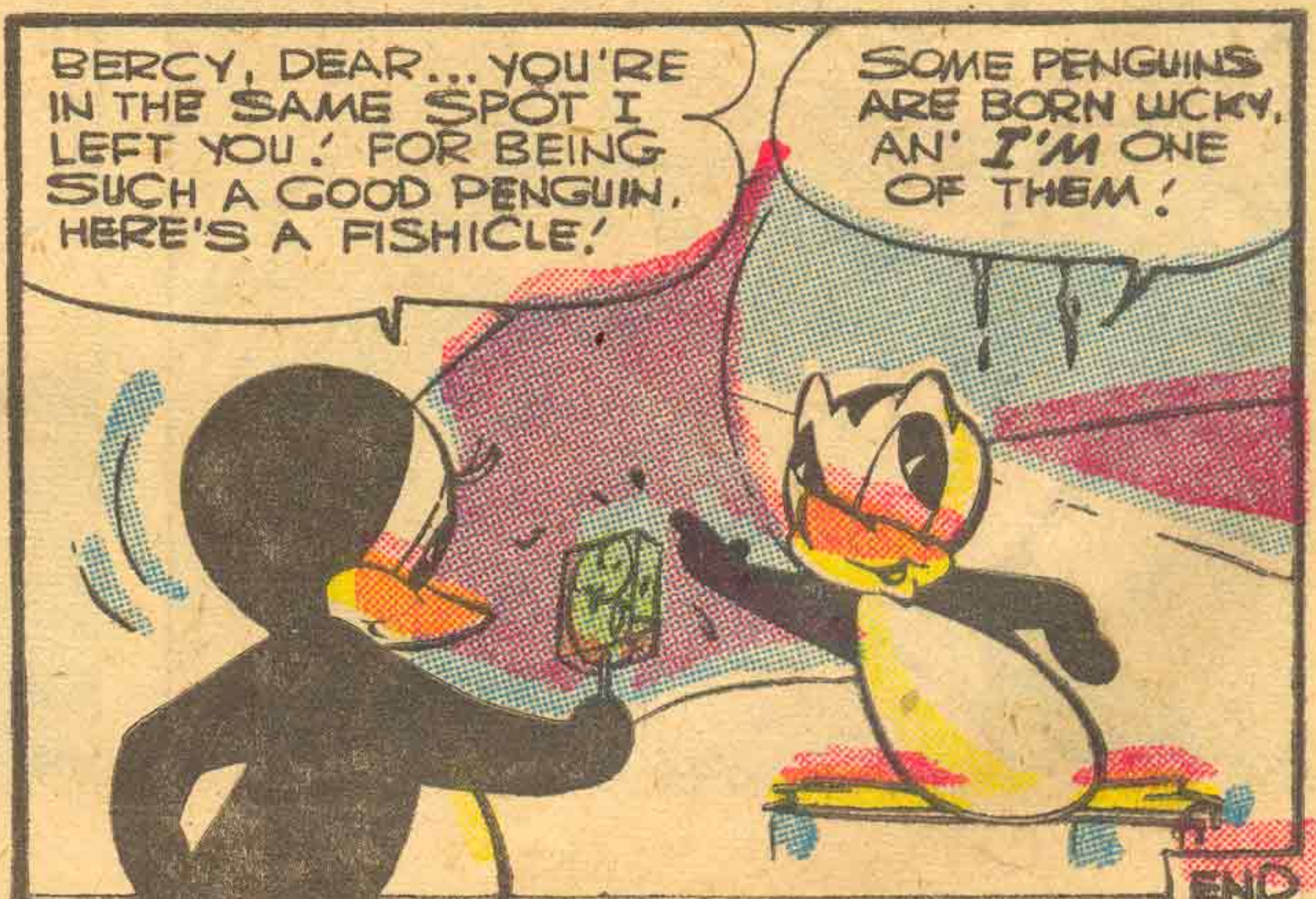
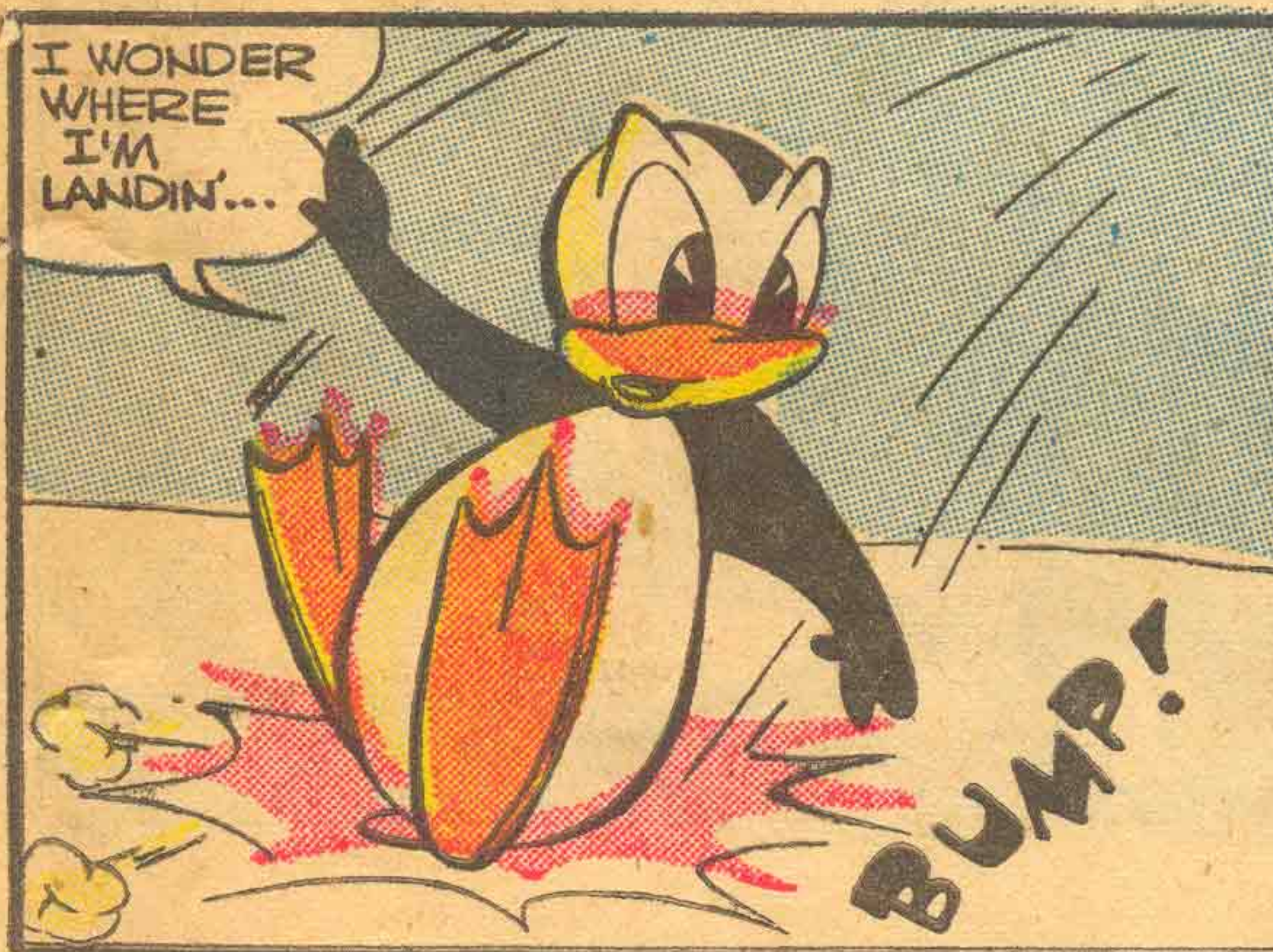
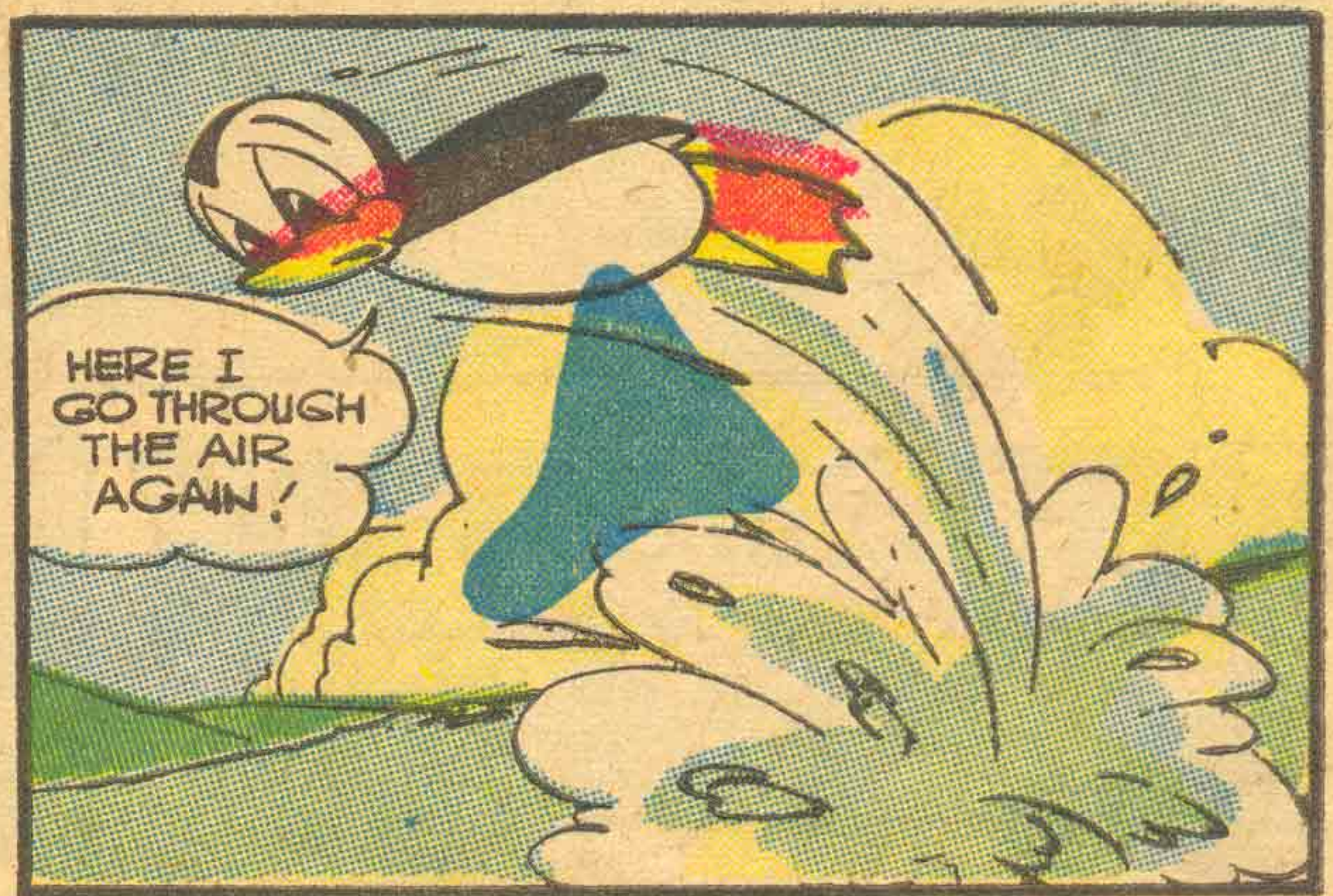
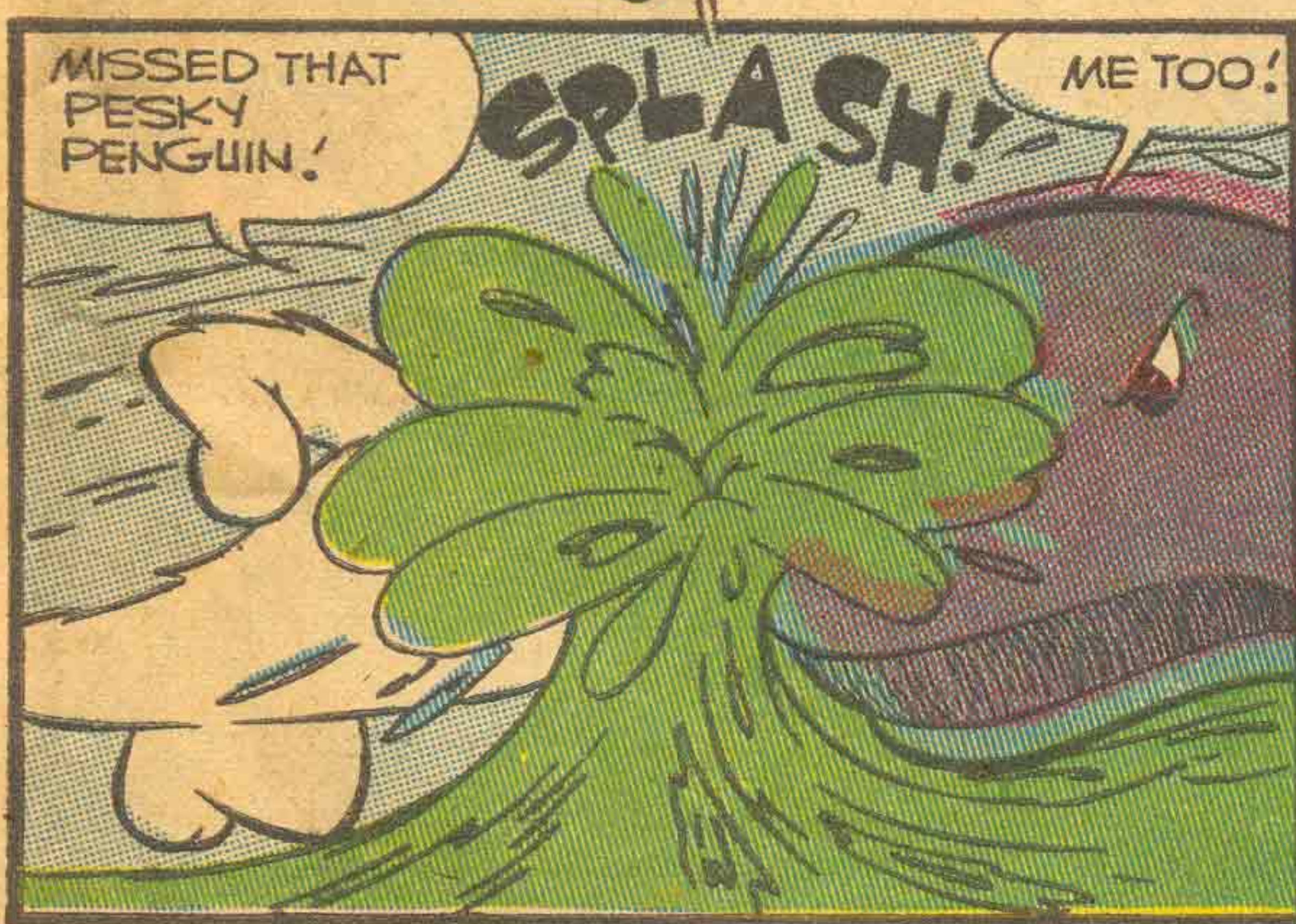
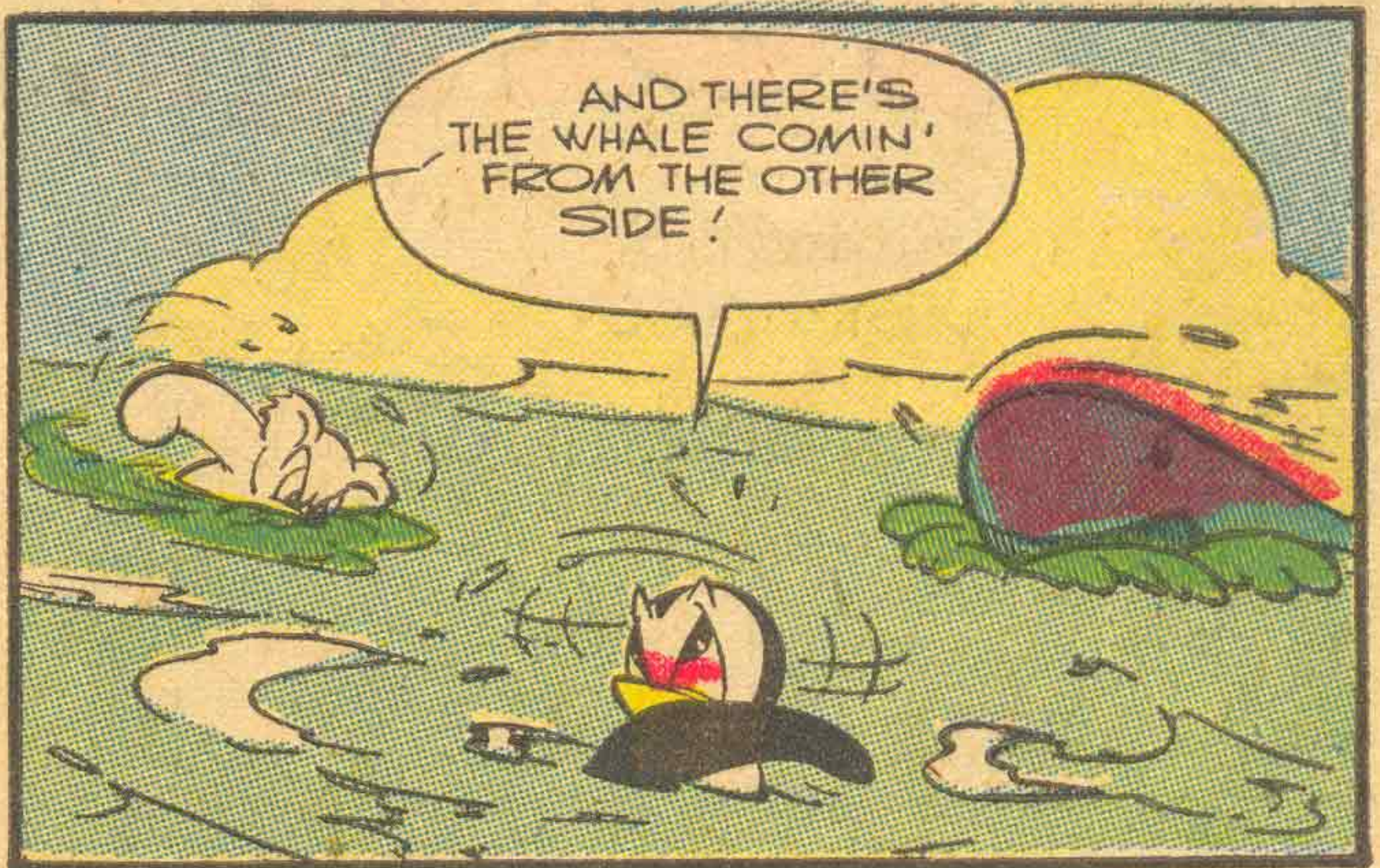
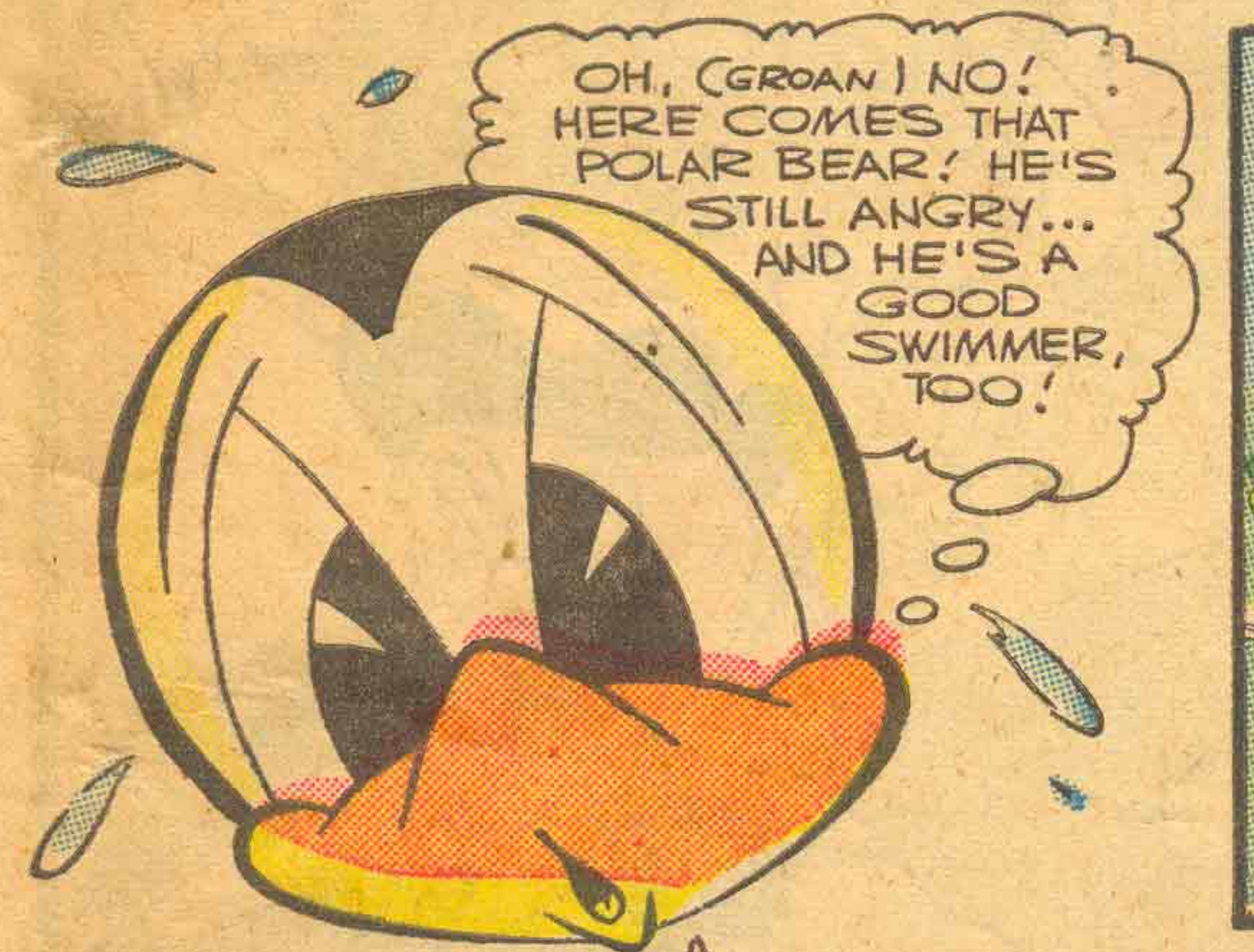
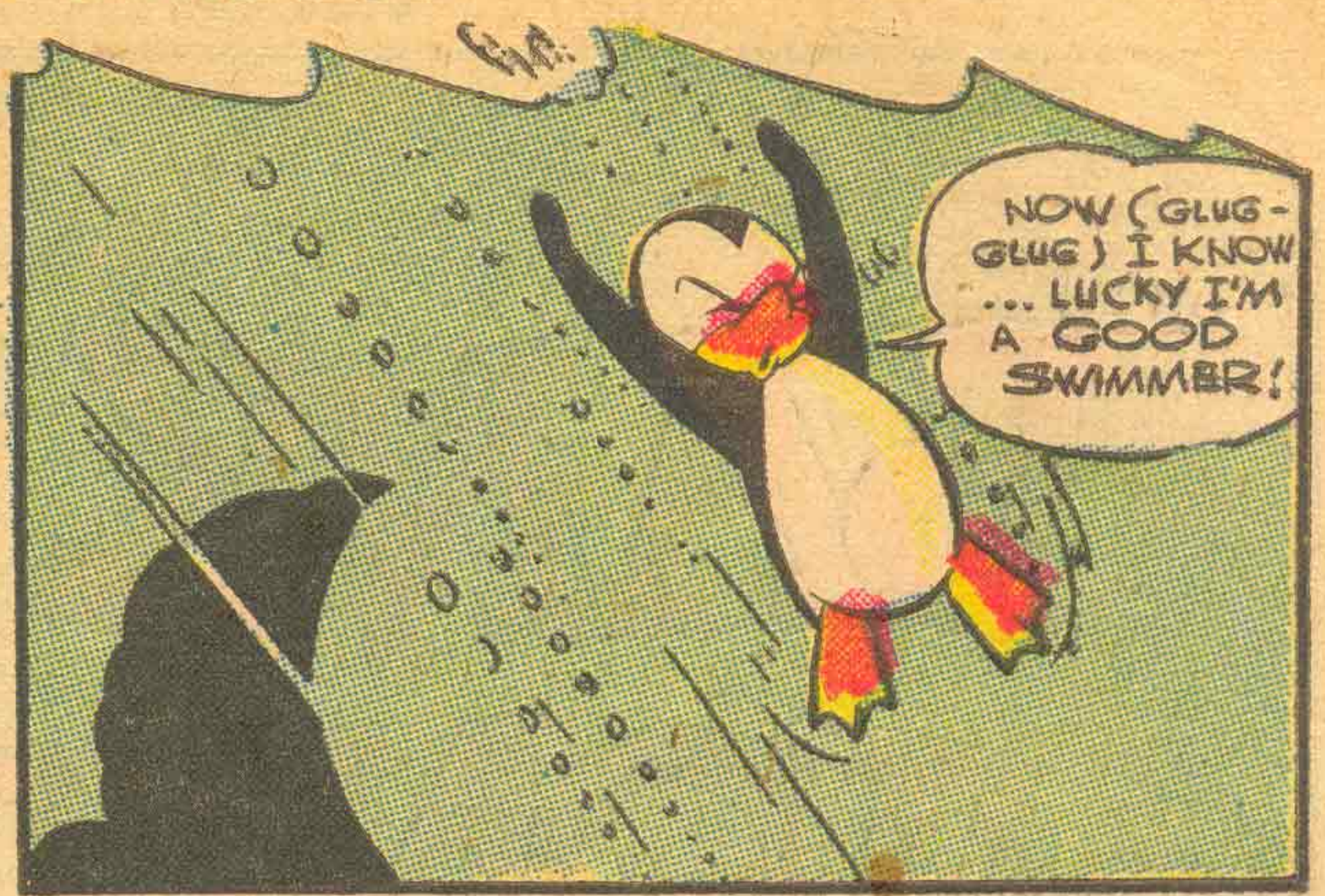
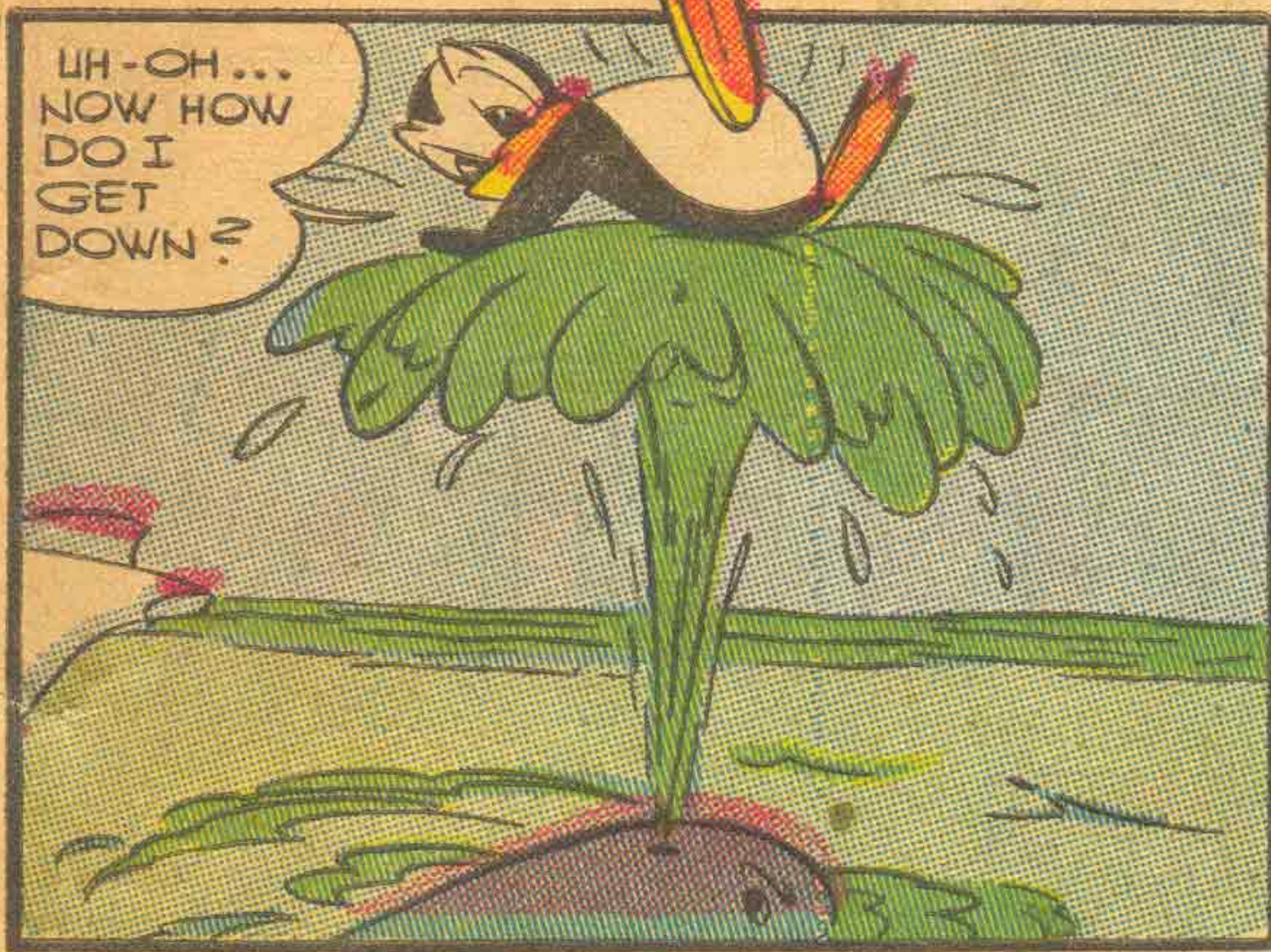
GRRR...!

P-PLEASE, MR. POLAR BEAR -- WHATEVER YOU'RE GOING TO DO... PLEASE DO IT IN THE SHADE! THE SUN HURTS MY EYES HERE!

ALL RIGHT, I GUESS I...
OOOPS!

I SURE TRICKED HIM! I KNEW HE'D SLIP ON THAT SLIPPERY SPOT WHERE I WAS SLIDIN'!

ATOMIC RABBIT



ATOMIC RABBIT

ORSEN BUGGY
(THE MAD GENIUS) IN

BANK NITE TONITE

Produced By
ORSEN BUGGY

Directed by ORSEN BUGGY

Starring
ORSEN BUGGY



AS OUR STORY OPENS, our
beetle-browed Hero is just
starting to film His last
Masterpiece —

PLACES, EVERYBODY!
IT'S A "TAKE!"



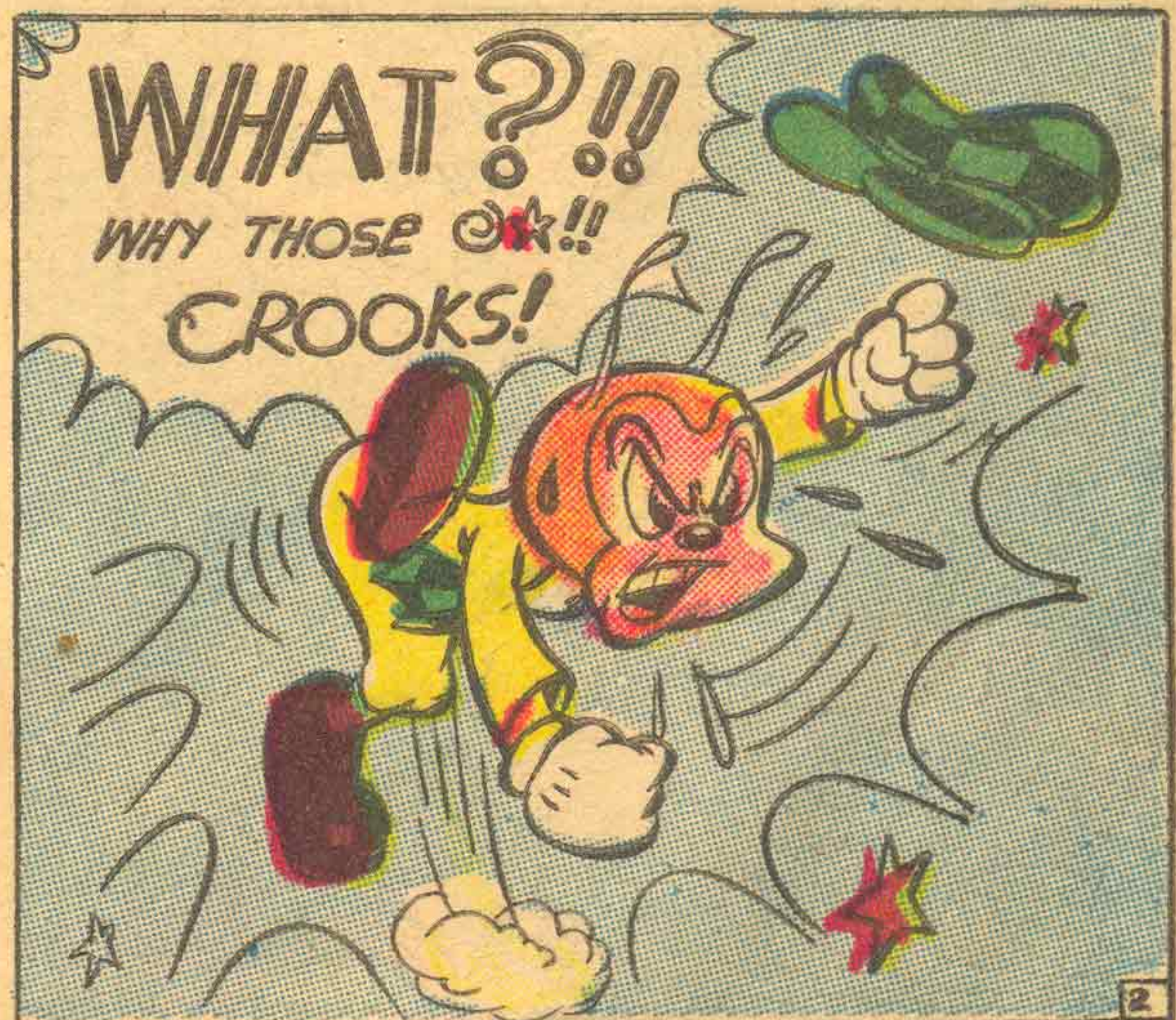
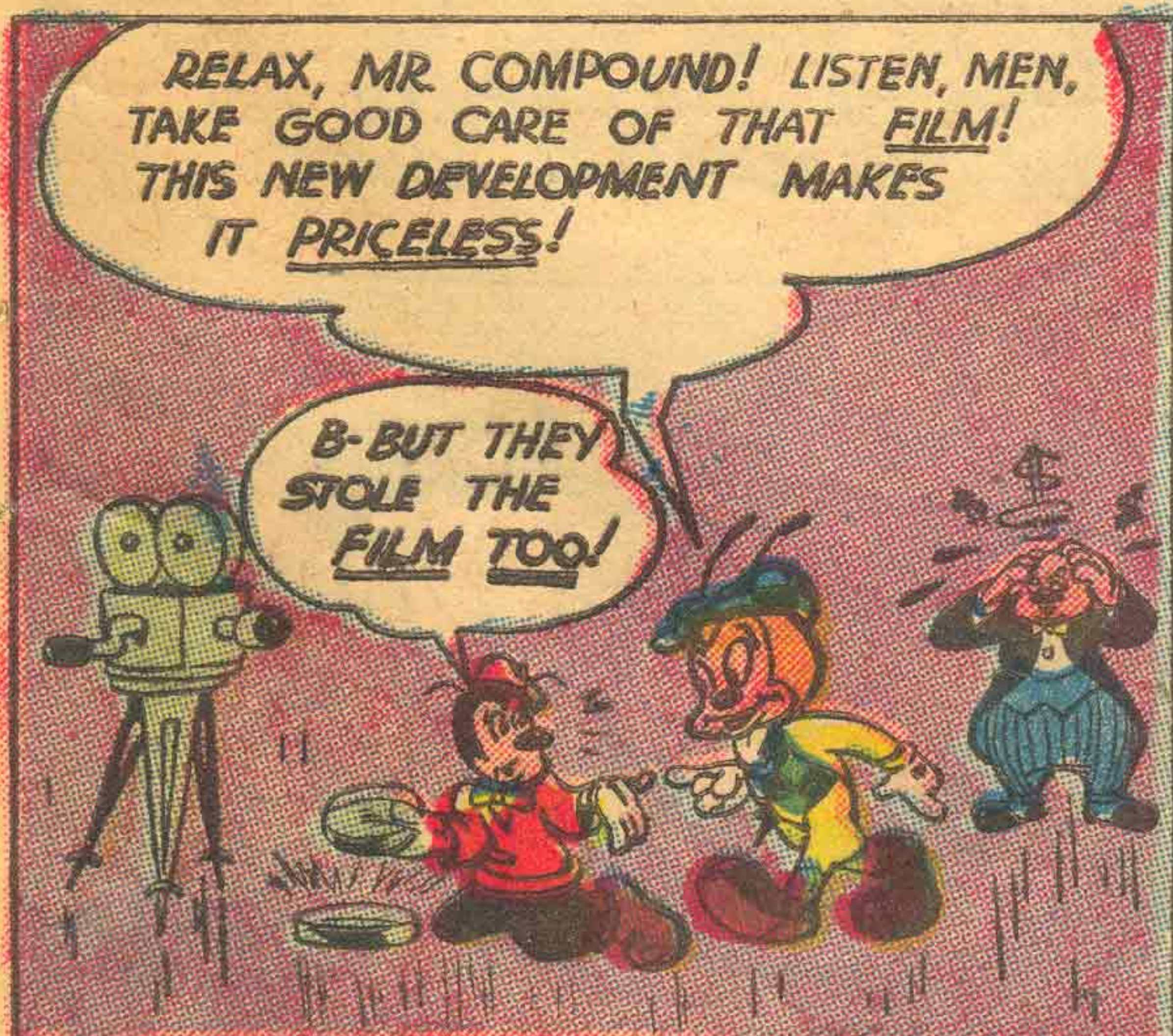
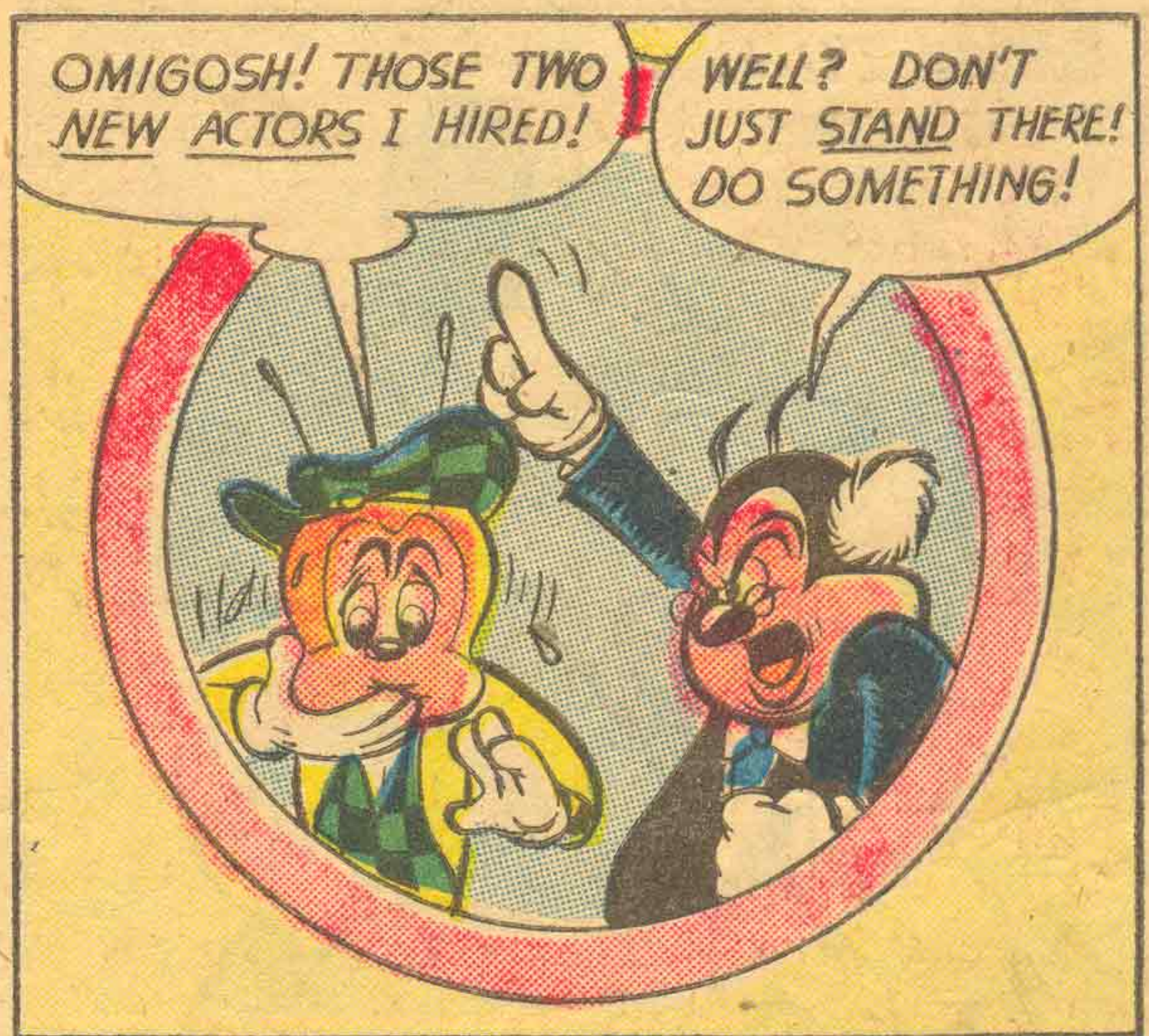
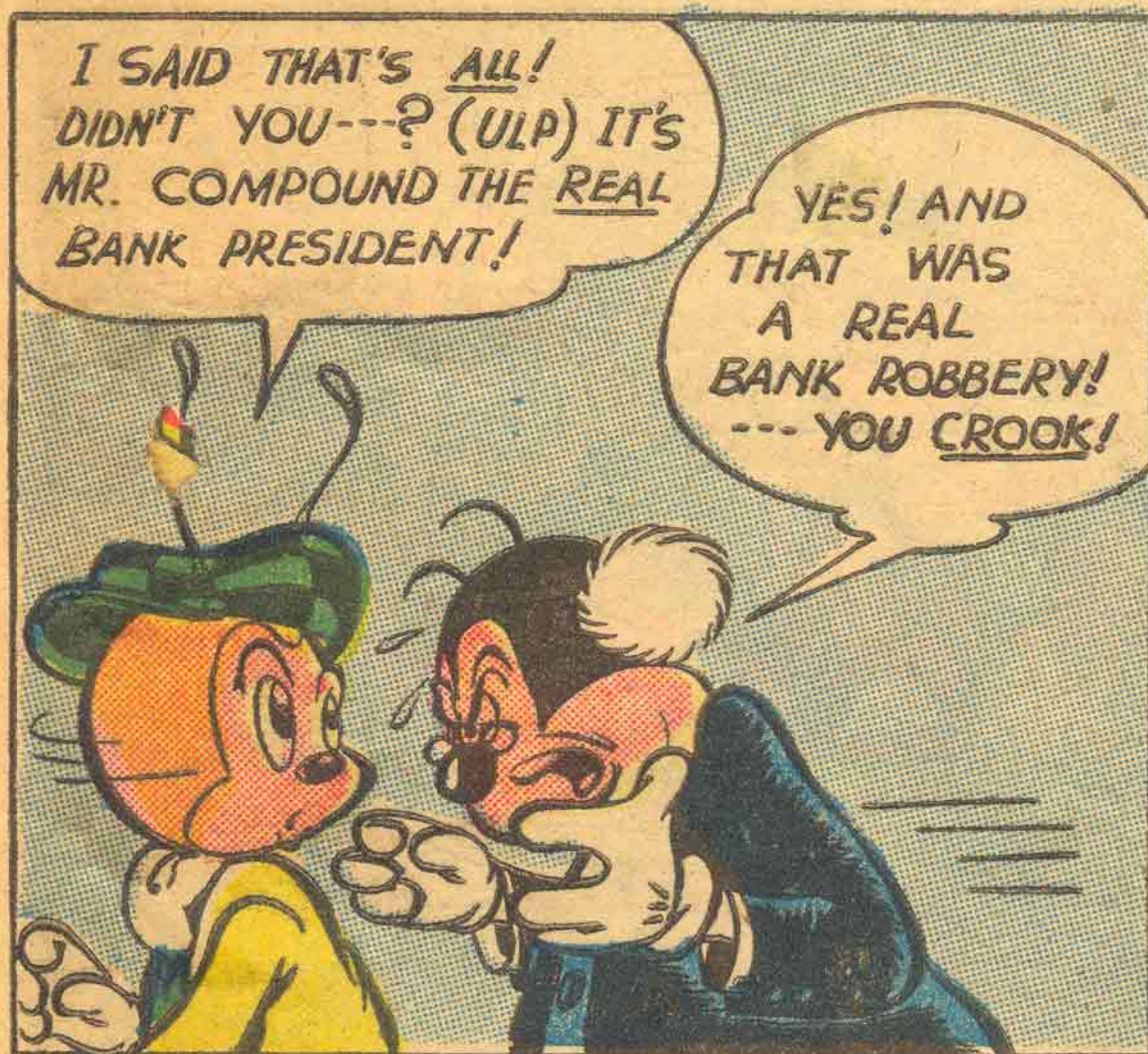
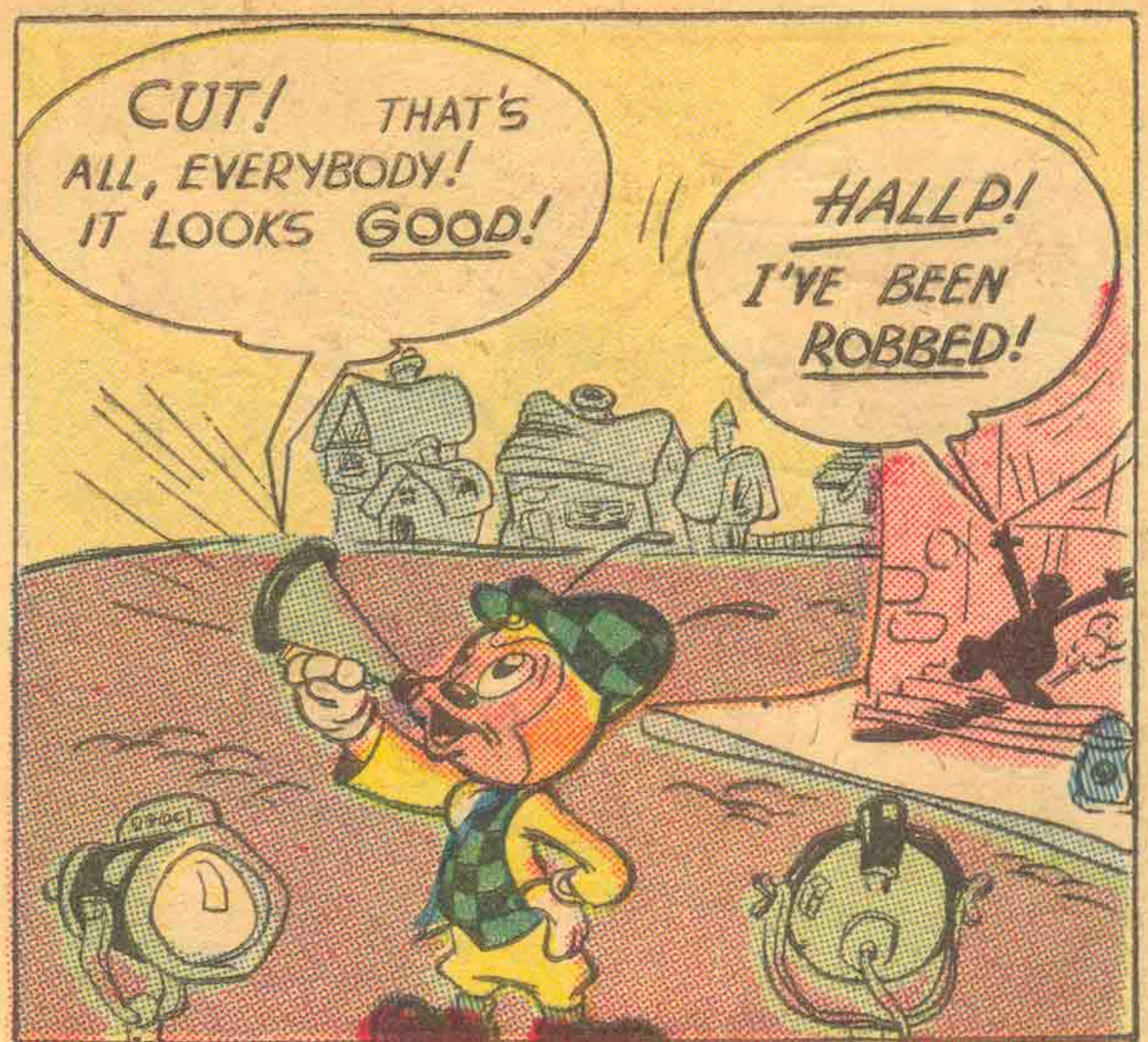
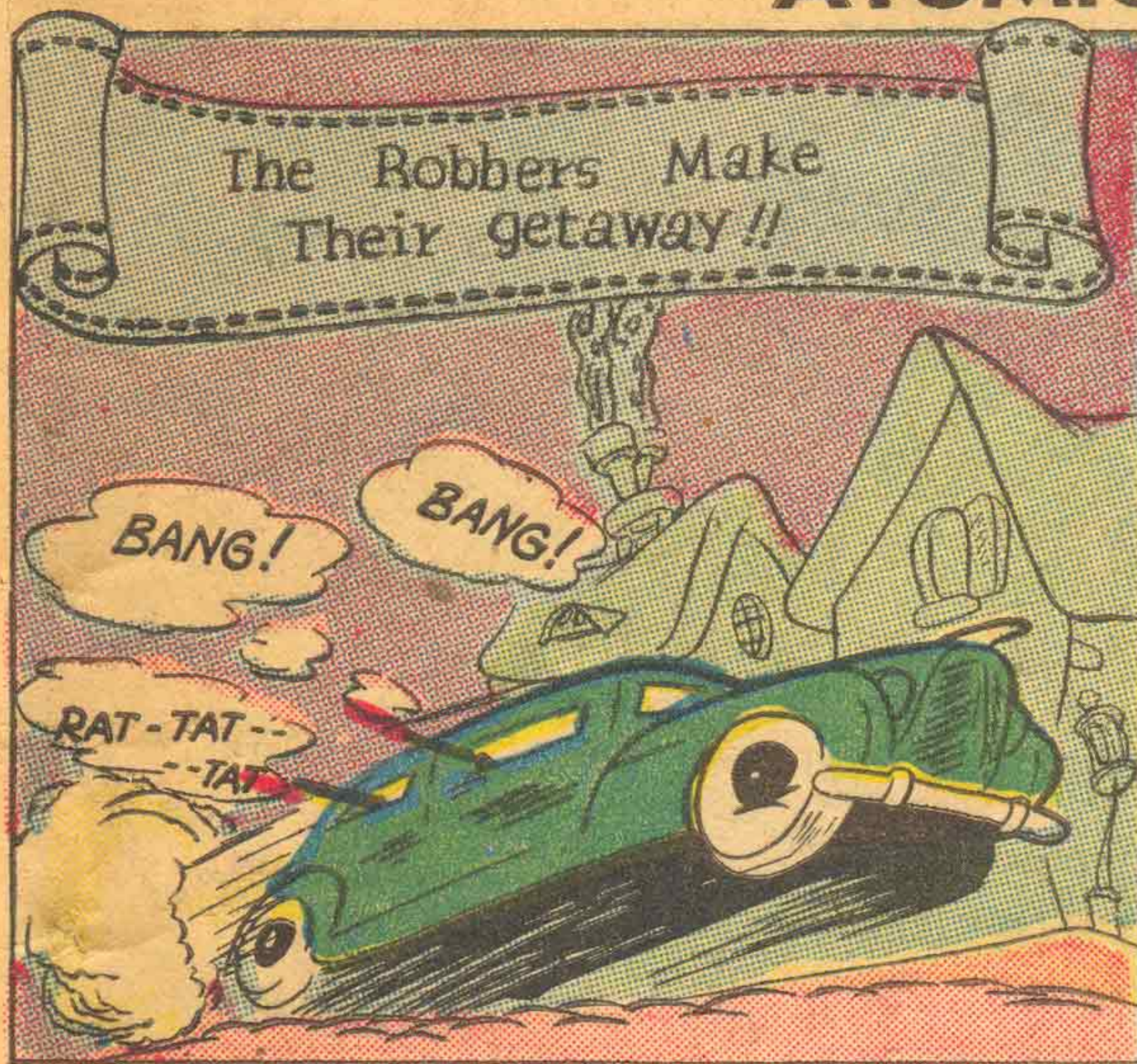
--- And as the cameras grind,
the first scene of "BANK NITE
TONITE" is Dramatically Begun—

EEE!
A BANK
ROBBERY!

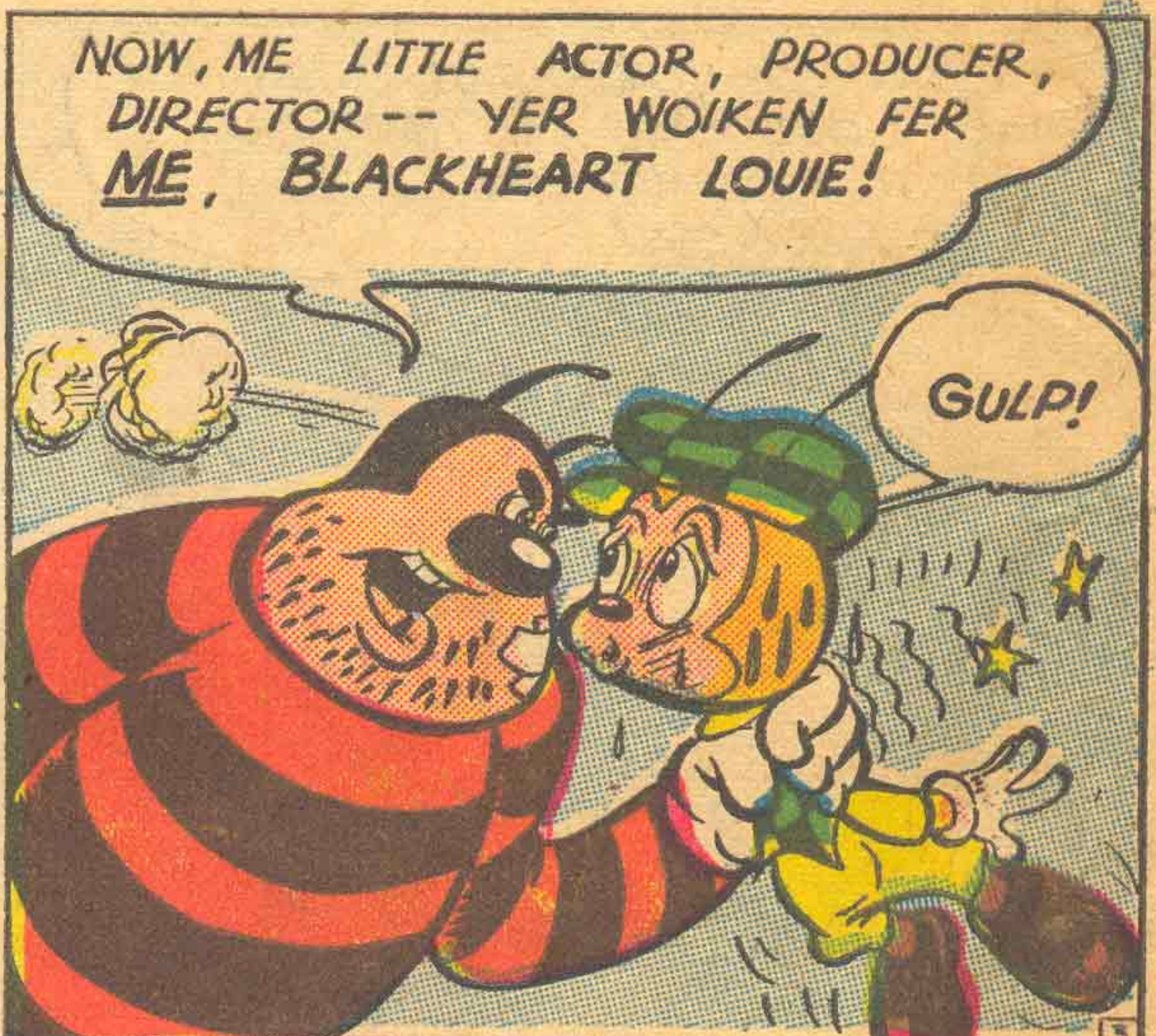
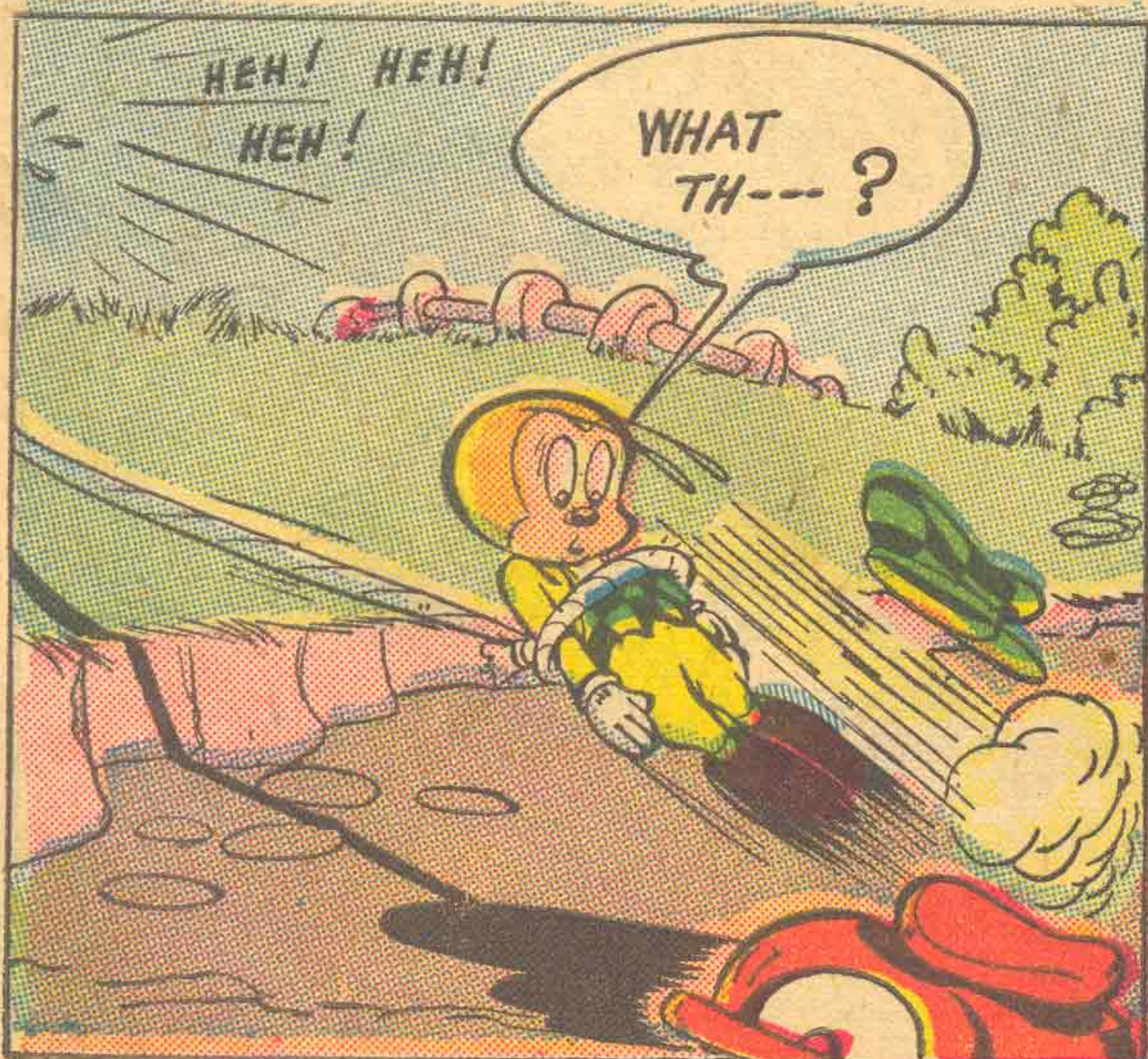
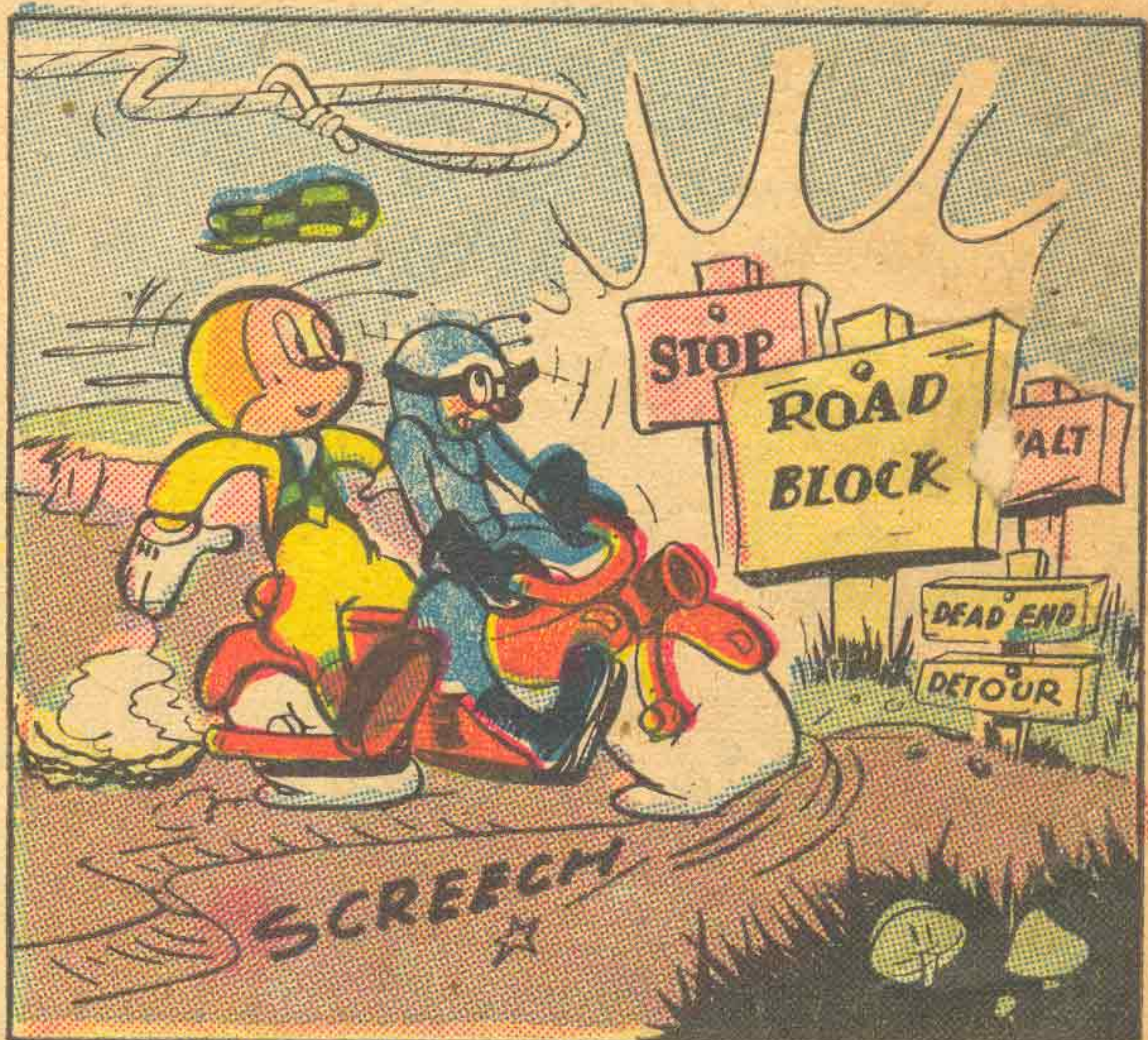
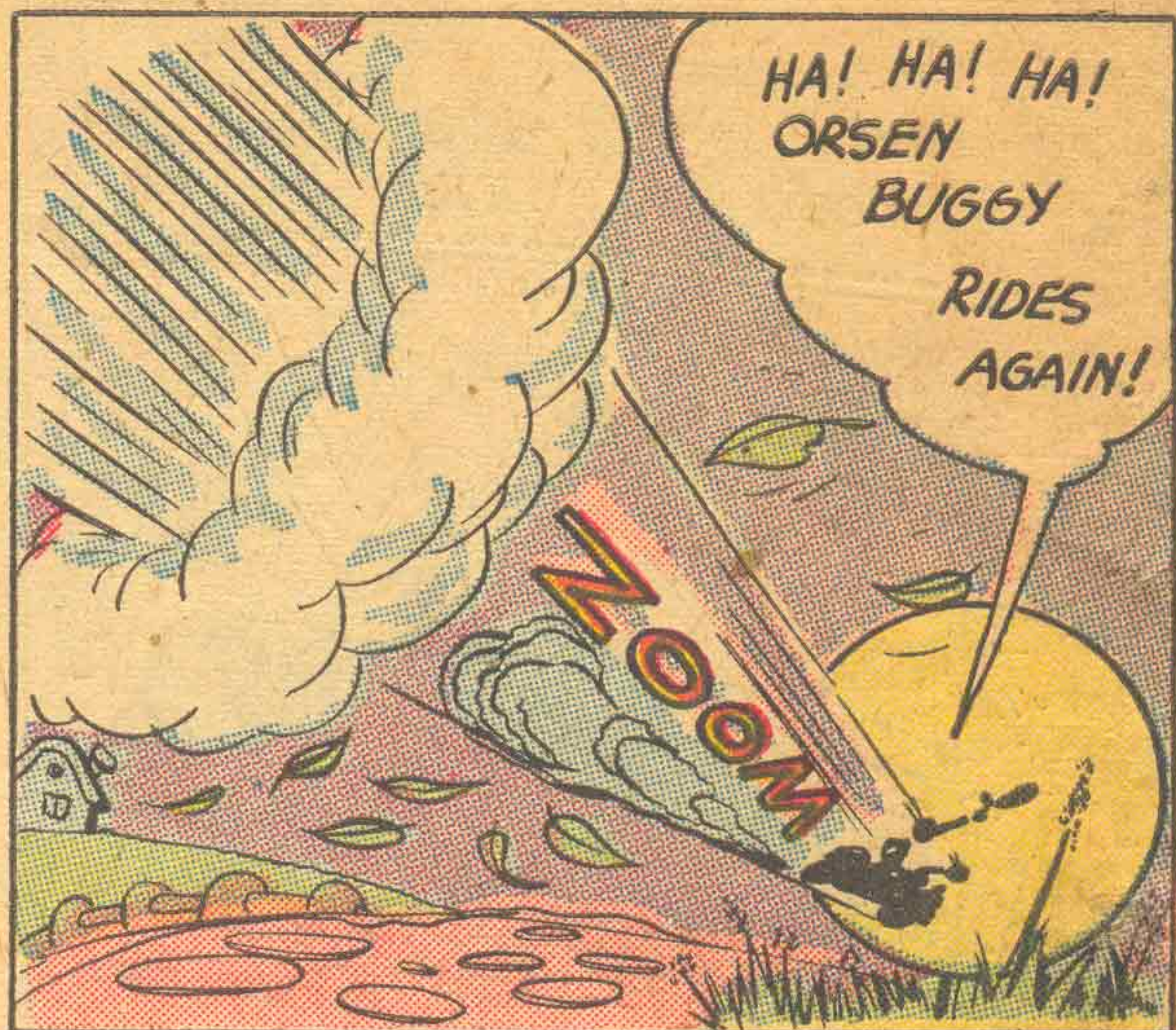
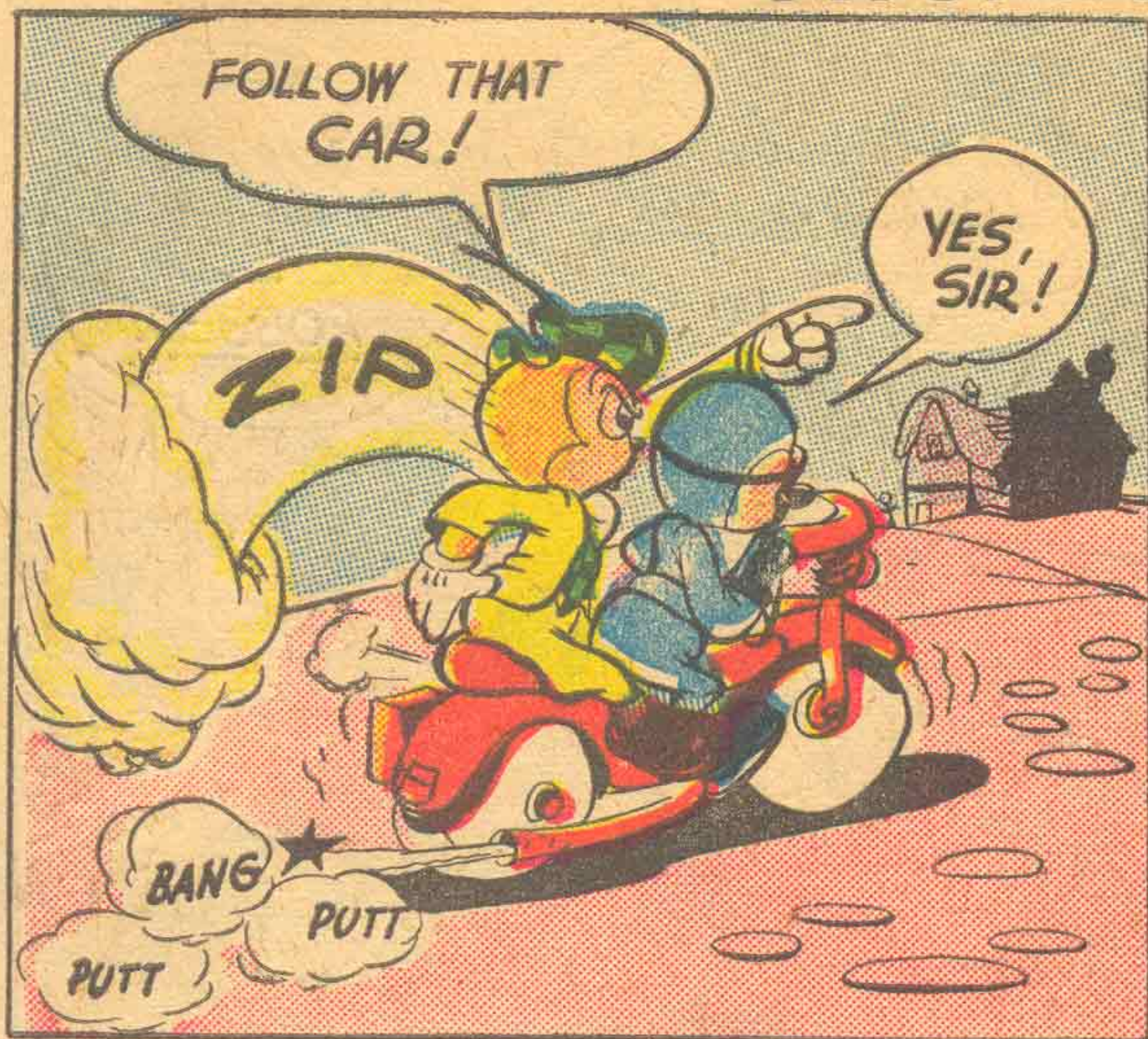
KEEP
BACK!



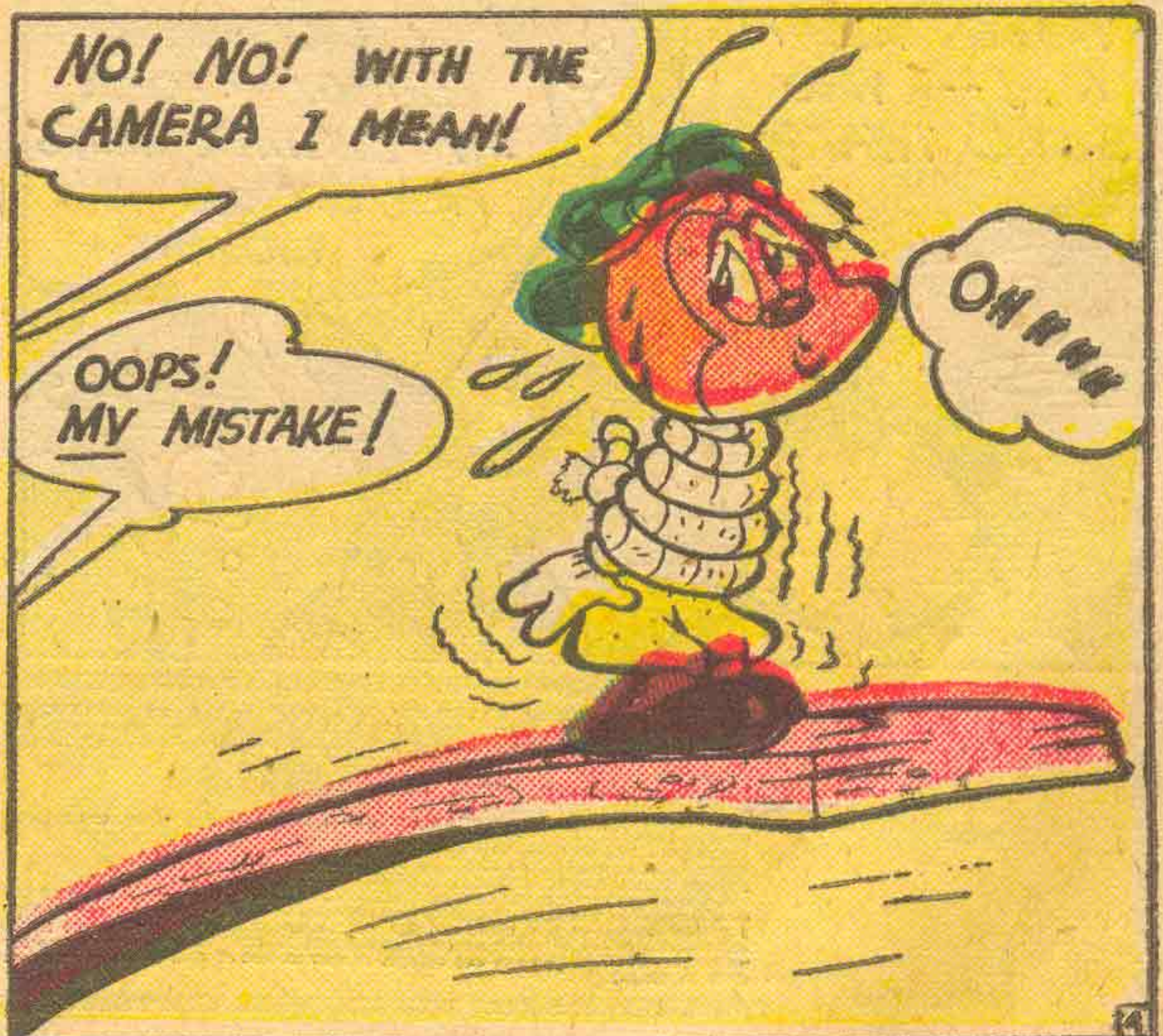
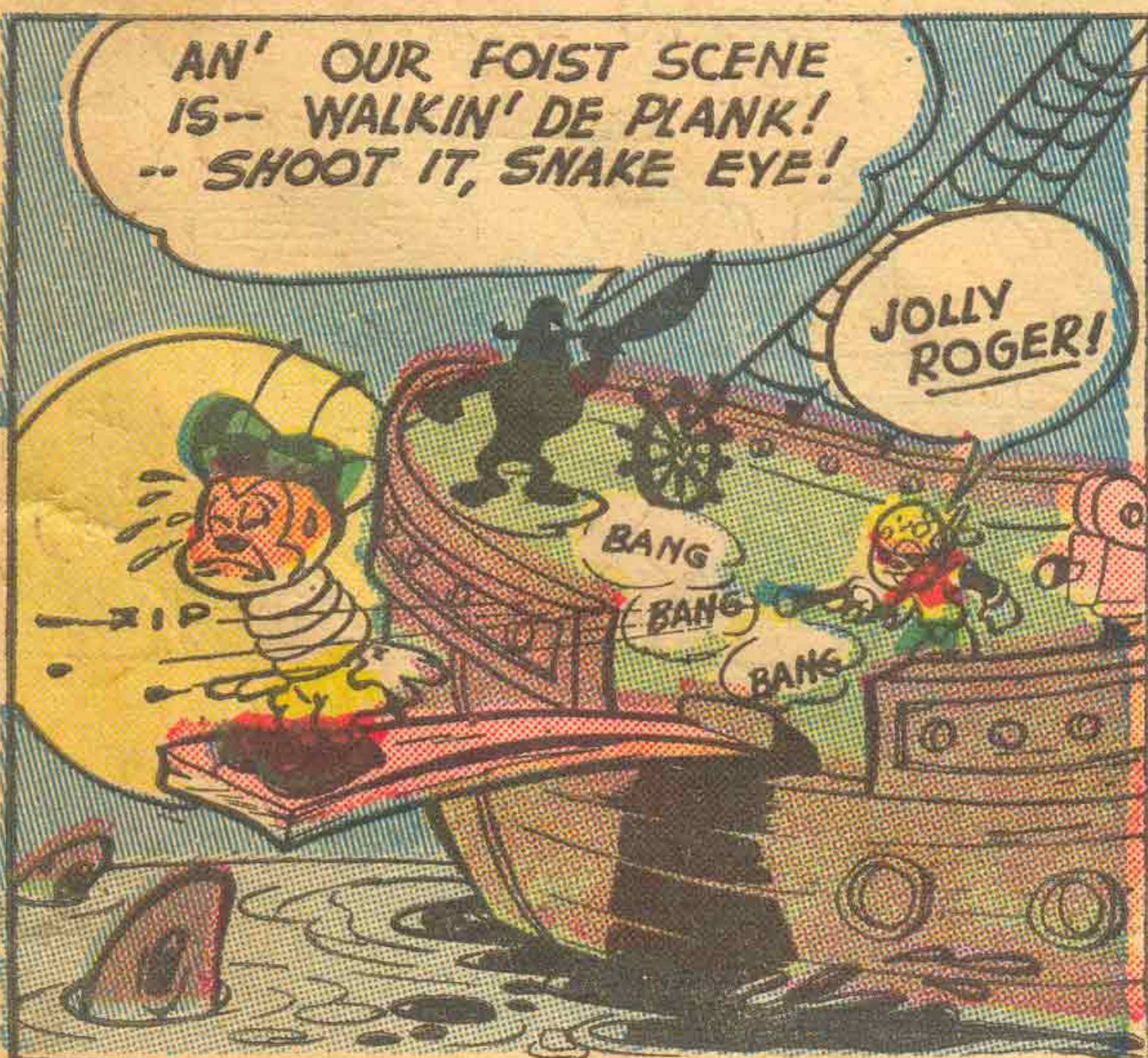
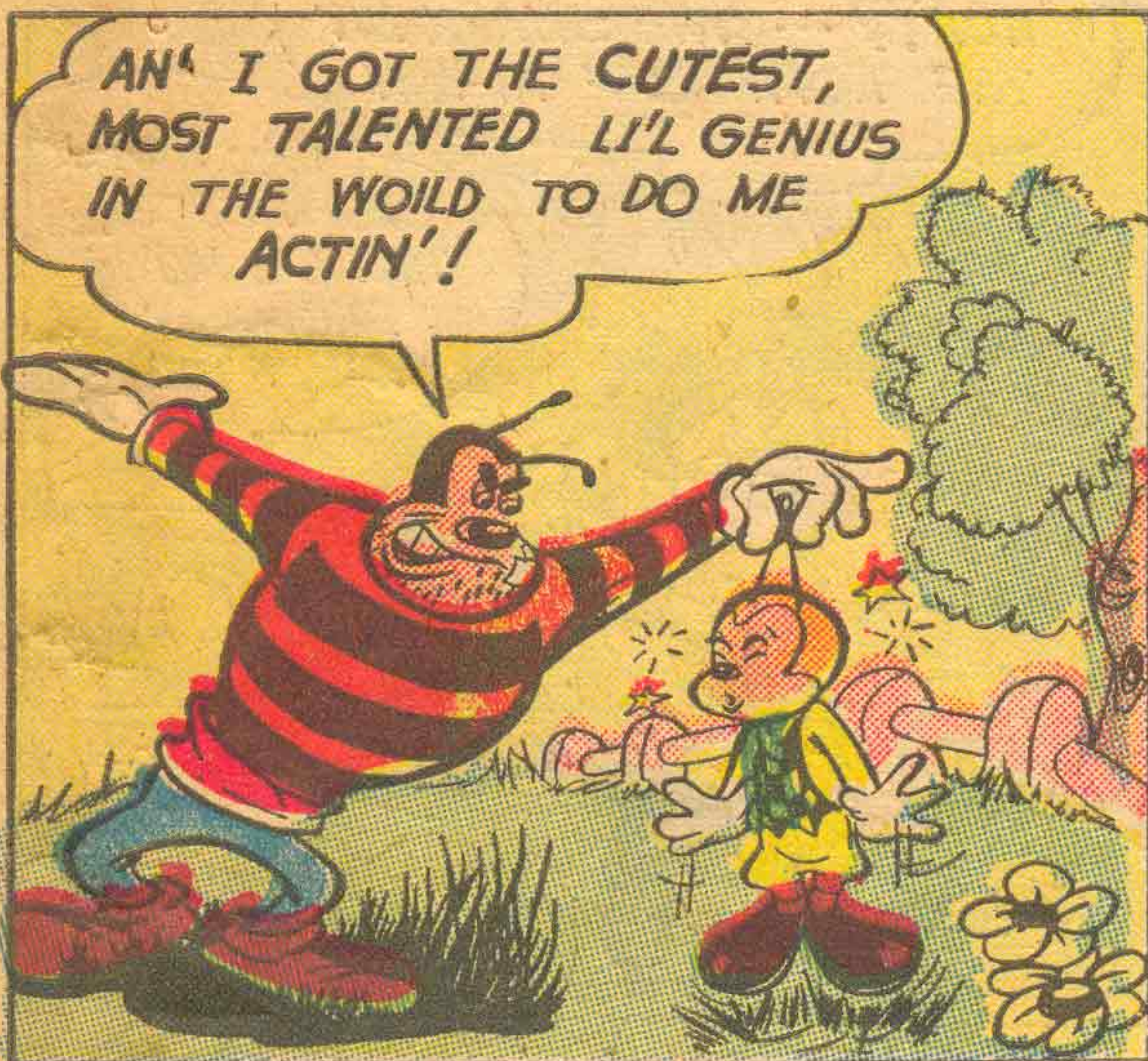
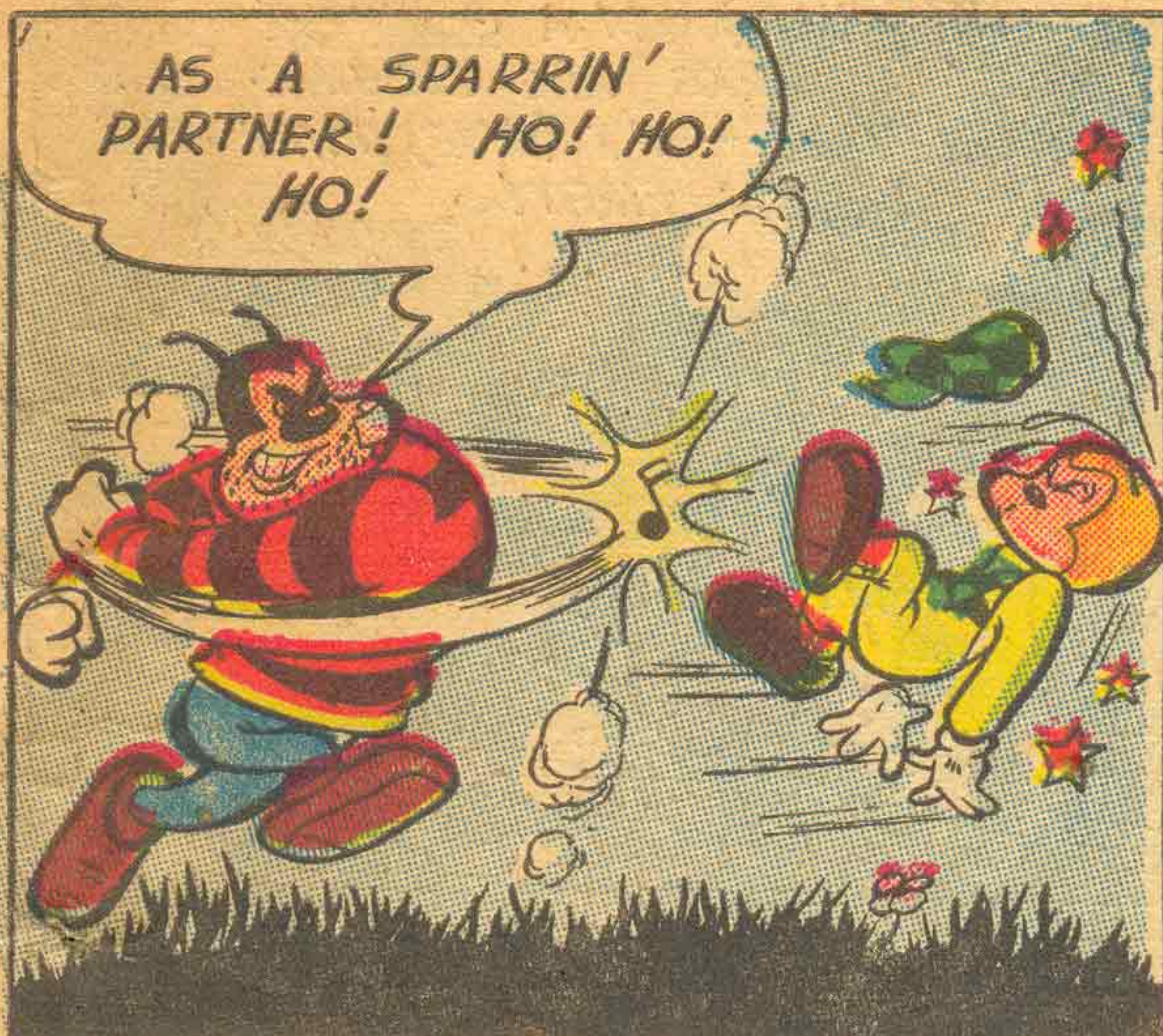
ATOMIC RABBIT



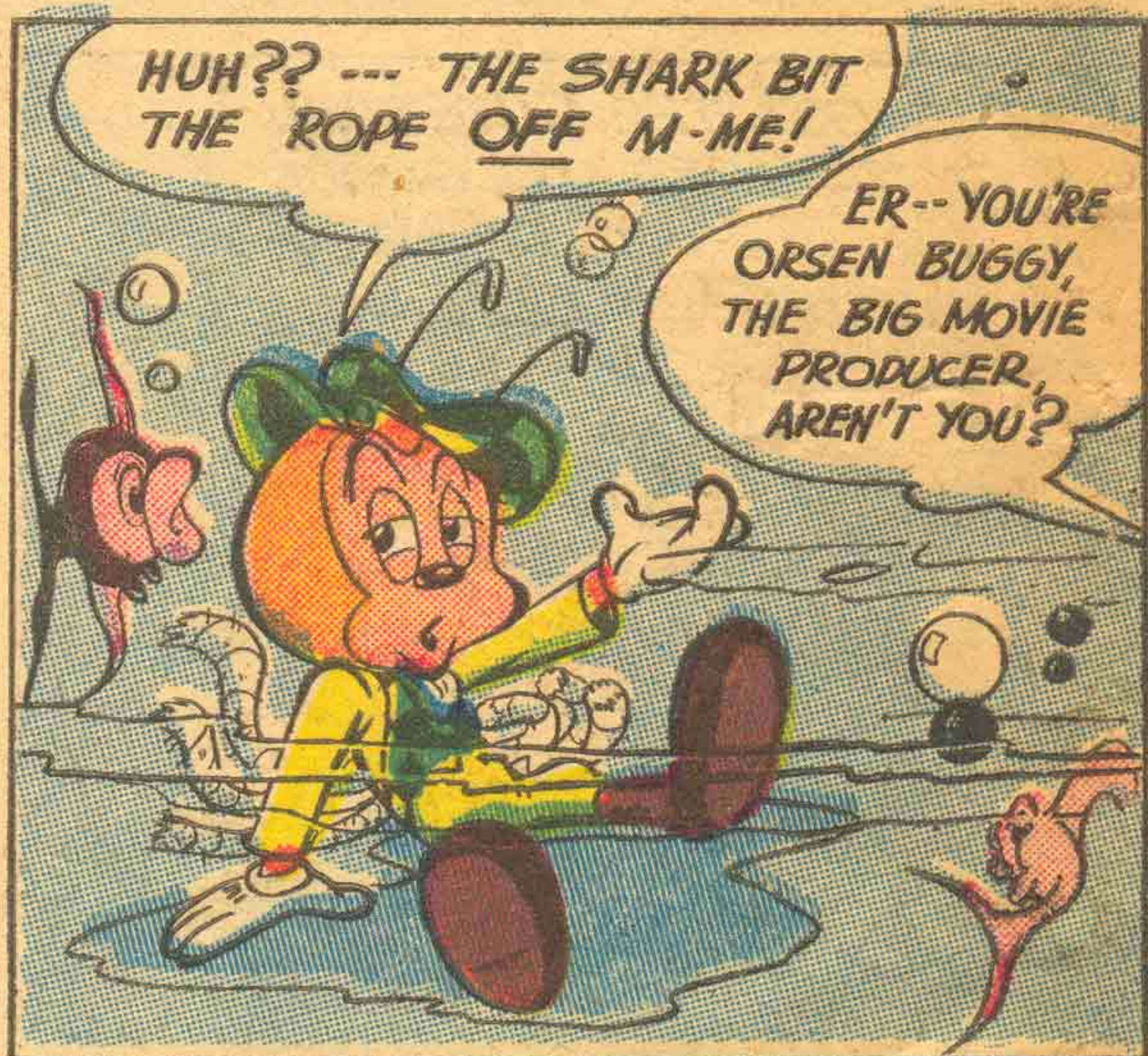
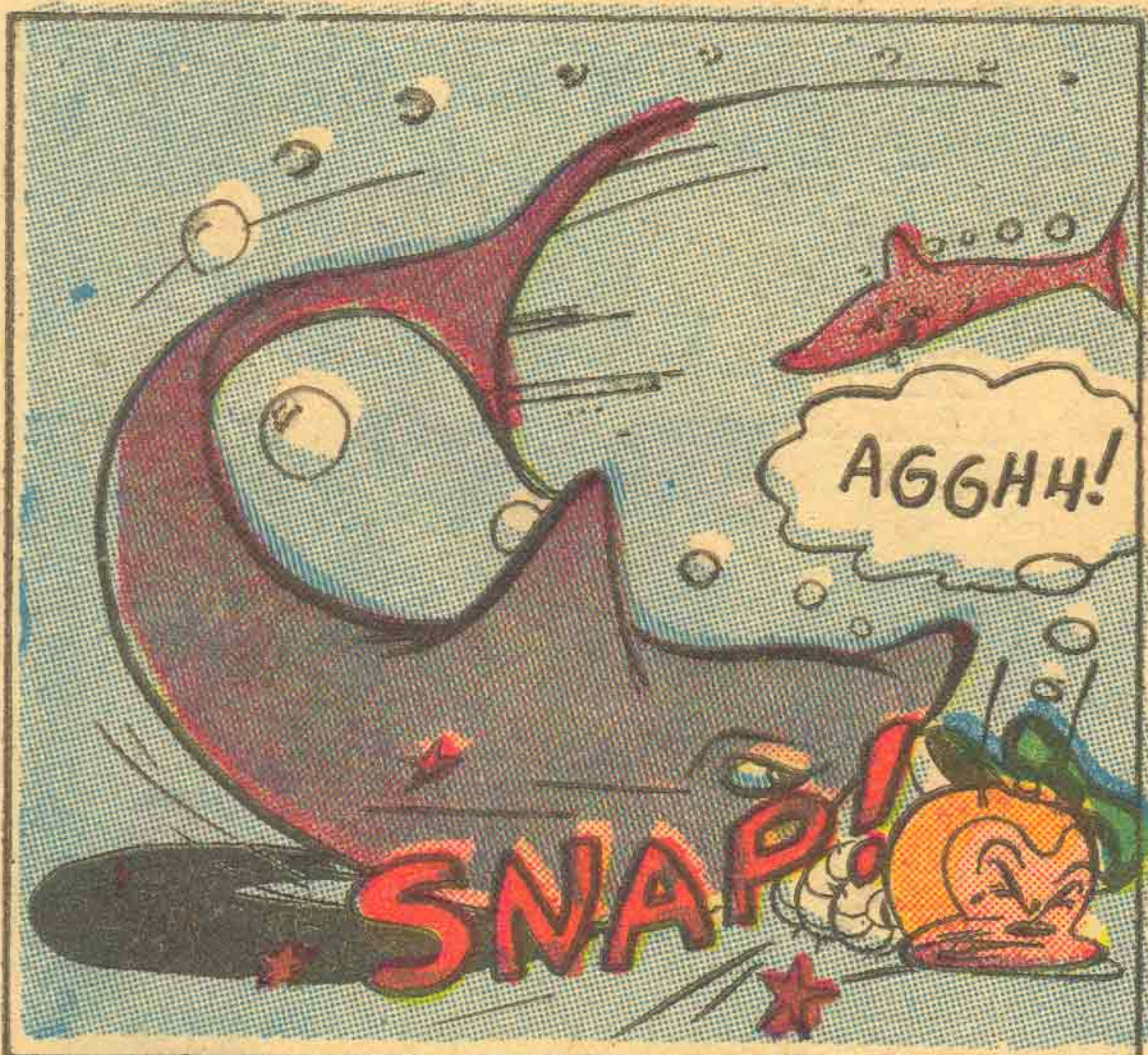
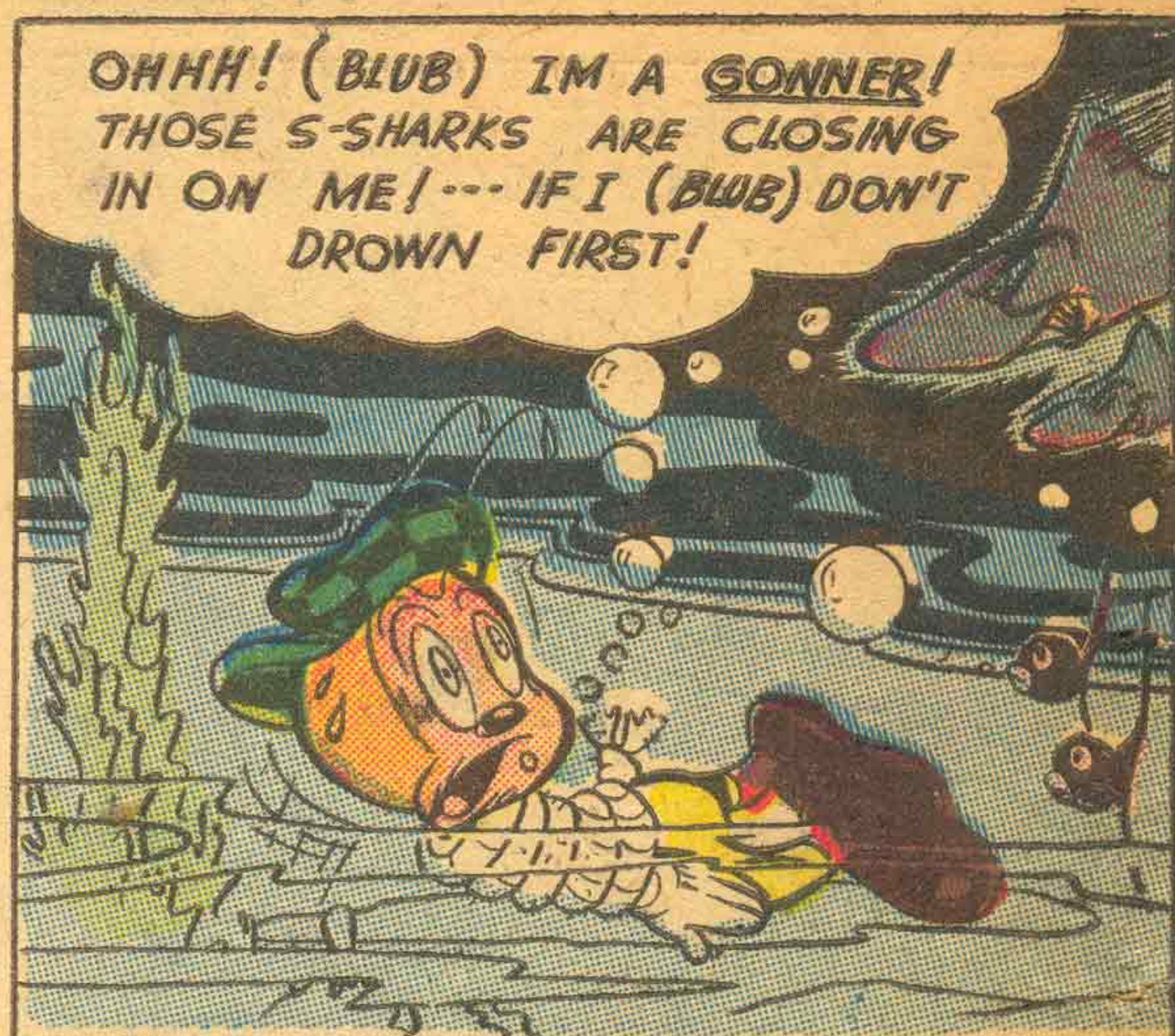
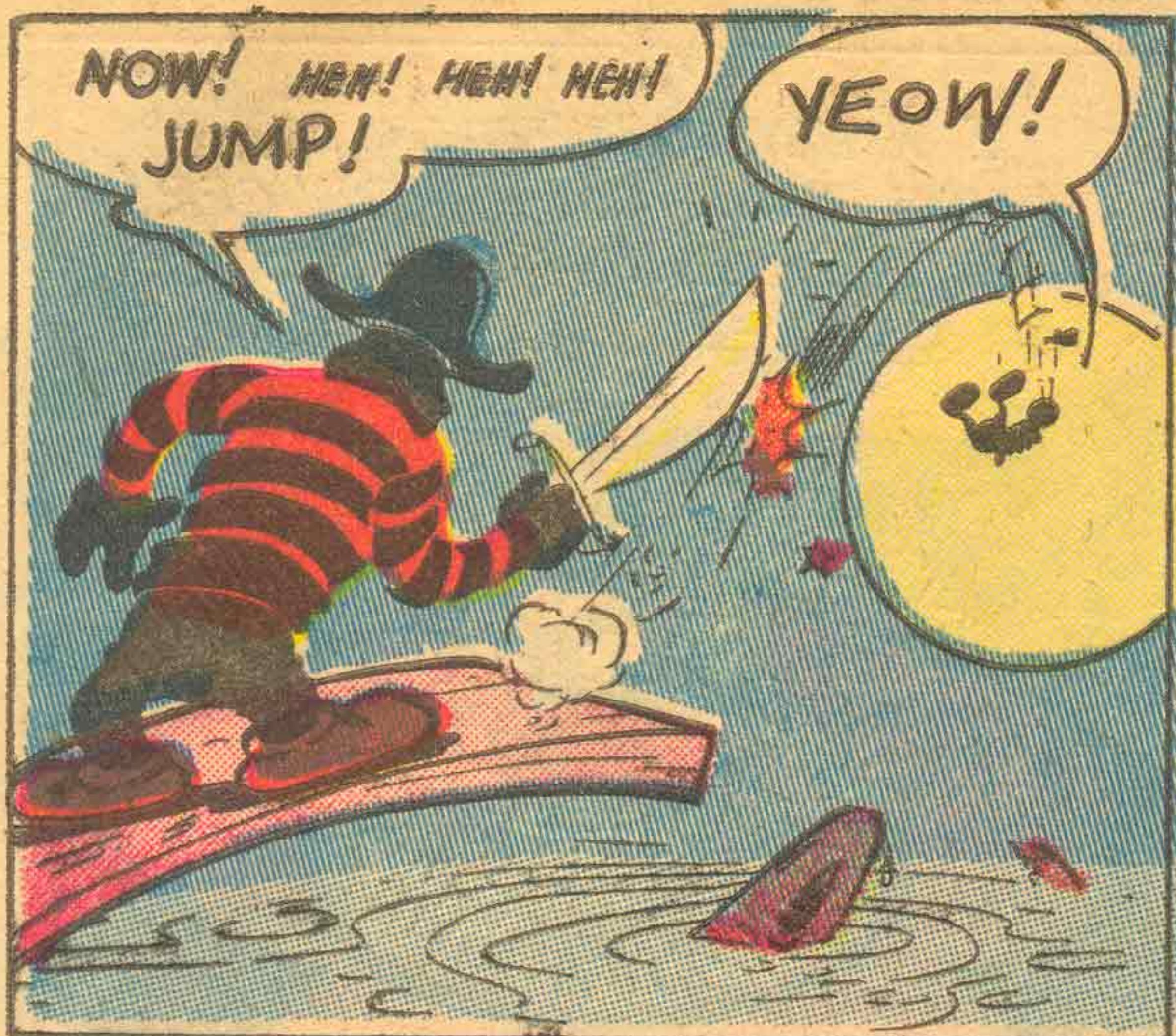
ATOMIC RABBIT



ATOMIC RABBIT



ATOMIC RABBIT



STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1935, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1907, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 49, United States Code, Section 168) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF:

ATOMIC RABBIT

Published Weekly at Derby, Conn., for September 24, 1948.

1. The name and address of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:
 Publisher — Edward Levy, Westfield, Conn.
 Editor and Managing Editor — Burton M. Levy, Orange, Conn.
 Business Manager — John Cunningham, Derby, Conn.
 2. The owner or owners, if owned by a corporation, its name and address, the names and addresses of all stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.

Charles Press, Inc., Charles Building, Derby, Conn.
 Edward Levy, Westfield, Conn.
 John Cunningham, Derby, Conn.

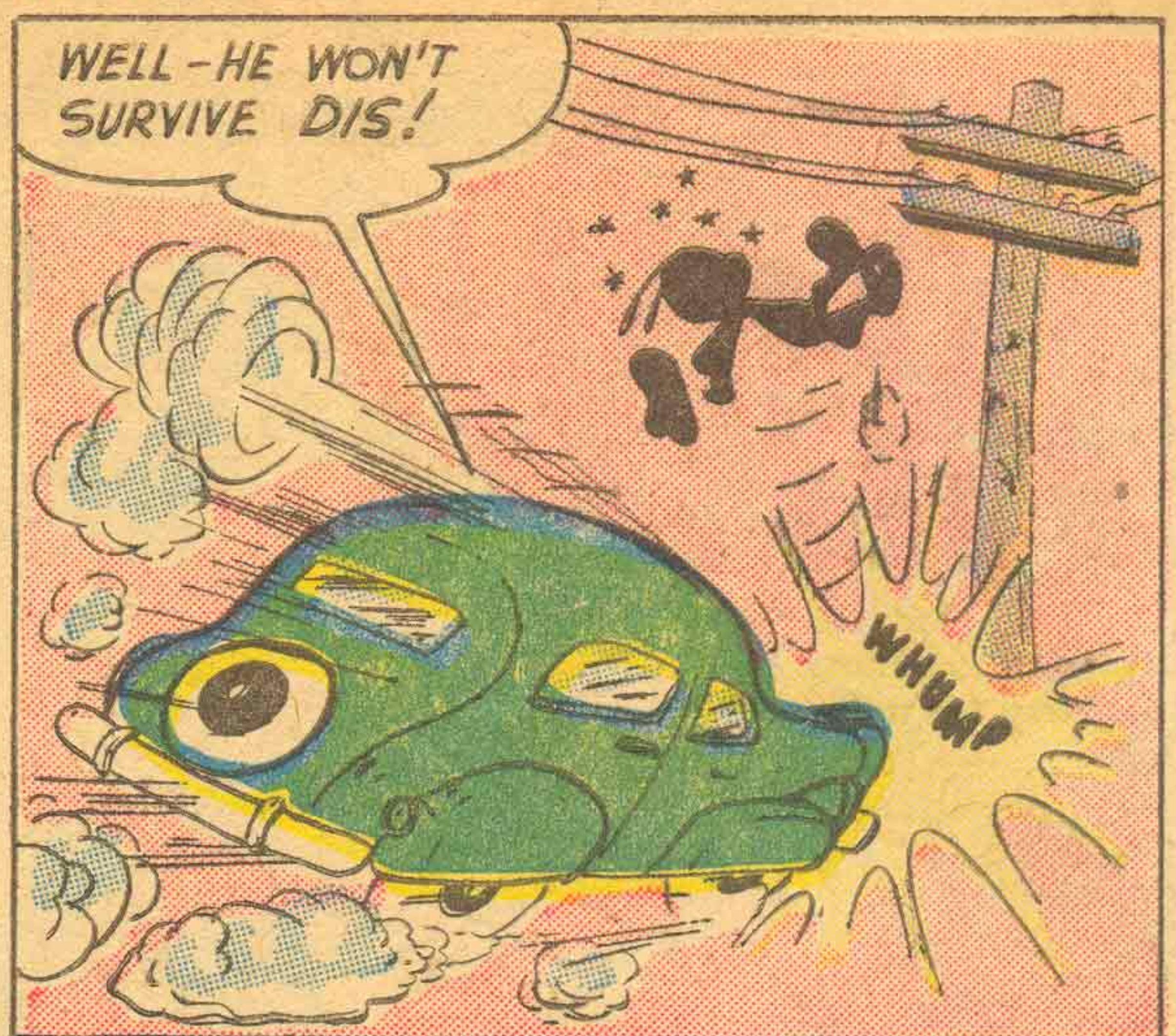
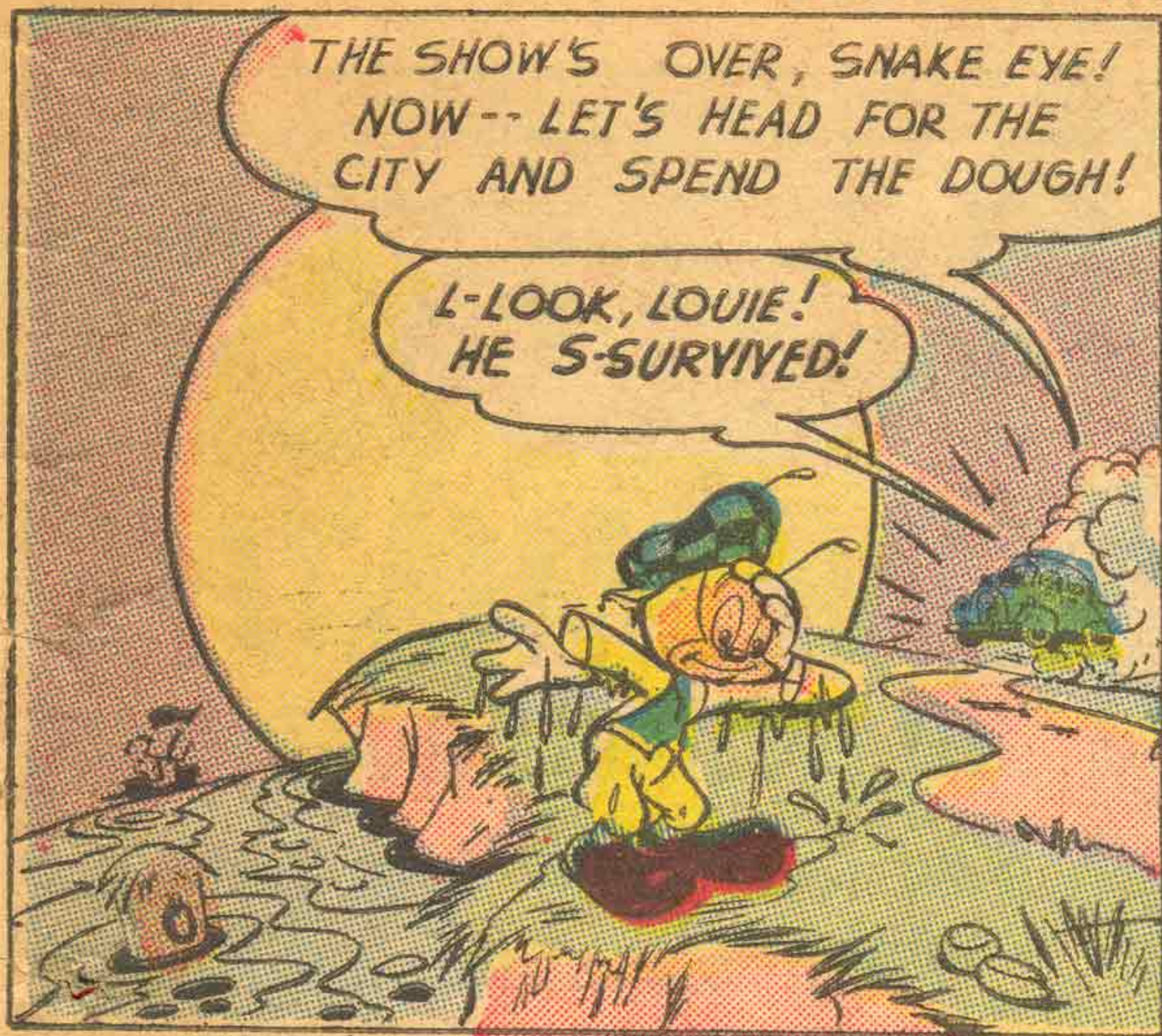
3. The known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities must be given.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs above the stockholder's full name and address and the name and address of the corporation or other entity for whom the trustee is acting.

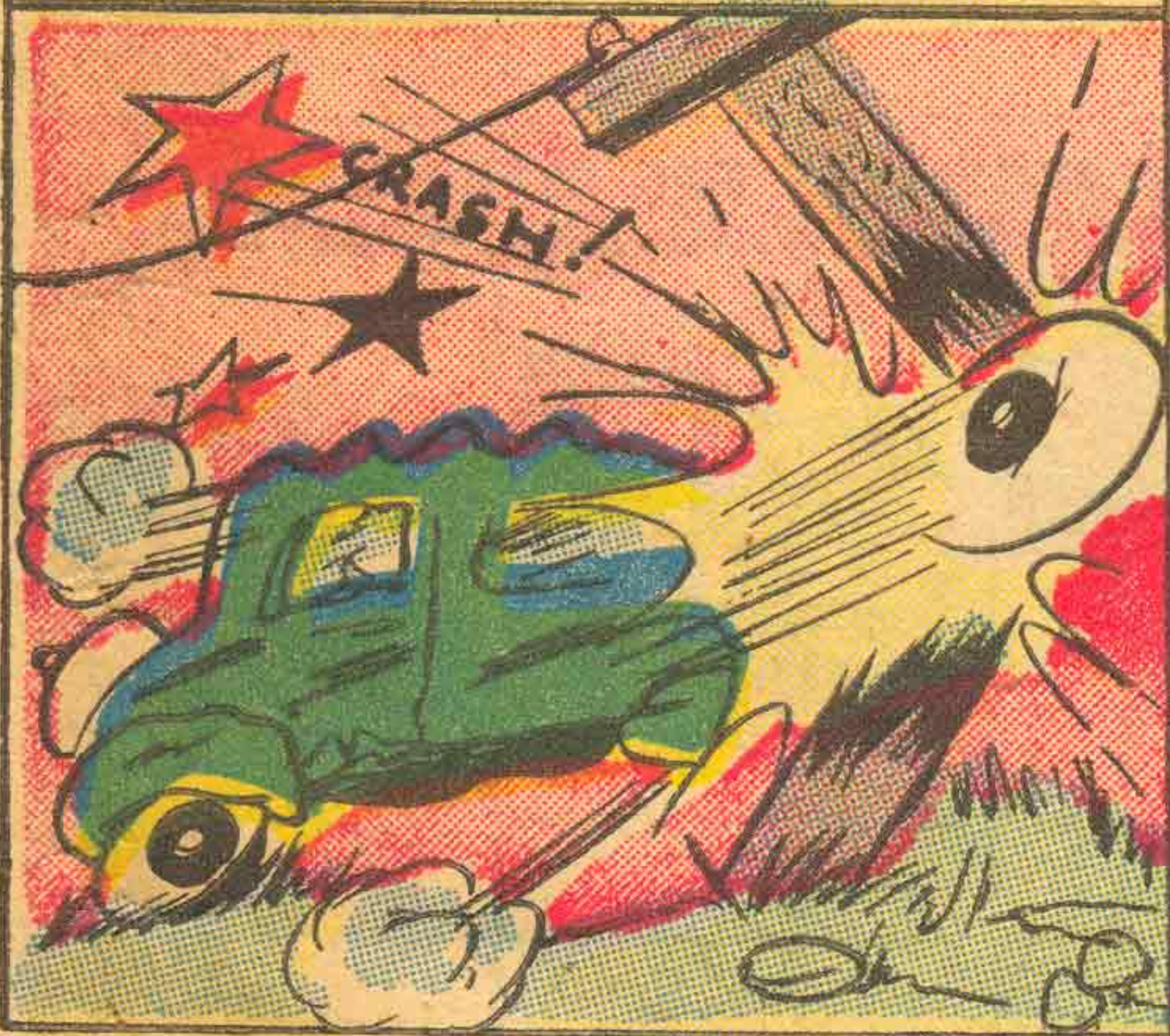
5. The statement of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager, signed by them or by some other authorized person, as to the truth and accuracy of the foregoing statements.

BURTON M. LEVY, Editor
 Signed by me and published before me this 24th day of September, 1948.
 Edward A. Levy, Notary Public
 My commission expires April 2, 1950.

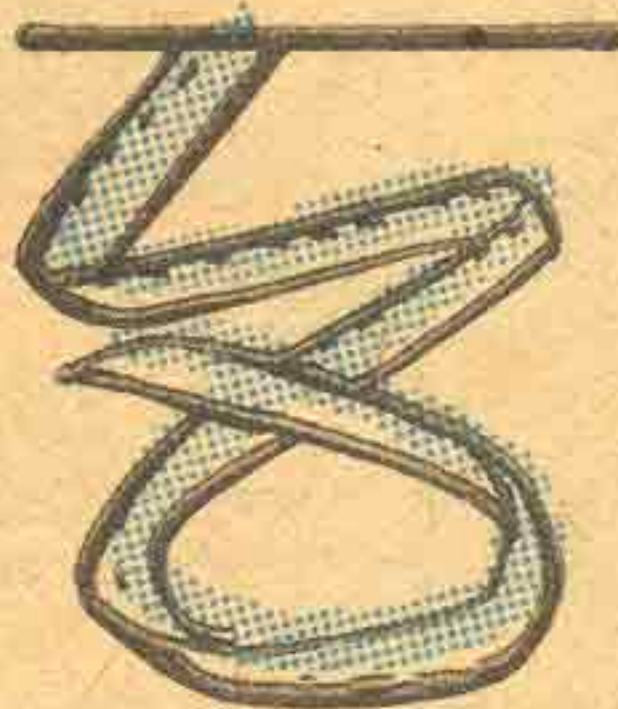
ATOMIC RABBIT



EATE STEPS IN, AND AFTER RUNNING OUR HERO DOWN, LOUIE CRASHES INTO A TELEPHONE POLE!



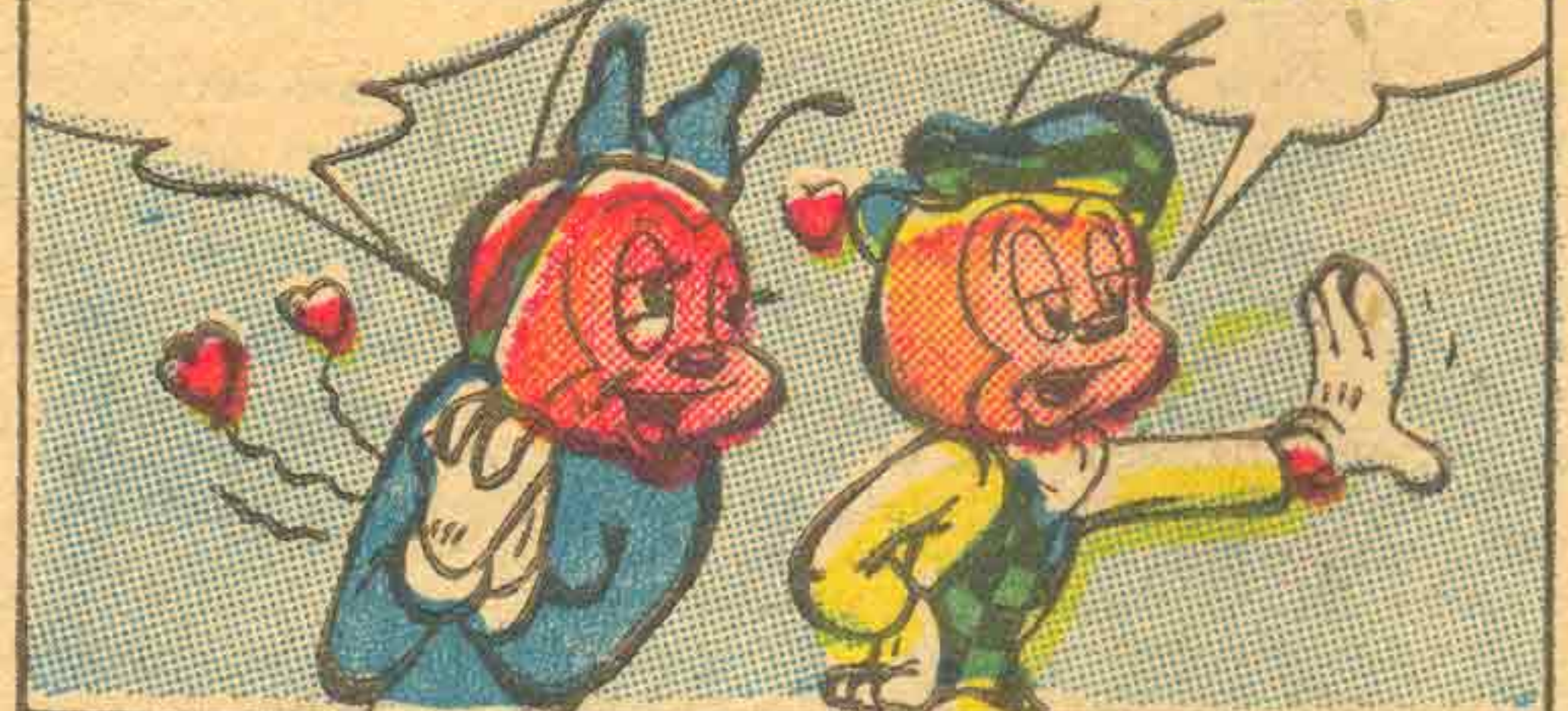
THE ACCIDENT IS REPORTED BY A PASSING MOTORIST, AND THE POLICE ARRIVE TO ACCLAIM OUR HERO!



Later, at the studio--

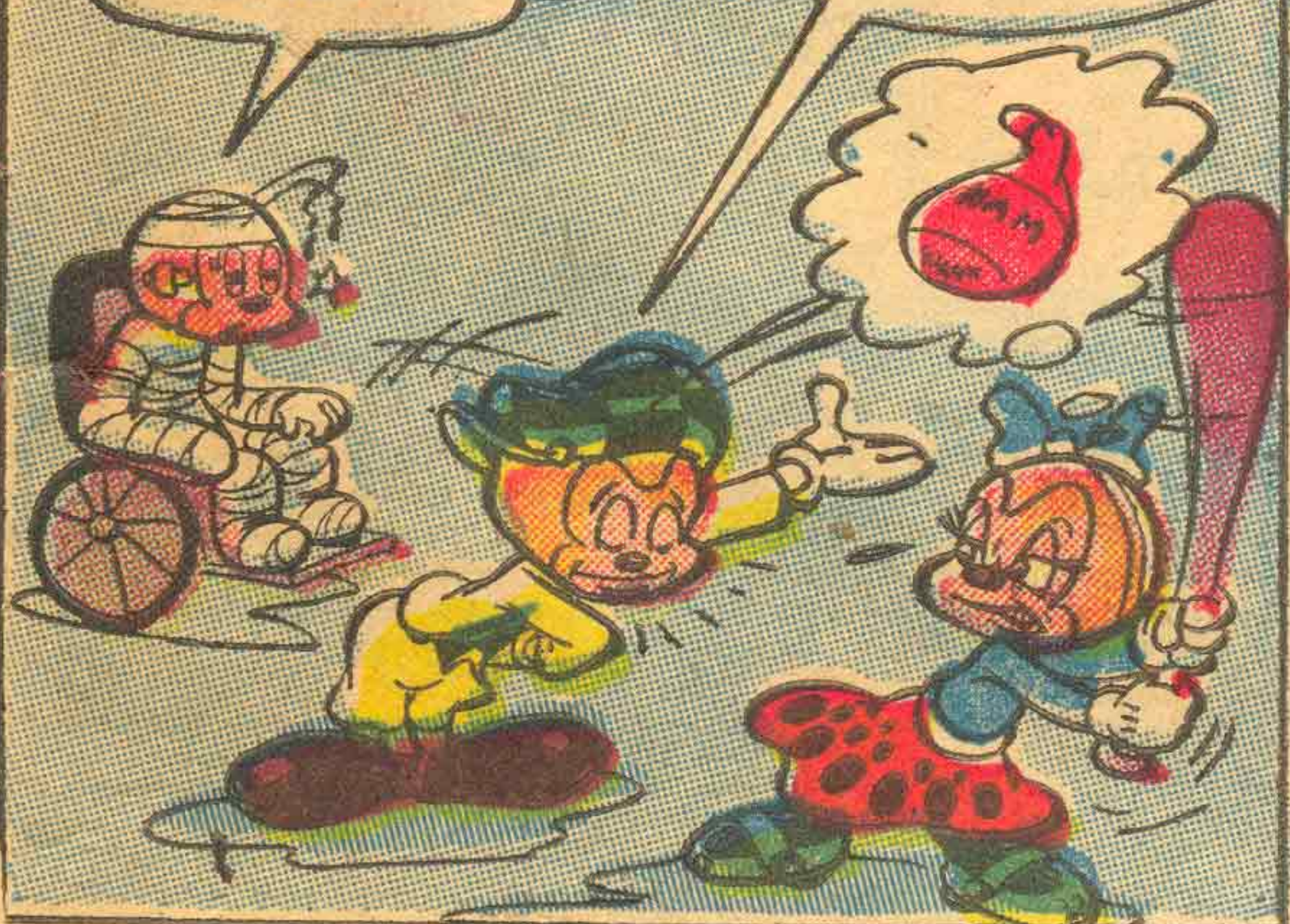
YOU WERE WONDERFUL! ORSEN! AND NOT A SCRATCH ON YOU! HOW'D YOU DO IT?

SIMPLE! MY STUNT MAN TOOK THE KNOCKS! TAKE A BOW, STUPID--



I CAN'T, BOSS--- ME BACK'S IN A CAST---

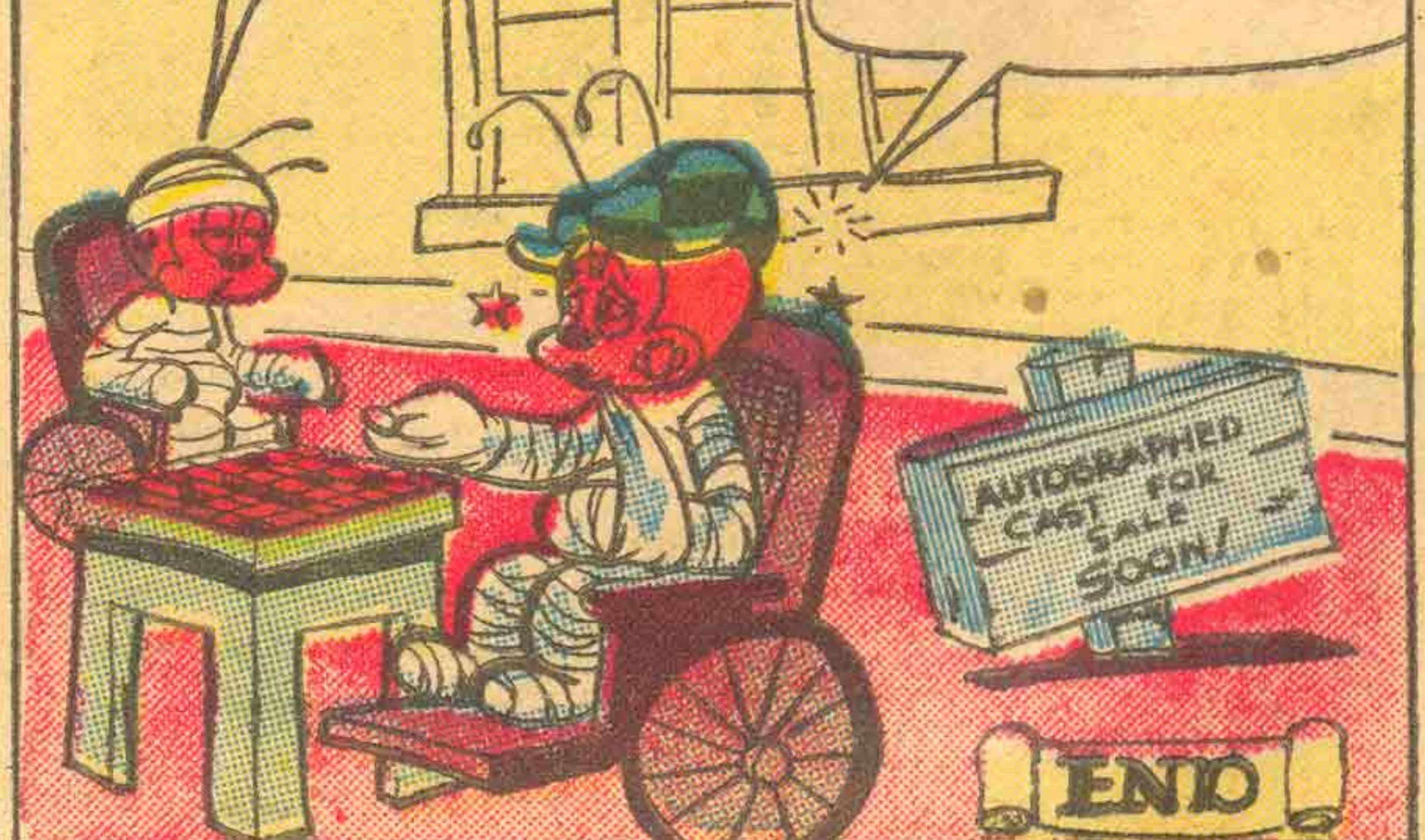
OH-- VERY WELL -- I'LL TAKE IT MYSELF!



The following day--

IT'S YOUR MOVE, BOSS---

WHAT? OH, LET'S SKIP IT! MIND'S NOT ON THE GAME! -- WOMEN, PHOOEY!



An Amazing Invention—"Magic Art Reproducer" DRAW ANY PERSON IN ONE MINUTE NO LESSONS! NO TALENT!

Anyone can Draw With This
Amazing New Invention—
Instantly!



De Luxe Model
Complete for only

\$1.98

—With same
high power,
extra clear and
sharp "repro-
ducer" unit.

A New Hobby Gives You A Brand New Interest!

Yes, anyone from 5 to 80 can draw or sketch or paint anything now... the very first time you use the "Magic Art Reproducer" like a professional artist—no matter how "hopeless" you think you are! An unlimited variety and amount of drawings can be made. Art is admired and respected by everyone. Most hobbies are expensive, but drawing costs very little, just some inexpensive paper, pencils, crayons, or paint. No costly upkeep, nothing to wear out, no parts to replace. It automatically reproduces anything you want to draw on any sheet of paper. Then easily and quickly follow the lines of the "picture image" with your pencil... and you have an accurate original drawing that anyone would think an artist had done. No guesswork, no judging sizes and shapes! Reproduces black and white and actual colors for paintings.

Also makes drawing larger or smaller as you wish.

Anyone can use it on any desk, table, board, etc.—indoors or outdoors! Light and compact to be taken wherever you wish. No other lessons or practice or talent needed! You'll be proud to frame your original drawings for a more distinctive touch to your home. Give them to friends as gifts that are "different," appreciated.

Have fun! Be popular! Everyone will ask you to draw them. You'll be in demand! After a short time, you may find you can draw well without the "Magic Art Reproducer" because you have developed a "knack" and feeling artists have—which may lead to a good paying art career.

FREE!

"How to Easily Draw Artists' Models"

This valuable illustrated guide is yours free with order of "Magic Art Reproducer." Packed with pictures showing all the basic poses of artists' models with simple instruction for beginners of art. Includes guidance on anatomy, techniques and figure action.



SEND NO MONEY!

Free 10-Day Trial!

Just send name and address. Pay postman on delivery \$1.98 plus postage. Or send only \$1.98 with order and we pay postage. You must be convinced that you can draw anything like an artist, or return merchandise after 10-day trial and your money will be refunded.

ALSO EXCELLENT FOR EVERY OTHER TYPE OF DRAWING AND HOBBY!



Create Your Own Design
for All Hobbies!
Reproduce on anything.



Copy all cartoons,
comics.



Outdoor Scenes,
landscapes, buildings



Copy photos, portraits
of family, friends, etc.



Still life, vases, bowls
of fruit, lamps,
furniture, all objects.



Copy blueprints,
plans.

FREE 10-DAY TRIAL COUPON

NORTON PRODUCTS, Dept. CCG5W
296 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

Rush my "Magic Art Reproducer" plus FREE illustrated guide "How to Easily Draw Artists' Models." I will pay postman on delivery only \$1.98 plus postage. I must be convinced that I can draw anything like an artist, or I can return merchandise after 10-day trial and get my money back.

Name _____

Address _____

City & Zone _____ State _____

☐ Check here if you wish to save postage by sending only \$1.98 with coupon. Same Money Back Guarantee!

NORTON PRODUCTS

Dept. CCG5W 296 Broadway
New York 7, N. Y.

ATOMIC RABBIT

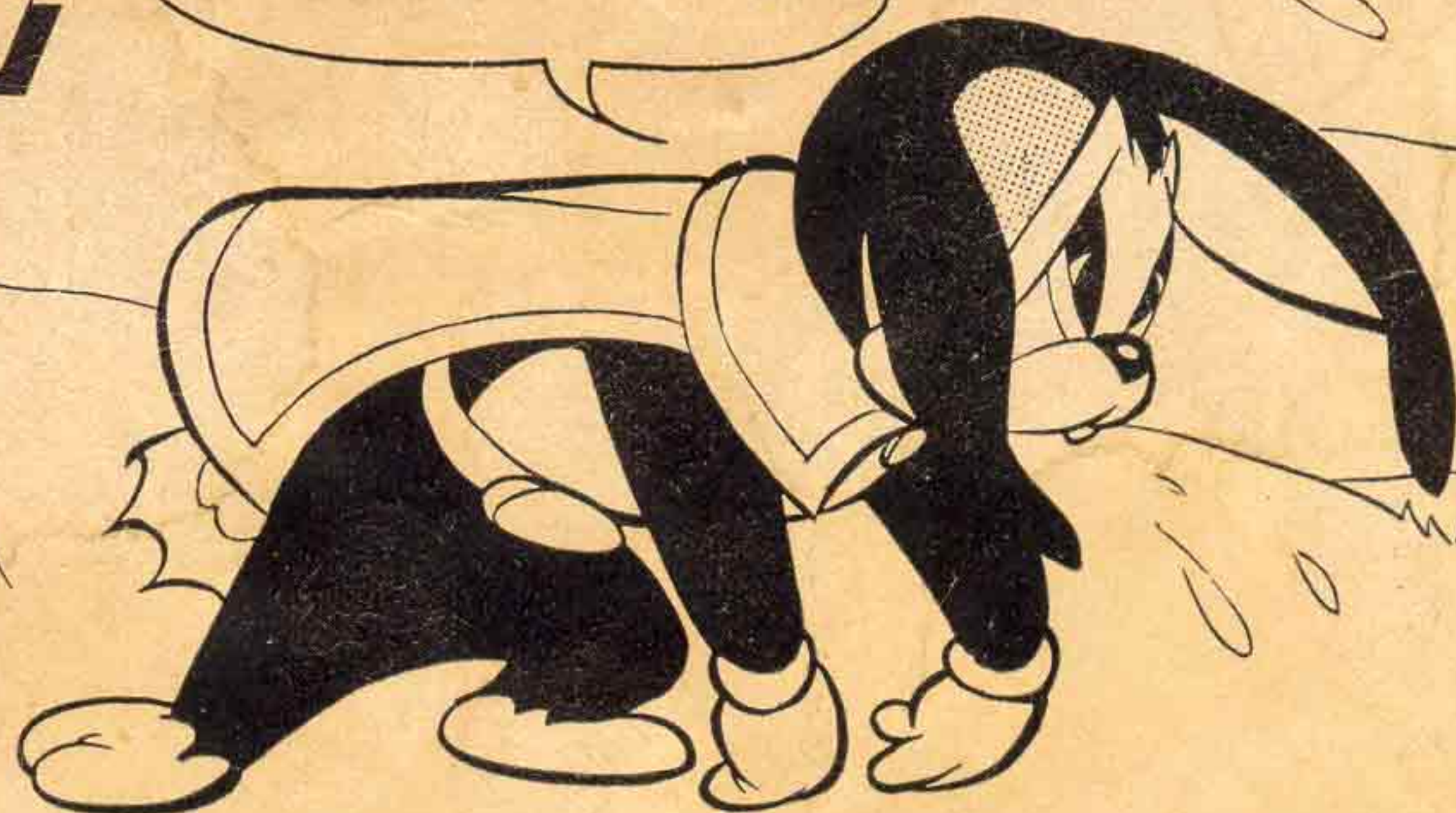
in

'DUCK SOUP'

5891

I (GASP) ANSWERED
496 CALLS FOR HELP
TODAY! WHEW...
AM I TIRED!

HELP!
HELP!

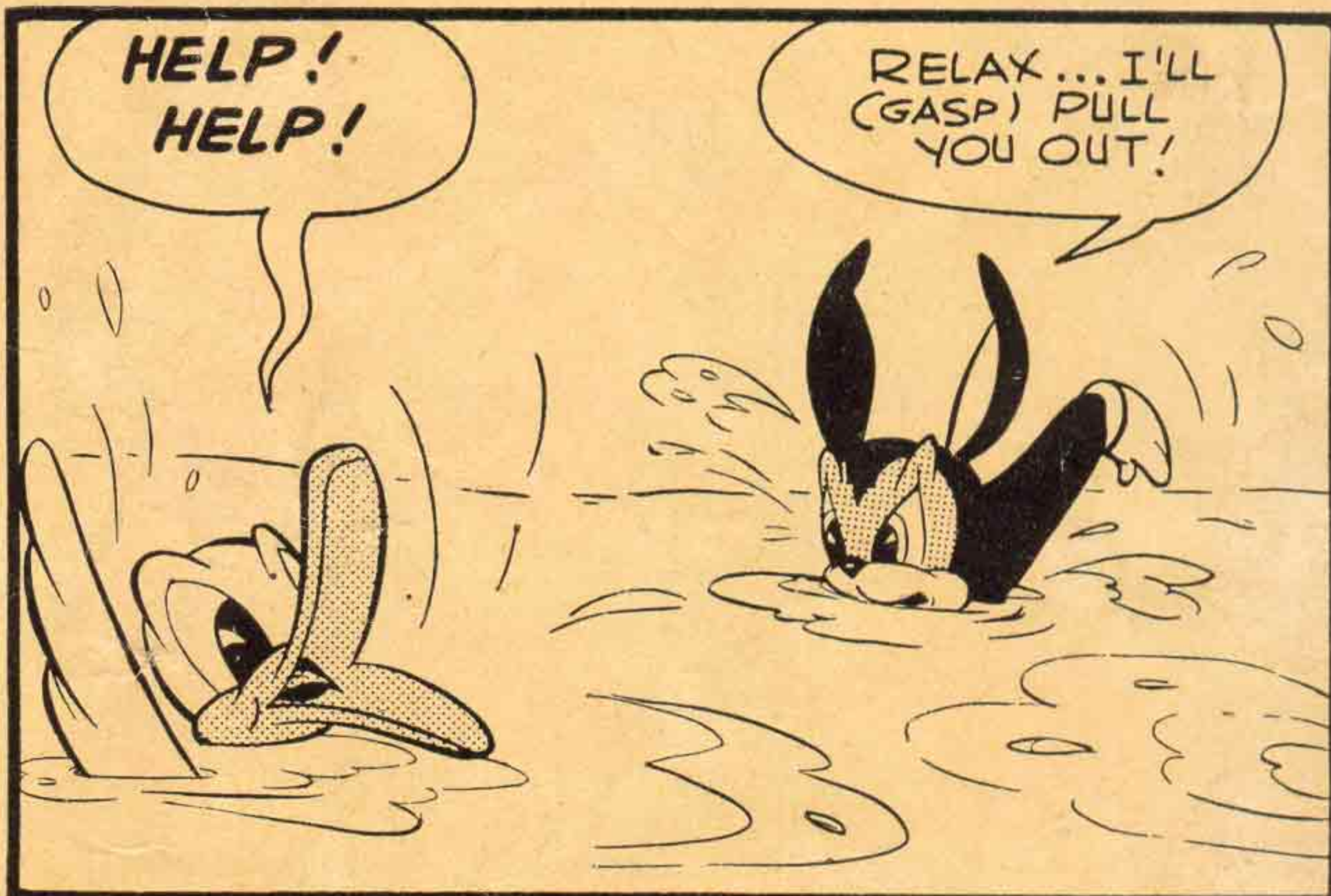


THAT'S A
DUCK THAT'S
GOING
DOWN...
HMM... I
NEVER
HEARD OF
A DUCK
THAT
COULDN'T
SWIM!

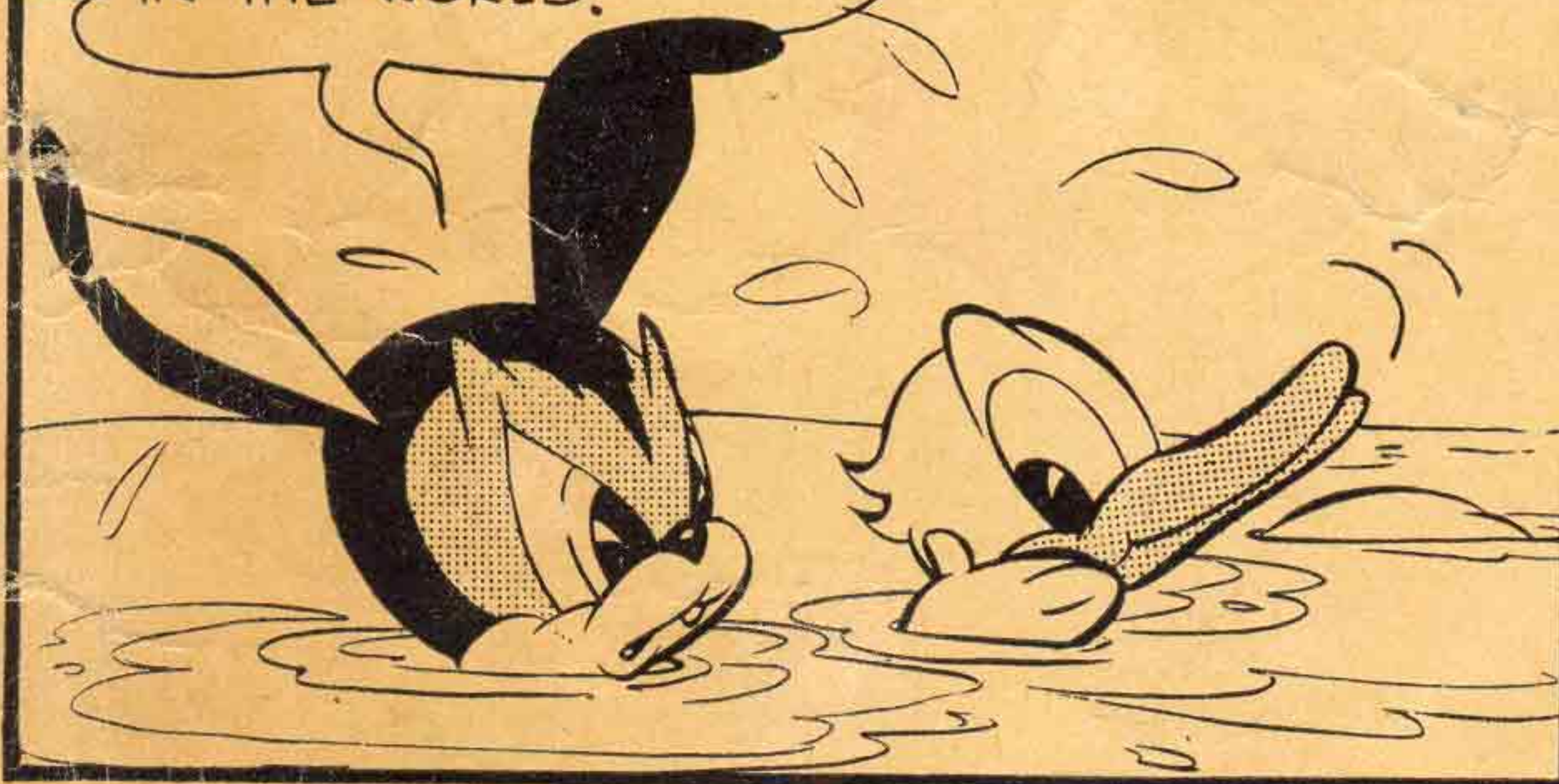


HELP!
HELP!

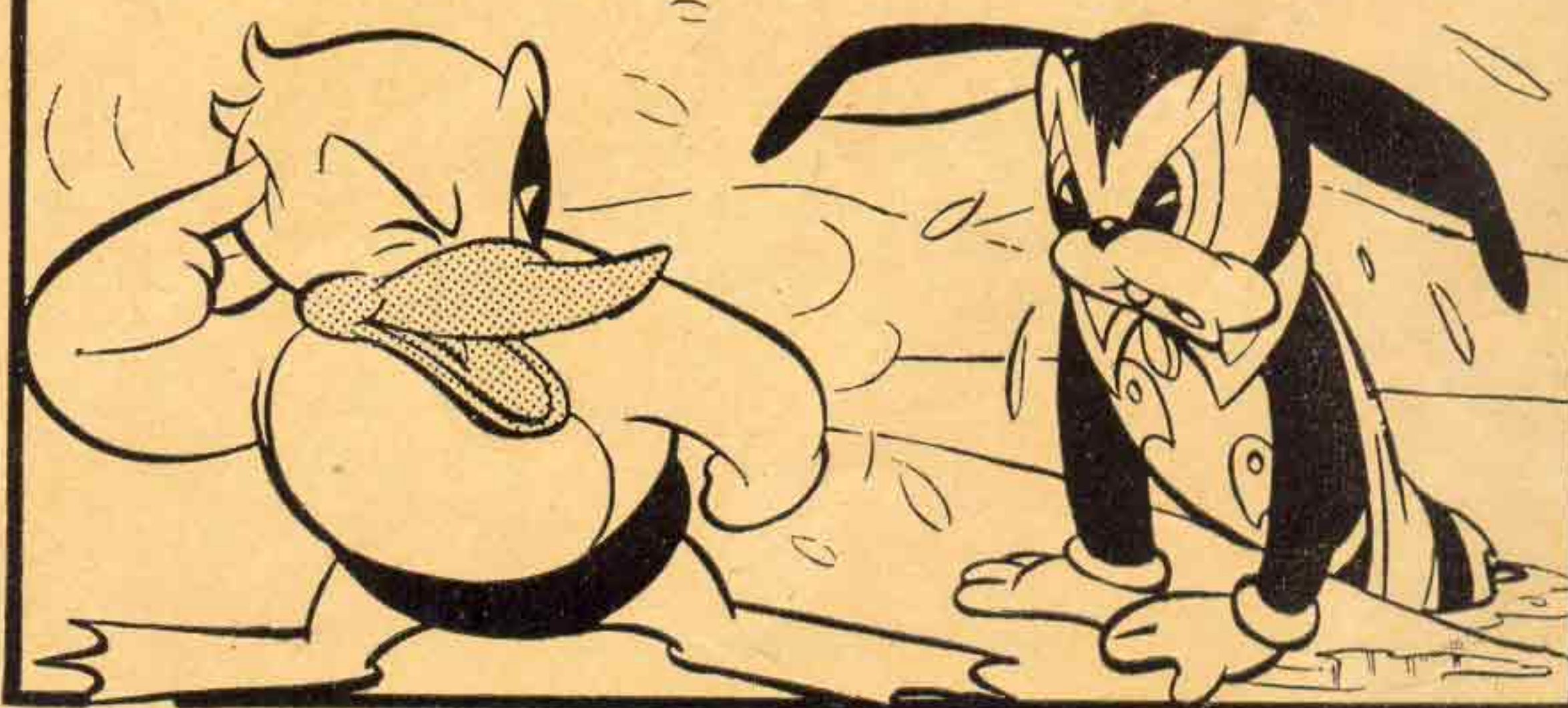
RELAX... I'LL
(GASP) PULL
YOU OUT!



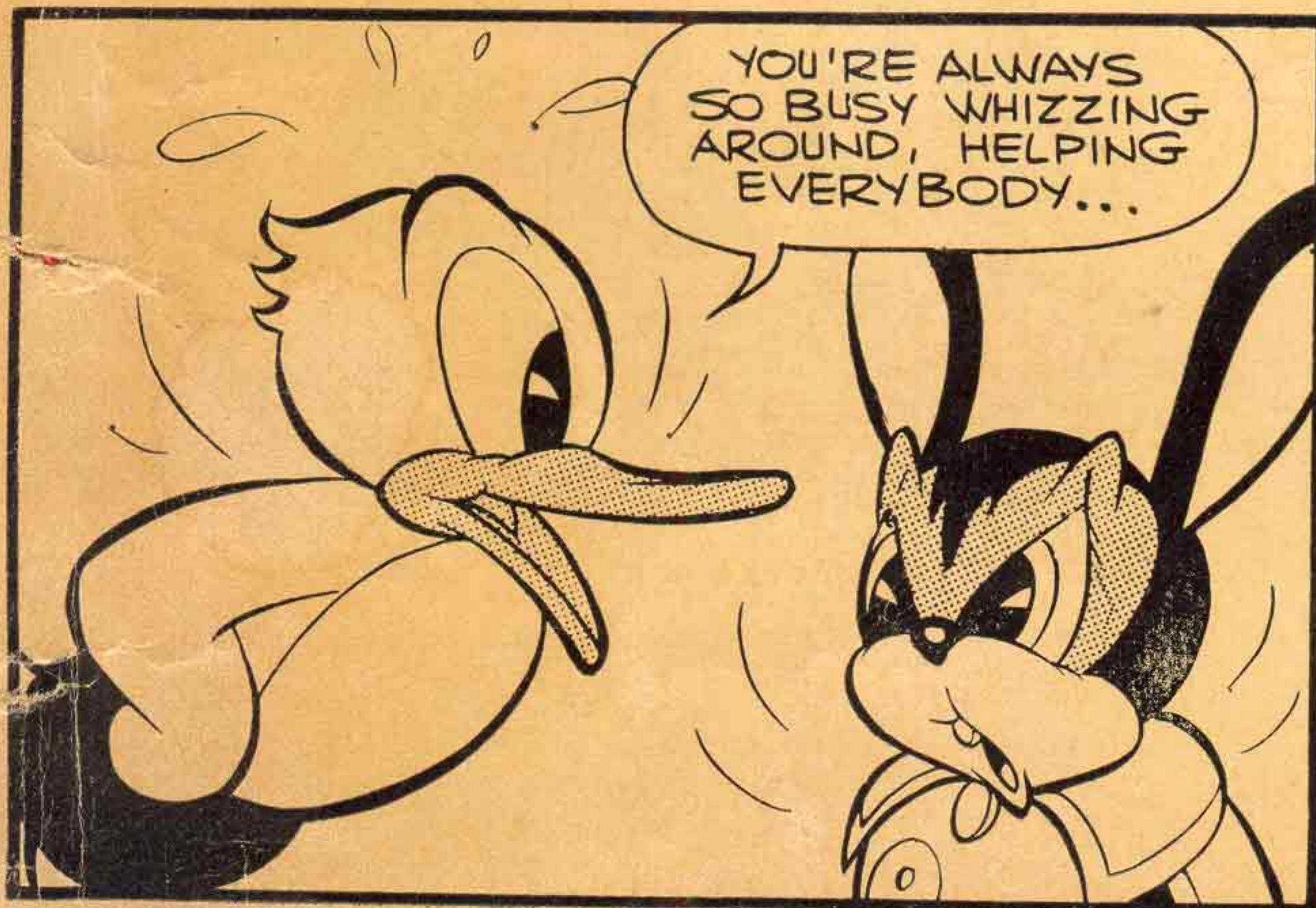
HEY -- HOW COME YOU
CAN'T SWIM? I (GASP)
THOUGHT DUCKS WERE
THE BEST SWIMMERS
IN THE WORLD!



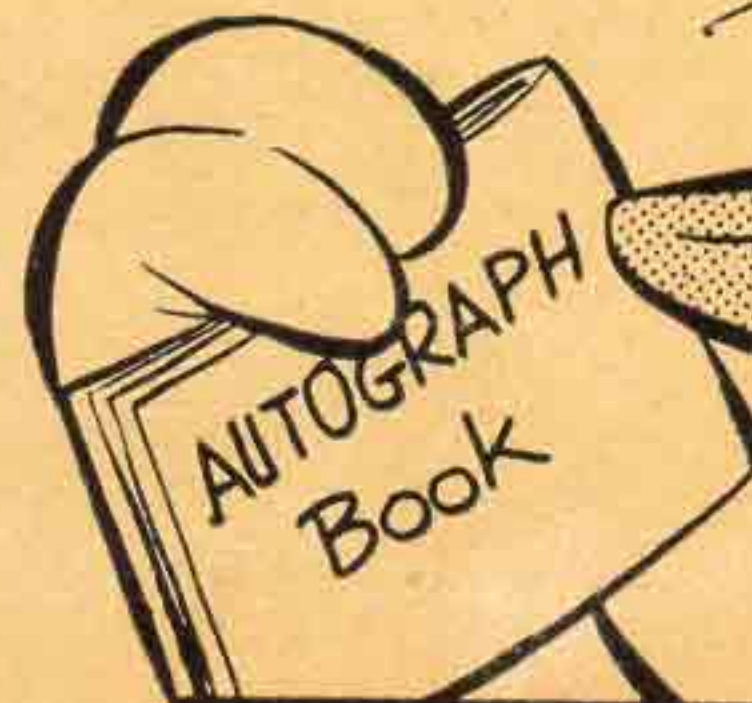
WHO SAID I
CAN'T SWIM?



YOU'RE ALWAYS
SO BUSY WHIZZING
AROUND, HELPING
EVERYBODY...



...THIS IS THE
ONLY TIME I COULD
COME CLOSE ENOUGH
TO ASK YOU FOR
YOUR AUTOGRAPH!



END

